The Saturday Evening
POST
January 19, 1957 — 15¢

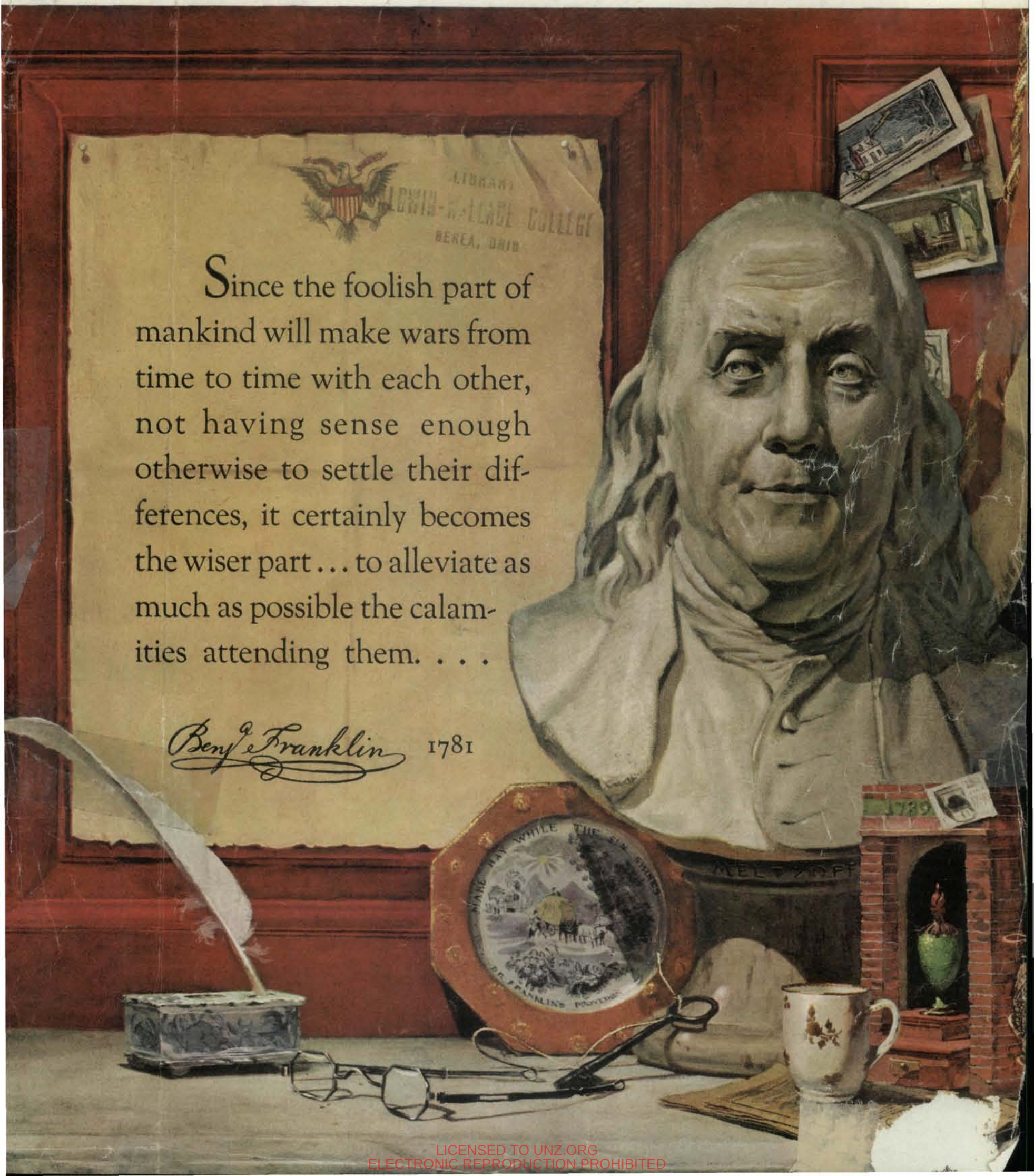
JAN 15 '57

New Operation for "Shaking Palsy"

Paris, Most Superb City of Them All

A New Mystery Serial by Leslie Ford

A Notable Story by Frank O'Connor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BEREA, OHIO
Since the foolish part of mankind will make wars from time to time with each other, not having sense enough otherwise to settle their differences, it certainly becomes the wiser part . . . to alleviate as much as possible the calamities attending them. . . .
Benj.a Franklin 1781
MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES
B. FRANKLIN'S POCKET
MELLYNOPE
1739

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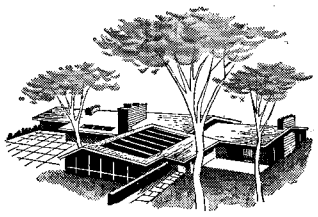
Plastic floor is Armstrong Terrazzo* Corlon with Hydrocord* Back, Style No. 86214

NOW...the luxury of sheet plastic flooring for basementless houses, too



There's exciting news in this elegant modern home. For the first time, a basementless house has the luxury of an almost seamless floor, wall to wall. The lovely plastic floor of Armstrong Terrazzo Corlon goes down right over concrete. This is made possible by an exclusive new Armstrong development, the Hydrocord Back. Hydrocord is not affected by the moisture normally found in a concrete-slab foundation at ground level. It is available with two distinctive Corlon designs—Terrazzo, shown here, and Decoresq®—in a range of handsome colors that will complement any decorative scheme. Hydrocord is good news indeed, for it lets you enjoy the practical luxury of Armstrong plastic Corlon—even in a basementless house.

SEND FOR NEW FREE BOOK, "Plastic Floors of Armstrong Corlon." A sketch plan of this gracious dining room and a list of furnishings are included. Just drop a line to Armstrong Cork Company, 5701 Madison Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania. *TRADE-MARK

Armstrong

THE MODERN FASHION IN

FLOORS

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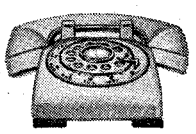
The Trust You Have Placed in Us

FREDERICK R. KAPPEL, President
American Telephone and Telegraph Company



"The telephone business is built on the idea of Service.... And the principles that guide our work affect the lives of many people. We are printing them here because they seem important to everyone who uses the telephone, everyone who works for the business, and everyone who has invested in it."

We in the telephone business are servants of the public. The services we perform are necessary to the people of the United States. They are necessary to the building of our nation and to our national security. Clearly, we occupy a position of great public trust.

We are also trustees for the savings of every individual who has put money in the business. It is our responsibility that the business shall prosper.

We think it all-important therefore that we furnish the best telephone service it is in our power to provide—a service high in value and steadily improving—at a cost to the user that will always be as low as possible and at the same time keep the business in good financial health.

The success of the business depends on the people in it. To serve well and prosper, Bell Telephone Companies must attract and keep capable employees. They must be well paid and have opportunity to advance in accordance with ability. And we must continually develop first-rate leaders for the future.

Finally, it seems to us that it is always our duty to act for the long run. Sound financing, good earnings, reasonable and regular dividends—these are all long-term projects. So is our continual research to find better means for giving better service. So is the building of the human organization and character on which good service depends. So is the training of leaders. In all our undertakings, the long view is essential.

This is the way we understand the trust you have placed in us. It is a trust that deserves, and will continue to receive, the most painstaking care we can give it.

Working together to bring people together
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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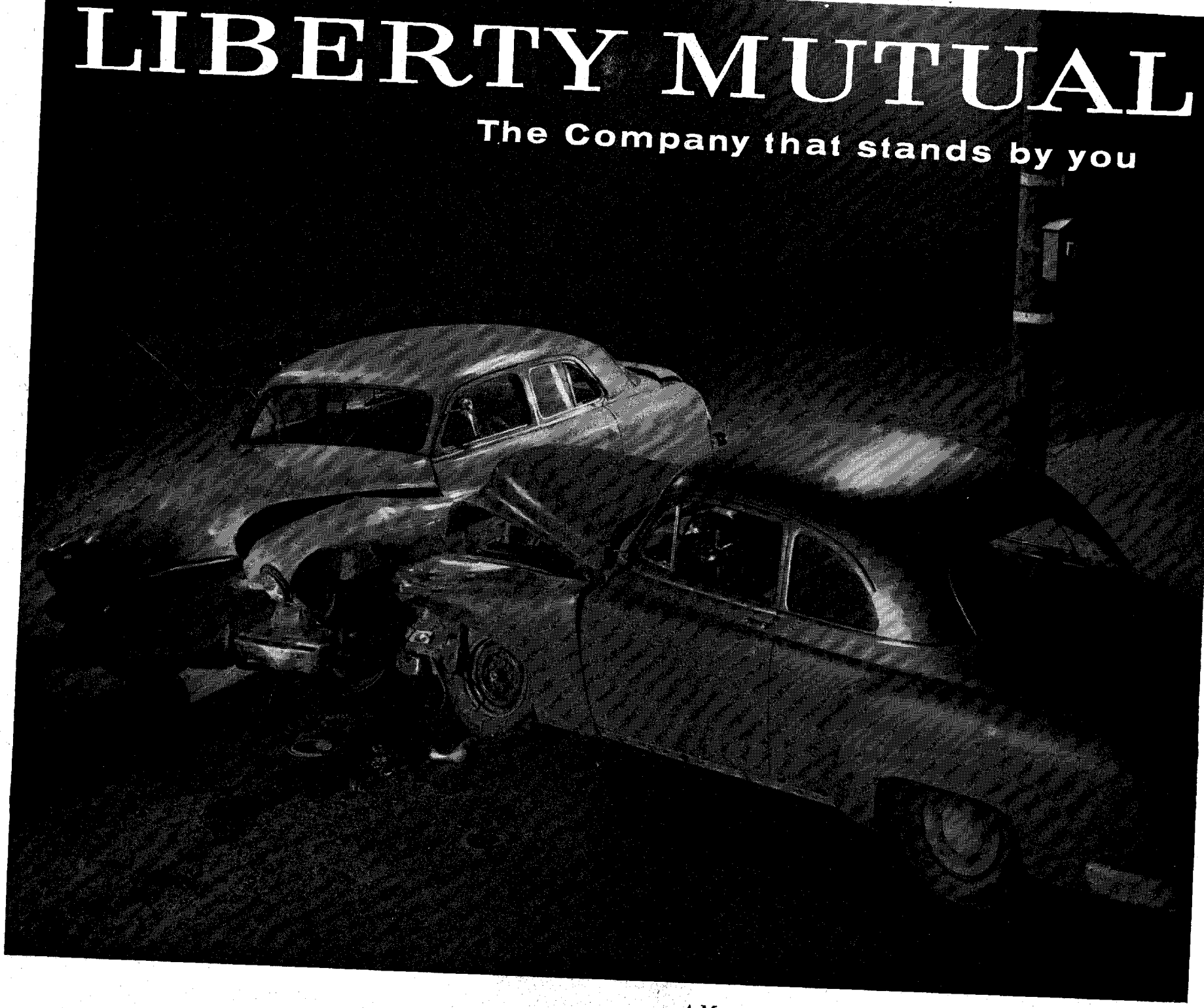
LIBERTY MUTUAL

The Company that stands by you



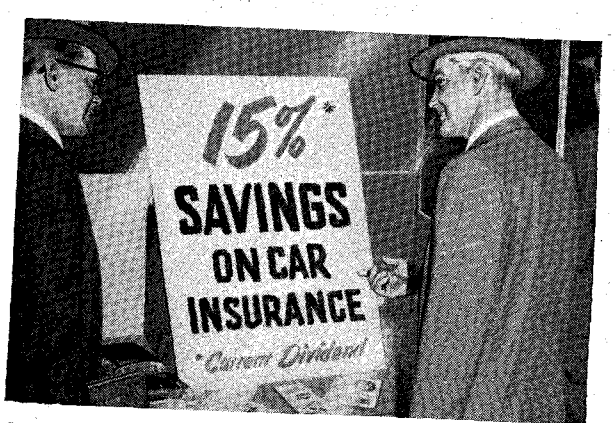
The accident nobody saw

BUT LIBERTY MUTUAL FOUND THE WITNESS

5 A.M. at a deserted, downtown intersection. Two cars collided. One belonged to a Liberty Mutual policyholder. He felt he wasn't at fault, but there wasn't anyone there to help him prove it.

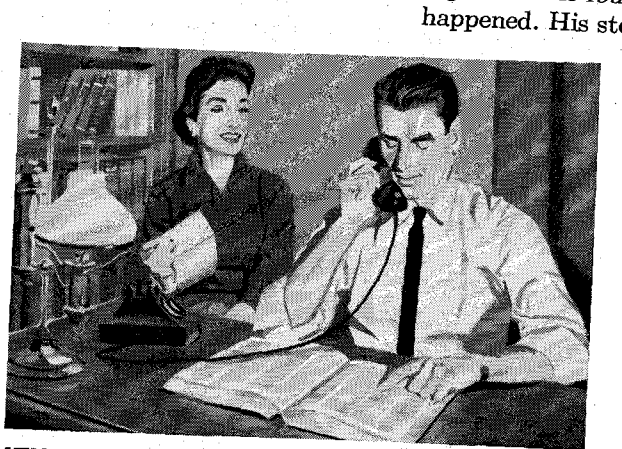
The Liberty claimsman handling this case had a hunch there *must* have been a witness. For several weeks he went back to the scene of the crash at the same gray hour on the same day of the week. On his fourth trip he investigated a light on the sixth floor of an office building. There he found a night watchman who actually had seen what happened. His story cleared the Liberty policyholder.

When you're a Liberty policyholder you get intelligent, painstaking protection against financial loss due to legal liability. And your cost is low. Savings to policyholders, through dividends, are currently 15% in most states.



IT'S GRAND TO GET SAVINGS! Hundreds of thousands of car owners all over the U.S.A. have enjoyed receiving their Liberty Mutual dividend at the end of the policy year. This saving (*currently 15%**) is real evidence of the way Liberty Mutual's efficient operation has benefited policyholders.

*Except on Massachusetts Compulsory Coverage and Assigned Risks.



IT'S EASY TO SWITCH to Liberty Mutual and get the famous direct service that gives you such excellent protection. 70% of Liberty's policyholders have switched to Liberty Mutual from other companies. Just phone the Liberty number (*or write*) and say when we may call. Liberty Mutual will take care of the rest.

LIBERTY MUTUAL

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THE COVER

In thinking of the 251st birthday of Benjamin Franklin, let's turn to him again for a thought that touches life as warmly and significantly as when he first expressed it. This most civilized man of his time was a tireless striver for peace in the world—never more so than when he sadly turned his diplomatic brilliance upon helping a free, peace-wanting nation to be born in the blood of revolution. On October 15, 1781, Franklin wrote, in a letter, the words on this week's cover of the magazine he founded; a few days later Cornwallis surrendered, and then Franklin, weary but sustained by dawning hope, devoted himself to forging peace terms with Britain. "To alleviate the calamities attending wars"—Franklin's country keeps on striving to do just that in today's parlous times.

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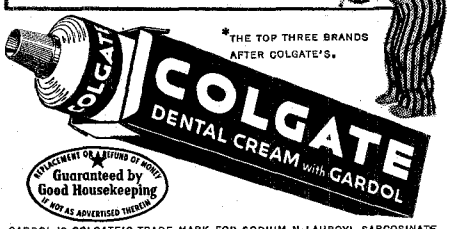
Unlike other leading toothpastes, Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights decay all day . . . with just one brushing! Gives you a cleaner, fresher breath all day, too! Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. But remember! No other leading toothpaste* cleans your breath while it guards your teeth like Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol!

SAFE for Children of All Ages! to Use in All Water Areas! Makes teeth whiter—cannot stain or discolor!



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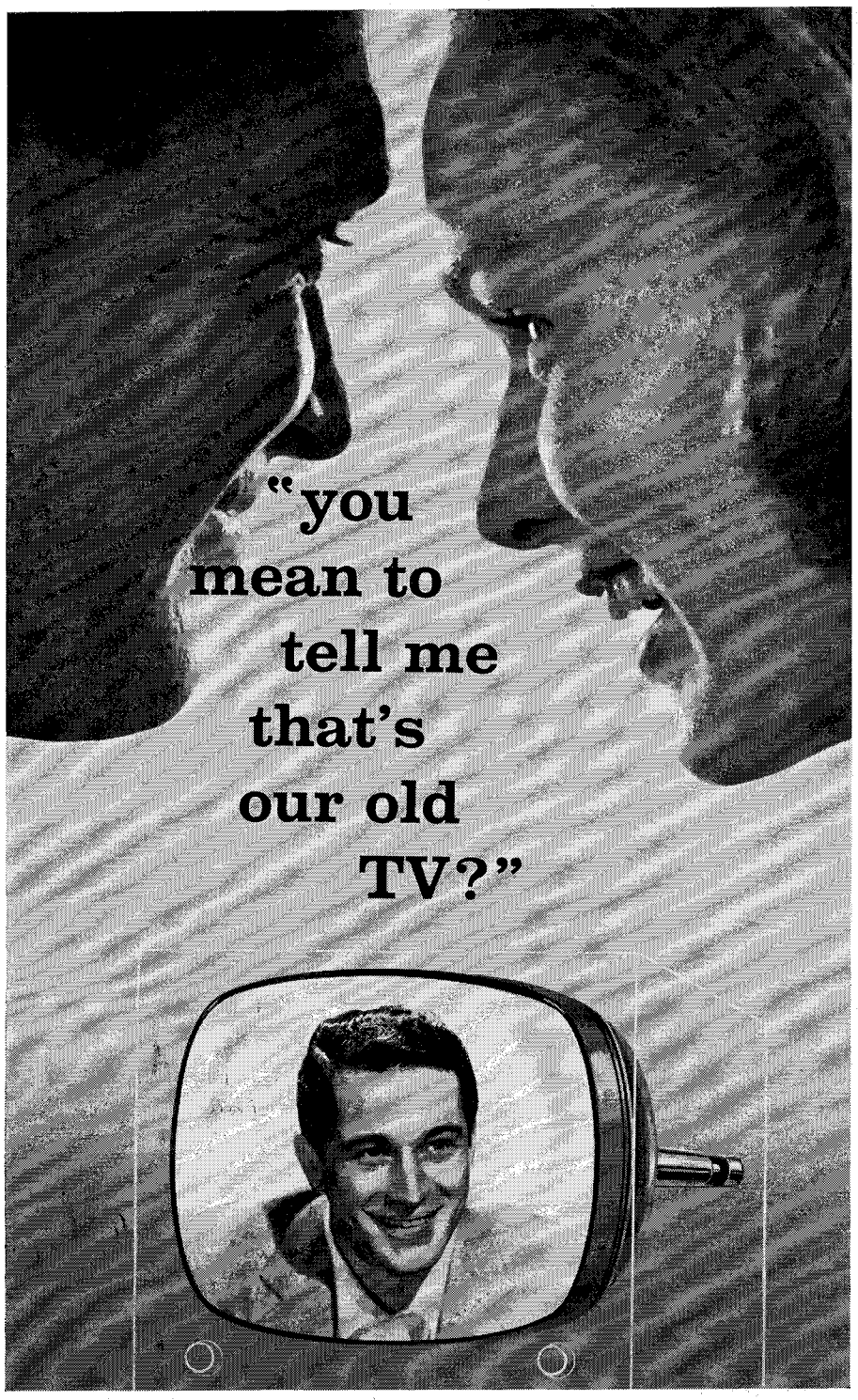


See Perry Como on NBC Television

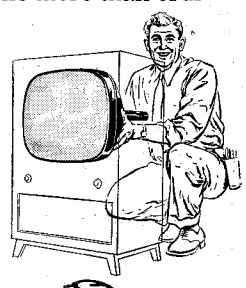
HE: Yep! Some picture—isn't it?

SHE: *I should say so. Whatever did you do to it, dear?*

HE: Just had a new RCA Silverama Picture Tube installed. Makes all the difference in the world, doesn't it? Wish I'd done it long before the old tube went.

SHE: *But how is it the picture is so sharp and bright now, when it used to be dull and greyish? I can't get over it.*

HE: I'm no engineer, Marge, but our TV service man says it has a great deal to do with what they call super-aluminizing. That's a metallic coating inside the tube that sends *all* the light *out,* to brighten and intensify the picture. Best of all, RCA Silverama Picture Tubes cost no more than ordinary aluminized picture tubes. And, with RCA's year warranty, we're all set for long, carefree viewing.



Don't wait until the tube goes. Replace now with an

RCA Silverama

SUPER-ALUMINIZED RCA PICTURE TUBE

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA • TUBE DIVISION • HARRISON, N. J.

Don't miss "Saturday Color Carnival" on NBC, Saturday, January 19, 1957

Letters

Toupees

Dear Sirs:

Millions of women and the same number of men will bless your name from here to the millennium for starting a crusade to cover bald heads with artistic or otherwise toupees [I'M GLAD I BOUGHT A TOUPEE, by Fred Sparks, Dec. 15]. Just so the unsightly nakedness of the scalp is covered! . . .

CECIL M. HILTON
Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

Fred Sparks makes out a good case for toupees. . . .

Despite the positive nature of the article, may we correct a few minor discrepancies in fact? True, the whole industry is experiencing a boom. But, it is even bigger than both of us. We estimate that 250,000 men now wear hairpieces, not 50,000. And the hair from which hairpieces are made costs considerably more than $1 per ounce. In fact, it goes up to $8 per ounce.

Readers may be interested in knowing that the trend towards hairpieces is decidedly on the youthful side: 76% of all our clients are under 40; 44% are under 30. Three out of every four end up with a crew-cut, which is so contrary to the popular idea of what a toupee looks like.

BEN Z. KAPLAN
New York, N.Y.

● *Mr. Kaplan is vice-president of a firm which sells toupees.—ED.*

Wounded Man's Story

Dear Sirs:

Your PERSONAL . . . FROM BUDAPEST, by Noel Barber, of London [Dec. 15], should ring the bell for those who are duped into believing that any coexistence with the communists is possible. The communists don't mean coexistence—they only need time to prepare for that "final onslaught," as the revolutionary song goes.

AREJAS VITKAUSKAS
Jersey City, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

I have preached from my pulpit about the awful crimes of the Russians, relative

to Budapest, but I pray to God, the Father of us all, that I shall never stoop to broadcasting such sentences as, "As I saw his face, the little swine was grinning." . . .

Just so long as the Noel Barbers of our world keep on spreading a gospel of personal hatred, and magazines of your stature keep on publishing, without editing, stories like this, so long will "Peace on earth, good will to men" have an almost impossible chance of coming to reality.

PAUL R. BROWN, *Minister*
Coggon, Iowa

● *The passage at issue reads: ". . . the little swine was grinning. Then he opened fire at point-blank range. Six bullets ripped into the side of the car . . . my eyes and my left ear were filled with a gush of hot blood . . ." The picture, above, was taken soon after Barber was shot.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

As a youngster, I lived in Europe during World War II, and I saw, read and heard of all the atrocities that were perpetrated by the German Storm Troopers and the SS. Your article on Hungary is strongly reminiscent of these horrors.

I recall also that, outraged by these atrocities, the whole world united, and eventually defeated the Germans. Could it be that we had more pride in those days?

JACQUES I. KIERE
Tucson, Ariz.

Dear Sirs:

Just read PERSONAL . . . FROM BUDAPEST. How we Americans can allow things such as those to happen with no more than a verbal protest is beyond my comprehension. There are some things worse than war.

LON PARKS
Stillwater, Okla.

Vacation Tip

Dear Sirs:

About six years ago you ran a color article about a Philadelphia doctor and son, fishing at Rapide Lake, Canada [THE FISHERMEN DON'T HAVE TO LIE, by John Durant, May 6, 1950]. I made two trips there and was told by Reserve Inspector Raymond Rivet that he had 35,000 letters like mine to answer.

The fishing was all you said about it, but the unfinished road from Montreal a bit too rough, so that we changed to Laurentides Park, 100 miles north of Quebec. Next May will be our fourth year there. Many of the lakes are being fished for the first time. . . .

WELLS ROCKWELL, SR.
Meriden, Conn.

The Good Old Days

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial by Richard Attridge, (TODAY'S SMALL BOY ISN'T HUMILIATED BY "WAISTS" WITH RUFFLES, Dec. 15), brought back to me the early Nineties, when small boys and girls wore similar kilt-like skirts until they were five or six years old. Boys wore wide, ruffled collars which reached to the shoulders. Their hair, like that of girls, was worn long and curled at the end. Their long, home-knitted black stockings reached up to the bottom of their skirts and were fastened by garters coming down from the waistband under the skirt.

When a boy was emancipated from those "sissy" garments he often became a

(Continued on Page 6)

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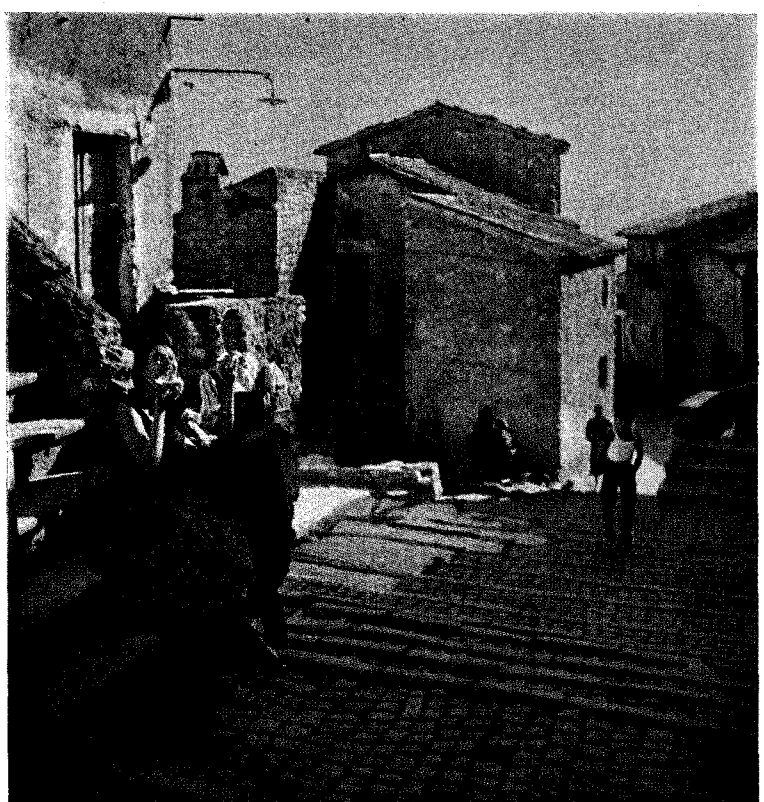
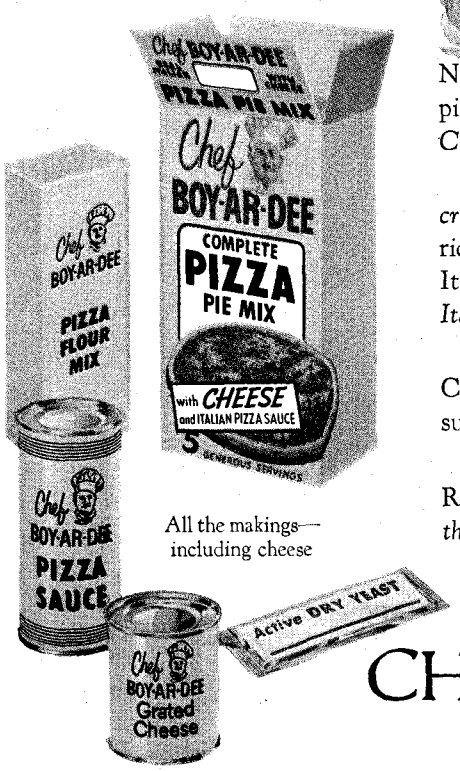
"Sizzling good Italian pizza—in minutes!"



ITALIAN GIRLS enjoy a pleasant pizza break. When it's snacktime at your house—you can enjoy the same treat so easily with Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Pizza Pie Mix.



All the makings—including cheese

Shh! Just listen to it sizzle . . . sniff the warm, delicious fragrance of tomatoes and cheese . . . sink your fork into the crispy, golden brown crust . . .

Now . . . taste real Italian pizza—as they make it at a pizzeria in Naples . . . or *as you make it at home with Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Pizza Pie Mix.*

Everything you need comes in one box: a package of *crust ingredients* . . . a can of ready-to-use *Pizza Sauce*, rich with tomatoes and cheese, spiced as only an Italian chef knows how . . . *and* a can of *luscious Italian-style cheese* to melt on top.

Let it bake about 15 minutes . . . serve bubbling hot. Chef Pizza makes wonderful munching at snacktime or suppertime—cut appetizer-size or in wedges.

Whenever you have it—it's pizza at its Italian best. Remember *Chef Boy-Ar-Dee* Pizza Pie Mix—*the one that includes cheese.*

real Italian-style CHEF BOY-AR-DEE® Pizza Pie Mix

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CAN'T STAY IN BED WITH A COLD...

NOW GET UP AND STILL GET...

Only *SUPER* ANAHIST® **With Vitamin C Goes To Work Instantly Against Cold Misery—Even of VIRUS COLD—With This Exclusive Compound of 5 Wonder Drugs Prescribed by Doctors!**

Naturally, it's best to stay in bed with a cold.

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So, if you can't stay in bed with a cold, even a virus cold, get SUPER ANAHIST Tablets. Save with the economical family-size package. (Also available in Canada.)

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And on Nasal Spray, Cough Syrup, Chest Rub or Throat Lozenges—the name SUPER ANAHIST means "Best Medicine for Cold's Distress"

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SPREAD Mister Mustard, sugar, cloves over ham before baking. Oo-la-la what a taste thrill this zesty, robust mustard gives to meats. Just like in Dijon, France . . . Now in your food market dairy dept. If not, send $1 for 3 jars and FREE recipes. Prepaid. U. S. only.

Mister Mustard says:
"Keep me cold and I'll STAY HOT!"
Frank Tea & Spice Co., Department S., Cincinnati 2, Ohio

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DENTAL CUSHIONS
HELPS MAKE
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MORE COMFORTABLE

Helps Ease Pressure on Gums
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Earn $8,750.00 Your First Year! Start part time if you like. We locally train you, furnish everything to clean & mothproof rugs, upholstery *on location* by world-wide process. Quickly established. No shop needed. Just 2 average jobs a day bring $8,750 *net* profit in year. Employ others—*multiply* profits. You get Nat'l Advertising, Parents' Seal, 25 other reglr. services. Easy terms. Send for *free* booklets. **Duraclean Co., 7-6C1 Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Ill.**

DISSOLVES EVEN TOUGHEST CORNS
GETS-IT LIQUID CORN REMOVER

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

changed person whose mother "could not understand him" any longer.

LEWIS C. REIMANN
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

While waiting for that thrill of "the first pair of longies" the boy used to *read books*—go with his parents to hear a "Travelogue, with Slides"; not sit in front of a TV set. He knew there was one day in the week when God was thought of, because of a "saw-toothed stiff collar"; now he is more apt to recognize it as the day Ed Sullivan and Steve Allen vie for top rating!

Today's small boy may not be "humiliated," but I think we have shortened his boyhood by lengthening his pants too soon.

ROBERT E. BREWSTER
Cranford, N.J.

Teen-Age Justice

Dear Sirs:

In your article, TRIAL BY TEEN-AGERS (by Henry F. and Katharine Pringle, Dec. 8), lay the answer to America's current teen-ager problem. Finally someone has realized that "teen-ager" and "delinquent" are not synonymous.

In the past, when teens were treated as responsible, intelligent citizens, they almost invariably reacted as such. The sooner adults, as a group, recognize the significance of this fact, the sooner the "teen-ager problem" will be solved.

MARIE BROWN
Ogden, Utah

Dear Sirs:

I am glad to see other communities give teen-agers a chance to solve and eradicate a national disgrace—the soaring automobile toll. . . .

As a member of the Cleveland Police Public Relations Unit, I have conducted for the past three years a half-hour radio-and-television program entitled "Juvenile Justice." These half-hour programs presented actual teen-age driving violations taken from the files of Juvenile Court and re-enacted. This teen court of the air waves served to impress not only the teen-age drivers but ALL drivers, since the violations covered embraced the entire traffic code!

PETER J. SKIRBUNT
Cleveland, Ohio

Election Post-Mortem

Dear Sirs:

Re your editorial (Dec. 8 issue), WHAT IKE NEEDS NOW IS A REASONABLE CONGRESS! Isn't it highly probable that what Ike needs now is a new administration policy?

LEVERNE HAMILTON
Thompson Falls, Mont.

Dear Sirs:

President Eisenhower's overwhelming majority was due more to the unpopularity of Adlai Stevenson than it was to the popularity of the President. If President Eisenhower was so popular, certainly men like Senator Duff and Douglas McKay, who were original Eisenhower men, would have been elected to the Senate.

JOE A. CHILSEN
Merrill, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Eisenhower was re-elected for two quite obvious reasons: First, because of his and Secretary Dulles' masterful handling of international affairs; and, second, to prevent election of Mr. Stevenson.

The election of the Democratic-controlled 85th Congress is ample evidence that the outcome of the November 6 election is *not* a vindication, but a repudiation, of "modern" (new-deal) Republicanism.

LLOYD N. ROBINSON
Seattle, Wash.

Blind Man's Insight

Dear Sirs:

I wish to commend you on the article MY TWELVE YEARS AS A BLIND MAN [by William Winstead, as told to Steven M. Spencer, Dec. 8].

I was particularly impressed with the last three paragraphs wherein the author explains how blindness helped him to overcome the prejudice that he had built up within himself regarding religion and racial matters.

The Post could do no greater service to mankind than to acquaint the many bigots, the K. K. K. and the large number of antisocial organizations with this author's views.

MARVIN W. DAVIS
Pacific Palisades, Cal.

Goodhearted Cabbie

Dear Sirs:

I want to thank you for the story ONE NIGHT OF TROUBLE by Cecile Gilmore in the December 15th issue. . . .

How good to read about a fairly average *good* man, for a change, protecting a *good* girl as a good man should, and possessing a good family background. . . .

This yarn was like a fresh, clean breeze blowing in from the sea.

LOUISE RETHWICKE
Toronto, Canada

Dear Sirs:

A good story . . . but I can't resist telling the author that I have belonged to and attended many Methodist churches in my sixty years, from Des Moines to Santa Cruz. I can't remember ever seeing a Methodist minister with his collar on backwards.

WILBUR A. MACY, SR.
Fresno, Cal.

● *Methodist ministers may decide for themselves whether or not to wear clerical collars.—ED.*

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

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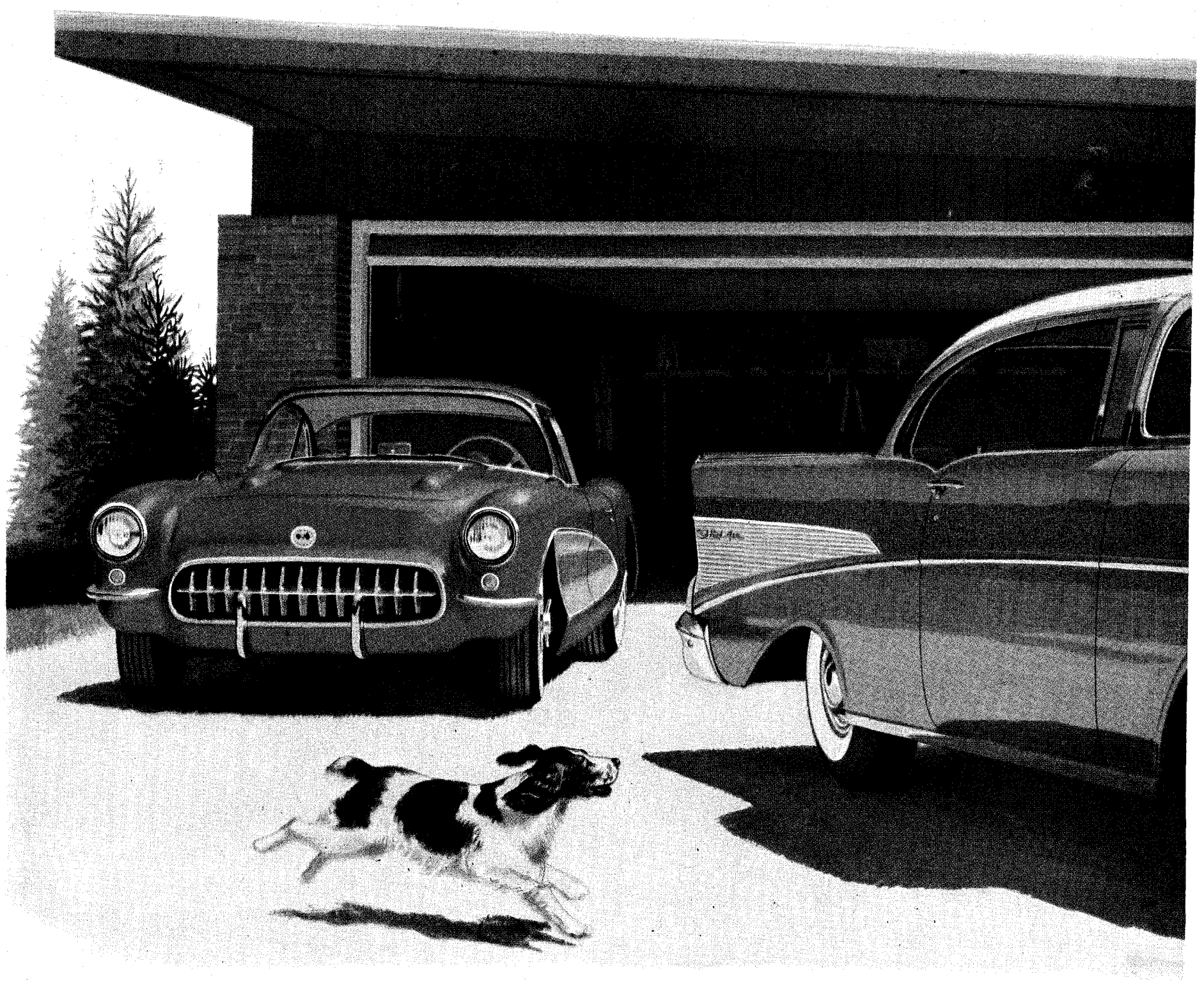

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quiet and cream-smooth that you can carcely even tell when it's idling.

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performance!

Sweet, smooth and sassy! The dashing new Corvette (left) and the Bel Air Sport Coupe with Body by Fisher (above)—two of 20 beautiful new Chevies.

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Editorials

Who Said McCarran Law Bars Refugees?

The admission of Hungarian refugees to this country has not been helped by the sniping at our immigration laws which only confuses the issue.

Many newspaper articles on the Hungarian-refugee problem spoke of the "necessity of cutting the usual red tape." A Herb Block cartoon in the Washington Post and Times-Herald showed a refugee hopelessly entangled in red tape, and other publications used expressions like "protracted processing filled with all the paraphernalia of bureaucracy, such as questionnaires, rubber stamps, fingerprinting, mug photos and identity cards."

Actually the much-condemned Immigration and Nationality Act, the so-called McCarran-Walter Act, contains provisions for coping with just such emergencies as the Hungarian-refugee problem. But laws which crystallize national policy on a question as vital as immigration must contain provisions to keep out unwanted immigrants as well as provide for the admission of those whom we do want. Much of the so-called red tape is absolutely necessary machinery to debar undesirables.

As early as the close of the American Revolution persons with cholera, smallpox, yellow fever and plague were excluded. Later it was decided to debar those with tuberculosis and mental disease. These are two enormous groups, even in the most advanced countries, calling for considerable screening.

Then, too, among the millions who, at all times, would like to emigrate to the United States, there are bound to be substantial numbers of criminals, subversives, narcotics addicts and peddlers, perverts and those who have made false declarations or obtained visas or passports by fraud. It is a never-ending warfare to keep these undesirables out and to apprehend and deport those who slip in.

One of the commonest criticisms of our immigration law is that it does not admit a large enough total. The maximum under the McCarran-Walter Act is 154,657 a year. But since World War II, 200,000 additional war brides and orphans, 340,000 displaced persons and nearly 200,000 refugees were admitted under special legislation prior to the Hungarian crisis. President Eisenhower also wants the maximum under the McCarran-Walter Act raised to 200,000, and still more admissions may be desirable.

America welcomes today, as it always has, those who will make good citizens. But we fail to see any sense in weakening or disparaging the organization and machinery which alone keep the nation from being swamped by the unfit and the undesirable.

Several Presidents Have Done Well in Their Final Terms

Now that the people have rather decisively sent President Eisenhower back to the White House for a second term, the nation can settle down and review the case against the Twenty-second Amendment, adopted in 1951, which bars him from a third.

If leadership is nothing more than patronage, pressure and reprisals, there is an advantage to the President who can brandish the "threat" of running again. But even those who genuinely fear that Congress will run amok as soon as it sees the President deprived of the power to succeed himself can be reassured by a glance at our history. For a century and a half—up to 1940—this nation had a supposedly ironclad tradition that no President serve more than two elected terms. Despite this barrier, President after President made out reasonably well during his second four years.

Leaving aside George Washington, who originated the two-term tradition, and Thomas Jefferson, who confirmed it, we have James Madison. Madison fought a war against Britain, chartered the second Bank of the United States, built up the Army and Navy, rebuffed New England secession and greatly promoted home manufactures—all in his second term. After Madison came James Monroe, who waited until after his second election to proclaim the Monroe Doctrine, finish the Cumberland Road and inaugurate a vast national system of highways and canals. Andrew Jackson was another President who had a busy second term.

Grover Cleveland did have trouble in his second term, which was separated from his first by four years of Benjamin Harrison. But Cleveland's difficulties stemmed from his insistence upon repealing the Sherman Silver Act, a move that infuriated the Bryan, soft-money wing of his party. It had nothing to do with the fact that he was in the home stretch at the White House.

Likewise, Woodrow Wilson's second-term frustrations were due to his stubborn refusal to understand the temper of the country in the League of Nations controversy. Even so, until his crippling stroke, Wilson was a most effective second-term President who led the nation through a great war that saw two million American soldiers landing in France and marching to victory.

Thus, history fails to give much support to the notion that a President becomes a political zombie as soon as he takes his second oath of office. He still has the massive powers that go with the post. He still is the Commander in Chief of all the armed forces. He still is the leader of his party and of the nation. And, as Mr. Eisenhower sagely observed a few weeks ago, the outgoing President is likely to be mighty influential at the convention that nominates his would-be successor.

There may be arguments against the Twenty-second Amendment; Mr. Eisenhower has questioned its wisdom. But it is interesting to note that he made short shrift of the proposition that the amendment would cripple his conduct of the office during his second term. Somehow, that didn't seem to worry Ike at all.

Those Who Play With the Left Should Expect Criticism

By ANTHONY T. BOUSCAREN

There is a double standard of American liberalism which endorses enthusiastic exposure of Fascists and pro-Fascism, vigorous opposition to Fascist aggression, but is indifferent to exposure of Communists and pro-Communism, and unwilling to take a stand against Communist aggression.

When, several years ago, the editors of Counterattack (an anti-Communist newsletter) published Red Channels, exposing the Communist and pro-Communist sympathies of well-known entertainers, the liberal (anti-anti-Communist) fraternity went into action: not to do something about Communist penetration of the stage and screen, but to blacken the reputations of the anti-Communists who called attention to this penetration. "Liberals" applauded when actor Joe Julian sued the publishers of Red Channels for libel, to the tune of $150,000, for calling attention to some of his associations.

The decision of the New York Court of Appeals in this matter is most instructive. In rejecting Julian's suit, the court concluded that public support of Communist activities is a public act and as such is subject to comment and criticism in the name of free speech: "Those who demand the right of free speech as necessary to the successful pursuit of their profession, should not seek to deny the same right to their critics." This remarkable 5–2 decision declared that "The plaintiff . . . performed a public act in appearing and reciting at the meetings organized by Communist fronts. . . . If the public figure's political activities at sponsored Communist-front rallies cannot be criticized . . . then there is no field of fair comment."

Persons seeking "public acclaim and support cannot expect immunity from criticism. . . . Free speech is not the sole property of special classes of our people, such as radical or liberal dissenters, or opponents of censorship." The court pointed out the anomaly that "the plaintiff insists on an immunity which would enable him to draw a curtain about the influences of his political activities at Communist meetings, while he is permitted to attack, in company with the Communist fronts, the policies of the Government."

It is difficult to see how public opinion, or even a higher judicial body, can disagree.

Editors' Note: Doctor Bouscaren is Associate Professor of Political Science at Marquette University.

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They own stock. They own life insurance. Their union has a pension fund. In each case their money is invested in American business. So, you see, the wage earner supplies the capital that creates his own job. This system needs a new name—because it's not old-fashioned capitalism. Its new name is *People's Capitalism*, because the people own it.

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American Can Company itself is a good example of People's Capitalism. The capital for Canco's research, for Canco's production of modern containers is provided by 48,000 stockholders. Many of them are employees of Canco, sharing directly in the profits resulting from their own work.

It's this "working for yourself" spirit that makes People's Capitalism grow faster, stronger—produce more for everybody than does any other system the world has ever seen.

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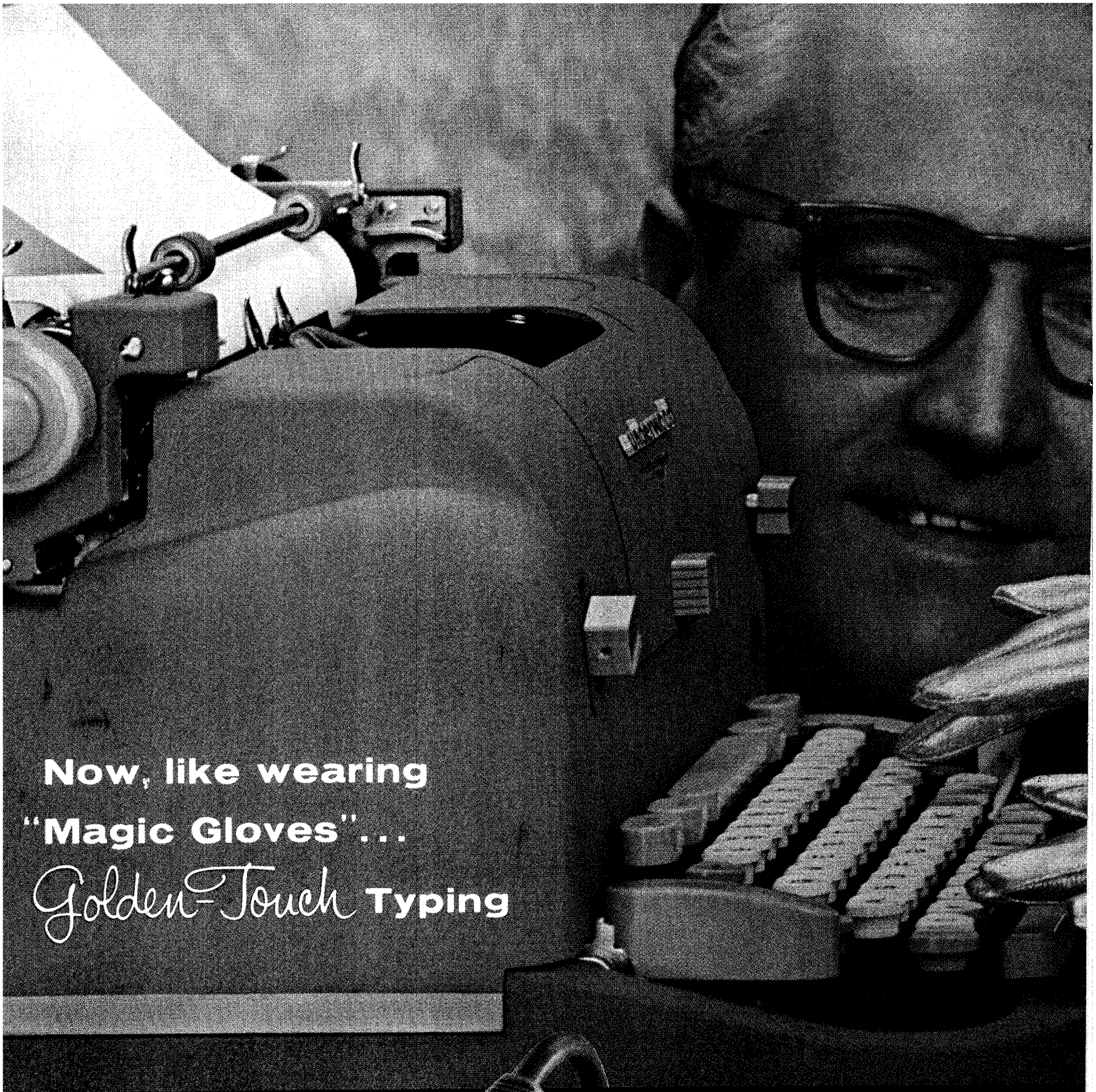

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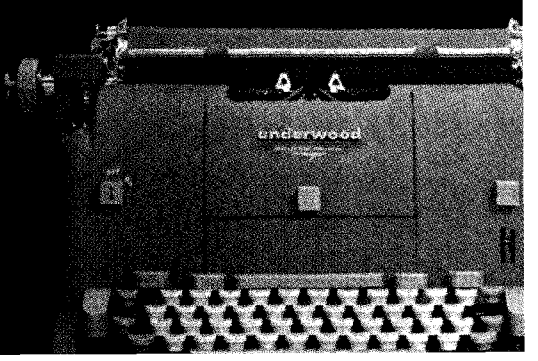

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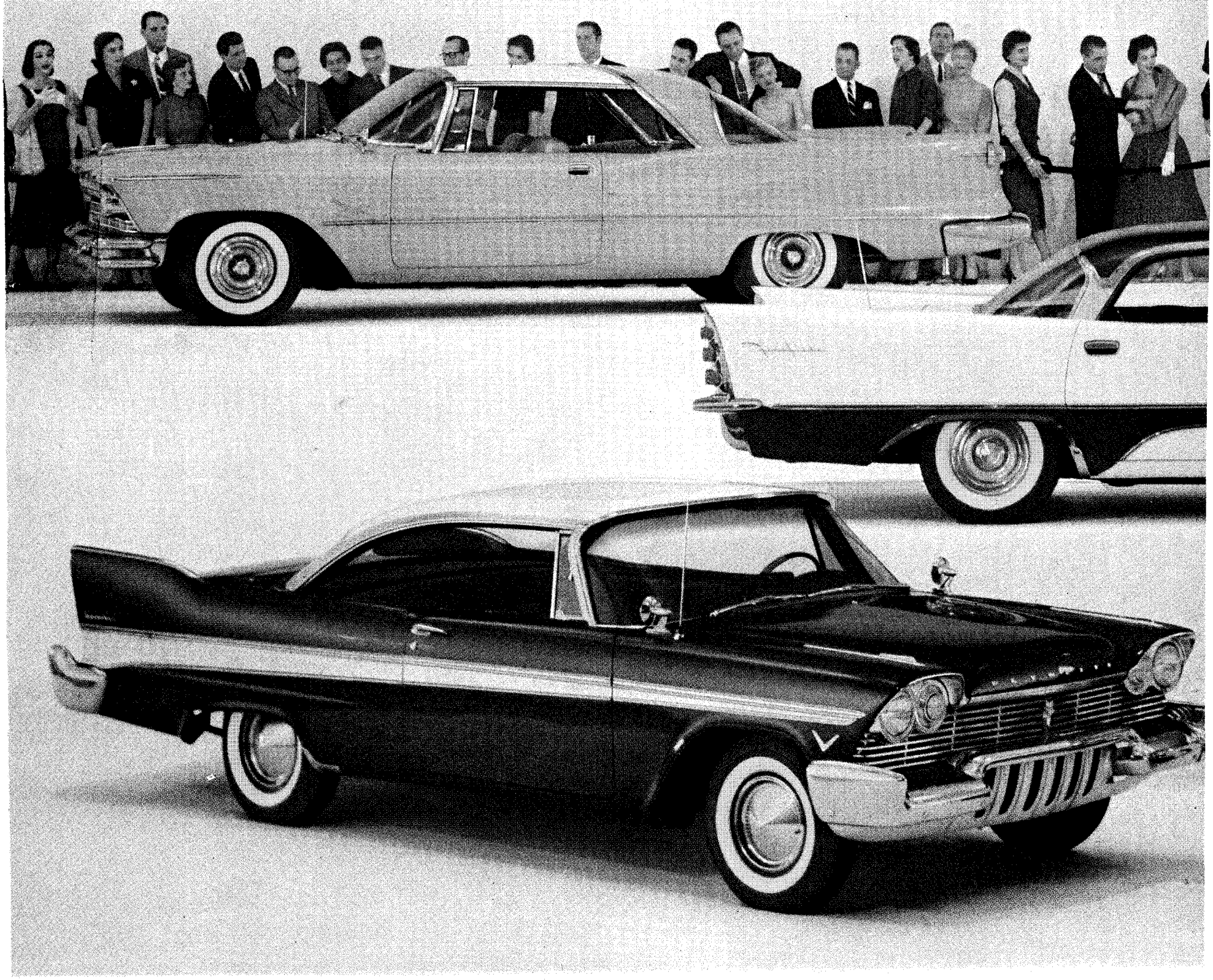

In left foreground, Plymouth; right, Dodge; center, DeSoto; rear left, Imperial and rear right, Chrysler. With a total of 93 mode

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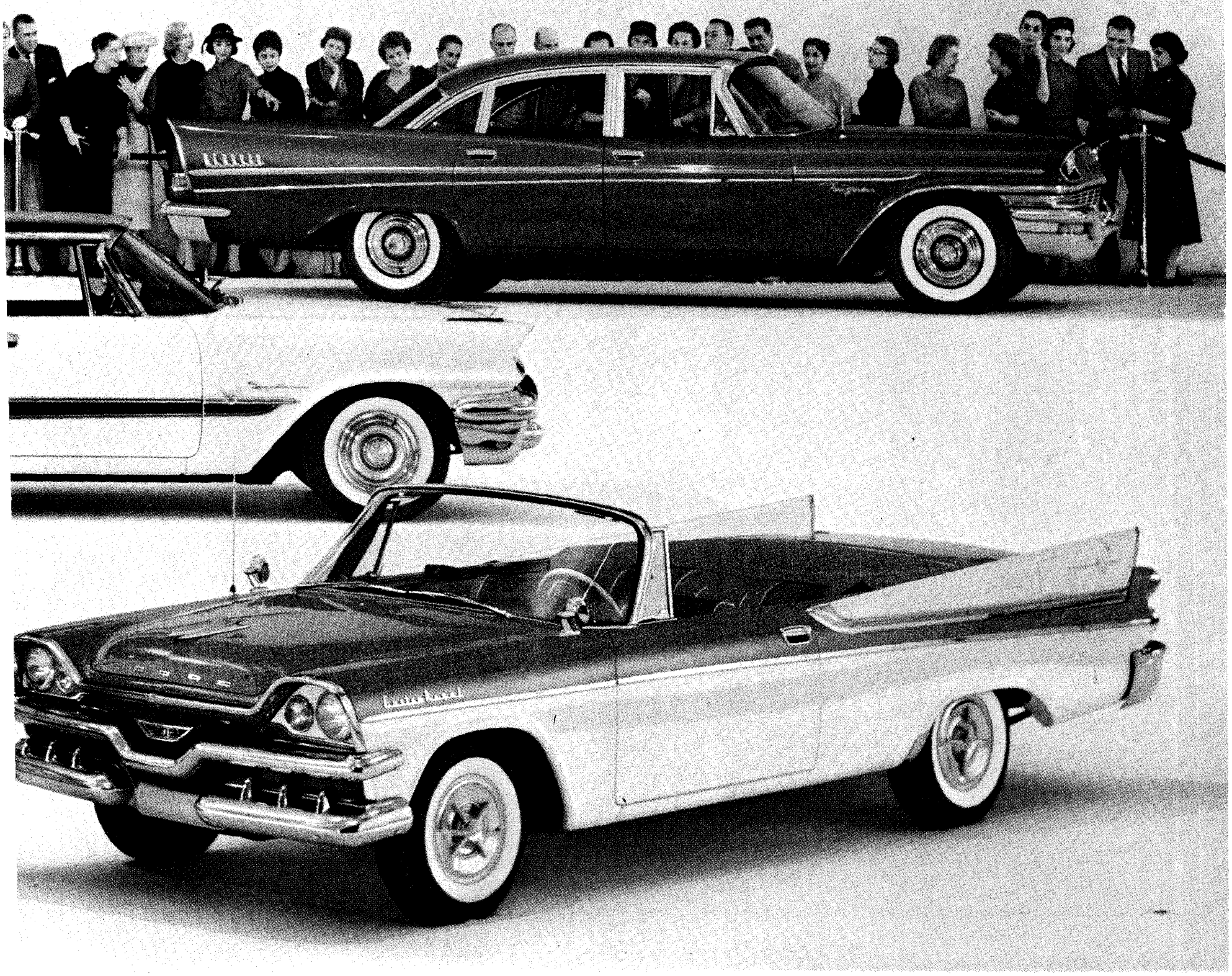

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Benj. Franklin

"My car's across the street," the young lawyer said. "I'll be happy to drop you anywhere you'd like to go."

They warned him about this kind of woman, and they were right: He came to curse the day he met her.

Beginning an unusual story of love and murder . . .

THE GIRL FROM THE MIMOSA CLUB

By LESLIE FORD

Johnny Brayton squeezed his car in to the curb between a snowball stand and a beat-up cart of cantaloupes, sweet corn and Lima beans, turned off his engine and put the keys in his pocket. He buttoned the second button of his fresh seersucker coat, picked up his coco-straw hat, put it on with unusual care, picked up his shiny new brief case, opened the street door and eased his decently black-shod feet to the blistering pavement. He grinned suddenly. When he got around to writing his memoirs, this was where he would start. He could see the first page of the de luxe edition.

The eminent career of the Honorable John Summerfield Brayton, 17th (or whichever) Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, began on Sunday morning, the 27th of July, in the lousy purlieus of the Pine Street Police Station for Women in Baltimore.

A graduate of Gilman Country School, Princeton University and the University of Virginia Law School, and having served his country the required two years, dodging onerous duties with distinction, the future Chief Justice passed the Maryland bar examination with no distinction, and at the age of twenty-six entered the practice of the law as yard bird in the presumably respectable firm of Cadbury, Dewar and Grimes.

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His first distinguished appearance in his chosen profession was on that Sunday morning, temperature 96 degrees, relative humidity 100 per cent, when he was summoned to represent a police haul of night-spot sitters and strippers, on behalf of his firm's lucrative client, Baltimore's brilliant impresario Solly Herman, lowdown proprietor of a lowdown joint trading as the Mimosa Club, raided the night before, while the Honorable John S. Brayton was sweating it out at a Little Season dance in honor of one of Baltimore's richer but less promising debutantes at the Elkridge Kennels.

He got the rest of the way out of his car, shut the door and backed against it to avoid too intimate contact with a horse, bells ajingle, hitched to a cart full of watermelons. Perched on the emerald mound was a little colored kid holding a half-cut melon. "Hi, mister!"

"Hi there." Johnny Brayton grinned back at him, feeling suddenly at home, and amended his memoirs from "lousy purlieus" to "colorful precincts." Then he grinned again, unbuttoned his seersucker coat and tossed his coco-straw hat back through the window onto the car floor. If he couldn't impress a six-year-old colored kid on a cartload of watermelons, he wasn't likely to impress either his present clients or the court. That was further apparent the minute he entered the station-house doors.

"You the kid Grimes sent to spring the Mimosa gang?" The nervous character in a green, short-sleeved, open-neck nylon shirt, green slacks, pointed black-and-white perforated shoes, chewing a sodden cigar, who'd eyed him with a sinking heart as he came through the doors, caught up with him before he reached the police desk.

"Mr. Grimes sent me to represent them," Johnny said with dignity.

"O.K., chum. I'm Joe Anselo. You don't have to worry. Just take it easy." Joe Anselo was clearly trying to reassure himself, not John Brayton. "Solly said I was to tell you, don't make a production, just get 'em the hell out of here. Quick an' easy, see? I got the dough." He shoved a wad of bills into Johnny's hand. "You don't do nothin' but plead 'em guilty, pay the fines an' get 'em out, see? Then stick around till I shove 'em in taxis, see? And there's one we got to go easy on. Miss Reeves. 'Miss' we got to call her, account of Solly got this torch. H-bomb. It's her first time in. You got it, ain't you?"

"I've got it, Mac," Johnny said amiably. He heard a commotion and looked at the far end of the room along a passage beside the wide oak staircase. A female turnkey was unlocking the silver-barred gate. He saw his first clients—the golden girls of the rose-colored spots. It took him a full moment to readjust.

He turned back to Anselo. "They—look different in daylight, don't they?"

Anselo shot him a suspicious glance. "You a comedian, Mac?"

"No." Johnny stuffed the wad of bills into his brief case. "Just understating what I assumed must be a fact. If the Mimosa Club's still in business."

"O.K., I get it. That's the courtroom. No crackin' wise in there, see?" He was sweating. "You sure you ——"

"Leave it to me, chum."

Johnny Brayton moved toward the courtroom door with an ease that he hoped Joe Anselo mistook for confidence. The woman judge wore her judicial black robes, the officers of the Rackets Division gave their testimony, the four strippers and five sitters pleaded guilty and were fined and dismissed. The girl Miss Reeves was a blonde in a red dress, ten dollars for disorderly conduct.

In fifteen minutes it was over and nothing left for the legal representative of Solly Herman, trading as the Mimosa Club, but to pay up and go on home and have his breakfast. Or so he thought until he went out into the station-house lobby and saw Anselo and Miss Reeves.

Anselo spread his hands helplessly. "Look, I'm tryin' to get her to come on. I got the taxi. . . . Come on, Miss Reeves."

"I won't," Miss Reeves said flatly. She had on the red off-the-shoulder evening dress she'd slept in, and red shoes. She was standing there, her hands on her hips washerwoman-fashion, her long, bobbed blond hair tossed back, chin up, her blue eyes flashing under lashes an inch thick with mascara. "You tell Solly Herman I'm through. He told me the one thing you didn't worry about in Baltimore was cops. They're fixed. Nobody ever goes to jail. So I've just spent a whole night in one and I'm through. Anyway, I've got a friend coming."

"Not Solly, Miss Reeves. He's ——"

"Not Solly. My maiden aunt. We always pick each other up after Saturday-night jail. It's an old family custom."

Counselor Brayton moved peacefully in. "You go on, Joe. I'll stick around with Miss Reeves till her aunt comes."

"Don't bother," Miss Reeves said.

"O.K., O.K." Anselo retired down the steps to his other charges.

Johnny turned back to the girl in the red dress. "It's possible your maiden aunt hasn't got the word yet, Miss Reeves," he said gravely.

Illustrated by Edwin Georgi

"Johnny! Don't tell me!" Camilla Anne said. "You haven't fallen for one of those ——"

"She will have. As soon as I can borrow a dime to call a cab. I left my bag at the Mimosa Club."

"Why bother the poor old lady?" The counselor's tone was eminently reasonable. "My car's across the street. I'll be happy to drop you anywhere you'd like to go. In the public interest, if you'll allow me to say so. It's Sunday morning. That rig you've got on ——"

Up to that point neither gravity nor reason had impressed her. He saw her hesitate now, looking down at her bare shoulders and slinky red skirt.

"Well—all right," she said reluctantly. "If it isn't too much trouble."

"None at all." He smiled at her. "Unless you live to hell and gone out in the country. But you look like an urban type to me."

She laughed suddenly. "It's just a few blocks."

"Let's go then."

Her laughter, light and crystal-clear, surprised him. Then, in the door, she hesitated again, drawing back.

"Now what's the trouble?"

"Nothing. I—I just feel so naked."

"Allow me." John Brayton took off his seersucker jacket. "Your cloak, your majesty." He laid it round her bare shoulders.

"Oh, thanks! It's silly, but I just didn't think about how I'd look. Let's hurry, shall we?"

"It's that dark-green one-tone job across the street."

She flashed down the littered concrete steps and was across the street and in the car before he was halfway there.

"Park Avenue," she said. "Just above Monument, on the right-hand side. I'll show you."

He started the car and swung east on Mulberry, waiting for her to say something. But she didn't. She sat huddled down, her eyes straight ahead. Her silence made him uncomfortably aware of himself, sitting expectantly behind the wheel, ready with his superior wisdom to advise and counsel the repentant Magdalene, assuaging her remorse. Aware also that he was beginning to feel a little silly.

He glanced at her and was surprised, even startled, at the delicate, sensitive lines of her face, lost in a concentrated reverie that was entirely unself-conscious and had nothing to do with repentance or remorse. And certainly nothing whatsoever to do with Johnny Brayton of the Baltimore Braytons.

He was surprised again as he saw the house, with its white marble steps and polished brass rail. The fashionable dentist all the Braytons went to had his offices in the brownstone mansion a few doors along. He drew up to the curb. Miss Reeves put her hand out to open the car door.

"If you wouldn't mind waiting, I'll dash in and put something on and bring you your coat. I don't want to shock my landlady. I won't be but a second. And thanks a lot! I'm very grateful. Really."

"Now wait a minute, Miss Reeves," Johnny Brayton heard himself saying. He took her hand and laid it calmly back on her lap. "Today's the first time I've been in court ——"

"I thought so." Her blue eyes lighted suddenly. "You were so solemn—so according to the book."

"That's plenty from you, young woman. And how did you (Continued on Page 79)

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The Reeves girl, draped in a slinky red dress, lined up with the rest of the girls who had been arrested in the police raid.

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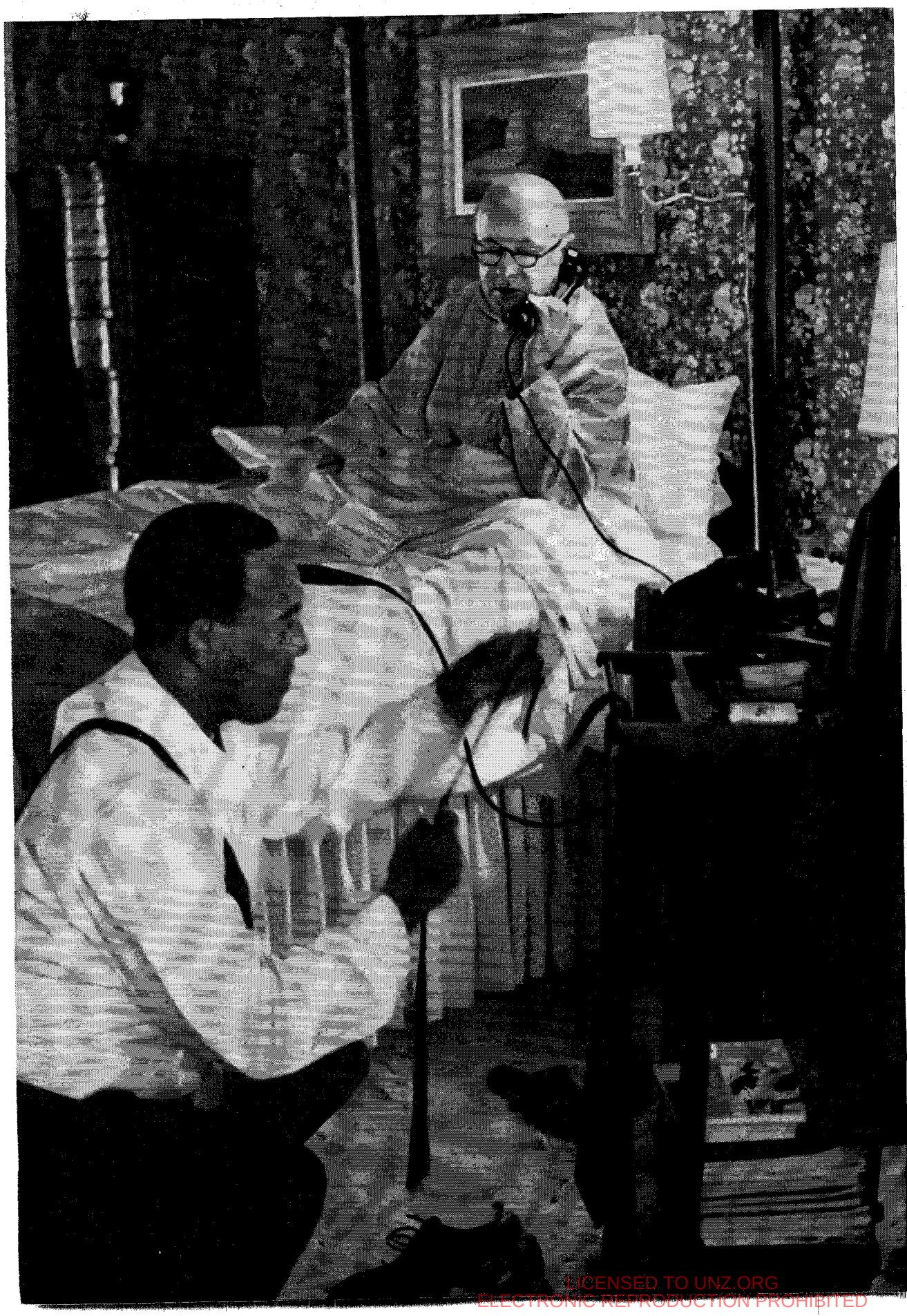
He Digs Hollywood Gold

Tiny Irving Lazar, a man with few talents of his own, makes millions off the talents of Cole Porter, Maxwell Anderson and others. Here's how he does it.

By RICHARD GEHMAN



Irving Paul Lazar, whose friends call him "Swifty," may eventually go down in history as the most preposterously successful literary agent of all time. A literary agent is a person who represents writers in sales of their material to editors, publishers and producers, and sometimes tries to keep them straight with the income-tax people. Usually he receives 10 per cent of the writers' earnings. That may not sound like much, but it mounts up. According to Variety, the show-business paper, four agencies are largely in control of the story situation in Hollywood. Three of them are big organizations, with branches as far away as Hong Kong. The fourth, Lazar, who, according to his competitors' estimates, sold over $3,500,000 worth of literary material last year, is a one-man show. He does keep two small rooms in Beverly Hills, but his real office lies underneath the tweed cap that sits like a patch of fuzzy mold atop his baby-pink head. Lazar is a small, round, shiny man, standing about five feet three inches in specially built-up English shoes. His friend and client, Irwin Shaw, says affectionately, "Irving resembles a new kind of beach toy." He is frantically dandified; he is also a hypochondriac who travels with an enormous collection of pills, soothing potions, patented cleansing cloths and bottles of disinfectant. Finally, he comes equipped with what, in Yiddish, is called *chutzbah*—that is, audacity and courage—which has enabled him to close fabulous deals in Hollywood and on Broadway for his clients.

Among others, Lazar represents Moss Hart, George S. Kaufman, Ira Gershwin, John Patrick, Cole Porter, Noel Coward, Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, Bella and Samuel Spewack, Alan Jay Lerner and George Axelrod. All these people are immensely successful, but Lazar has made them even more so. According to the authors, he sold Lindsay and Crouse's play, The Great Sebastians, for $350,000. He sold Cole Porter's musical, Can-Can, for $750,000. These deals of Lazar's leave his clients not only wealthy but also awe-struck. Sitting around their swimming pools and telling Lazar stories by insect-repellent candlelight, they have made him into a living legend, a kind of miniature Paul Bunyan of the Hollywood wilderness. Indeed, Harry Kurnitz, the writer, contends that Lazar is really a giant.

Business in bed: While a valet lays out his clothes, Lazar negotiates a deal with an actor in London. His phone bill runs about $1000 a month.

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Johnny Mercer's long list of hits includes Laura, That Old Black Magic, All Through The Night.

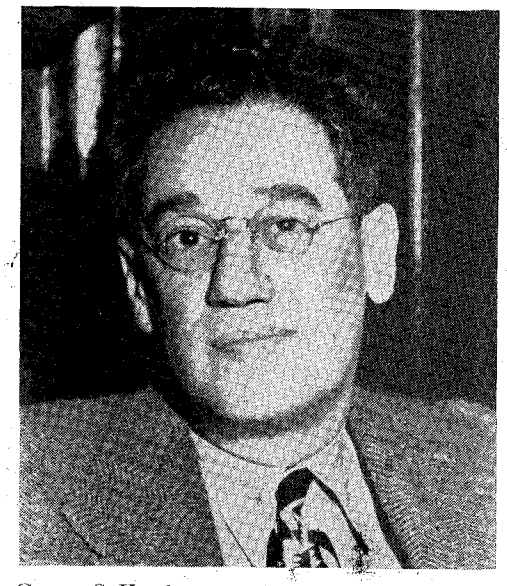
Moss Hart (above) once asked Lazar: "What do you want for Christmas?" "Cole Porter," the agent quickly replied. He got him.

Noel Coward's Blithe Spirit broke British records when it closed after nearly 2000 performances.

HIS CLIENTS BREW THE THEATER'S TASTIEST BROTH

Sophie Tucker, a show-business veteran, was one of Lazar's first big-name clients in New York.

John Patrick won a Pulitzer Prize in 1954 for his Teahouse of the August Moon, wrote screen play for Three Coins in a Fountain.



George S. Kaufman, producer and author, wrote the hit play The Man Who Came to Dinner.

"He's dehydrated," Kurnitz says. "If you add water, he swells to tremendous size."

Not content merely to sell things for his own clients, Lazar frequently sells for writers who "belong" to other agents, splitting the commission. Sometimes, too, he represents not only the writer but also the studio that buys. When he sold The Seven Year Itch, he took commissions from George Axelrod, the author; from Charles Feldman, producer (for obtaining the property); and from Billy Wilder, director for whom he had acted as agent. "He made more out of the Itch than anybody else," Axelrod says.

Lazar takes pride in working both sides of the street. "I enjoy helping producers get good stories," he says. "Paramount owned F. Scott Fitzgerald's Babylon Revisited. I heard that M-G-M wanted it. Then I told Paramount I thought I could find a buyer. I sold it for a hundred and twenty thousand. I've also represented such producers as Sam Goldwyn, Harry Cohn, Bill Goetz and Darryl F. Zanuck in the purchase of stories."

Competition for story material is keener today than ever before. It is a situation made to order for a shrewd trader, and Lazar takes full advantage of it—as he did last spring when selling Irwin Shaw's novel, Lucy Crown. Like all of Lazar's clients, Shaw is the beneficiary of Lazar's intense personal interest. Lazar fusses over his clients. He lends them money, sees them through matrimonial crises and tries to keep them busy. Once Charles Jackson needed money to finance the writing of his novel, The Outer (Continued on Page 44)

Lazar—a bachelor—says he will leave his money to his friends' wives. Grateful Lauren Bacall (below) is the wife of Humphrey Bogart.

Actress Jayne Mansfield manifests her gratitude to Lazar, who sprang her from a Broadway hit into a Hollywood career.

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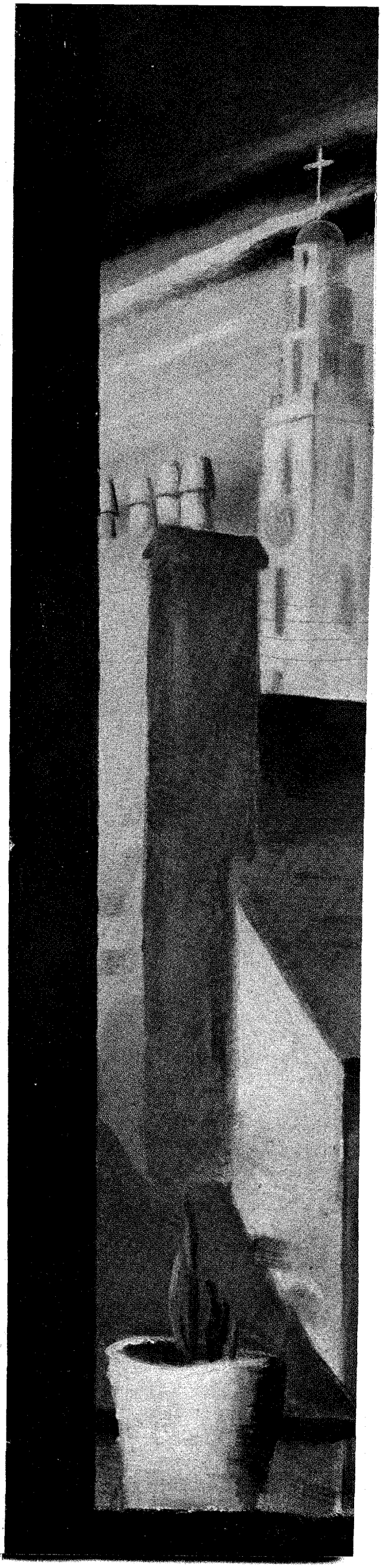
That Ryan Woman

By FRANK O'CONNOR



"I can't possibly marry you," she said. "I'm scared."

Mick Courtney had known Nan from the time he was fourteen or fifteen. She was the younger sister of his best friend, Dinny Ryan, and youngest of a family of four in which she was the only girl. He came to be almost as fond of her as her father and brothers were; she had practically lost her mother's regard by inheriting her father's looks. Her ugliness indeed was quite endearing. She had strong masculine features, all crammed into a feminine container, so that they bulged, and a stocky, sturdy figure. None of her features was really bad and her twinkling eyes were delightful, but they made a group that was almost comic.

Her brothers liked her spirit; they let her play with them while they were of an age for play; and, though she suffered from night panics and Dinny broke the maternal rule by letting her into his bed, they never told. Dinny would be waked in the middle of the night by Nan's pulling and shaking.

"Dinny, Dinny," she would whisper fiercely, "I have 'em again."

"What are they this time?" Dinny would ask drowsily.

"Li-i-i-ons!" she would reply in a blood-curdling tone, and then lie for half an hour on his arm, contracting her toes and kicking spasmodically till the fit passed.

She grew up a tomboy, fierce, tough and tearless—fighting in Dinny's gang, which contested the old quarry on the road with the hill tribes from the slum area above it. And this was how Mick was to remember her best—a stocky little Amazon, leaping from rock to rock, hurling stones in an awkward but effective way, and screaming deadly insults at the enemy and encouragement to her own troops.

He could not have said when she gave up fighting, but between twelve and fourteen she became the pious one in a family that was not remarkable for its piety. She was always out at Mass or diving into church on her way from school to light candles and make novenas. Afterward it struck Mick that it might have been an alternative to getting into Dinny's bed, for she still suffered from night fears, only now when they came on she grabbed her rosary beads instead.

It amused Mick to discover that she had developed something of a crush on himself. Mick had lost his faith, which in Cork starts a sort of excited flutter among the quiet ones of the opposite sex. She would be waiting at the door for him in the evening, and when she saw him would begin to jump down the steps one by one with her feet joined, her hands by her sides and her pigtail tossing.

"How are the novenas coming on, Nan?" Mick would ask with amusement.

"Fine!" she would reply in a shrill, expressionless voice. "You're on your way."

"I'll come quietly."

"You think you won't, but you will. I'm a fierce pray-er."

But though her brothers could ease the pangs of childhood for her, adolescence threw her on the mercy of life. Mrs. Ryan—a roly-poly of a woman who usually kept her arms folded, thus increasing the impression of curves and rolls—was still beautiful, and did her best to disguise Nan's ugliness.

"I'm no blooming beauty," Nan would cry with an imitation of a schoolboy's toughness, whenever her mother tried to get her out of the rough tweeds and dirty pullovers she fancied and into something more feminine.

"God knows you're not," her mother would say, folding her arms and studying her with resignation. "I suppose you don't want to advertise it, though."

"Why wouldn't I advertise it?" Nan would cry, squaring up to her. "I don't want any of your dirty old men."

"You needn't worry, child. They'll let you well alone."

"Let them!" Nan would say. "I don't care. I want to be a nun."

(Continued on Page 90)

Illustrated by George Hughes

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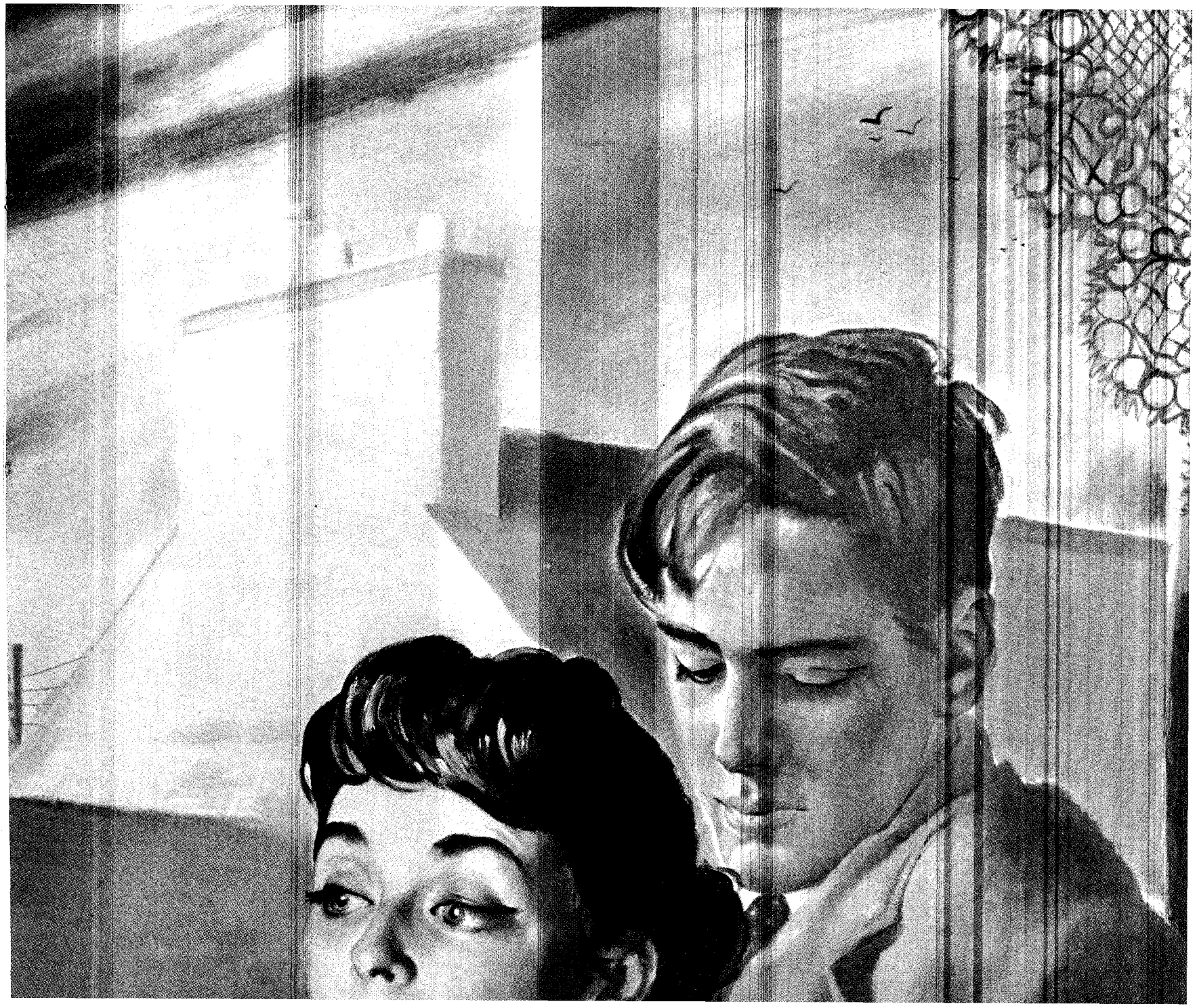

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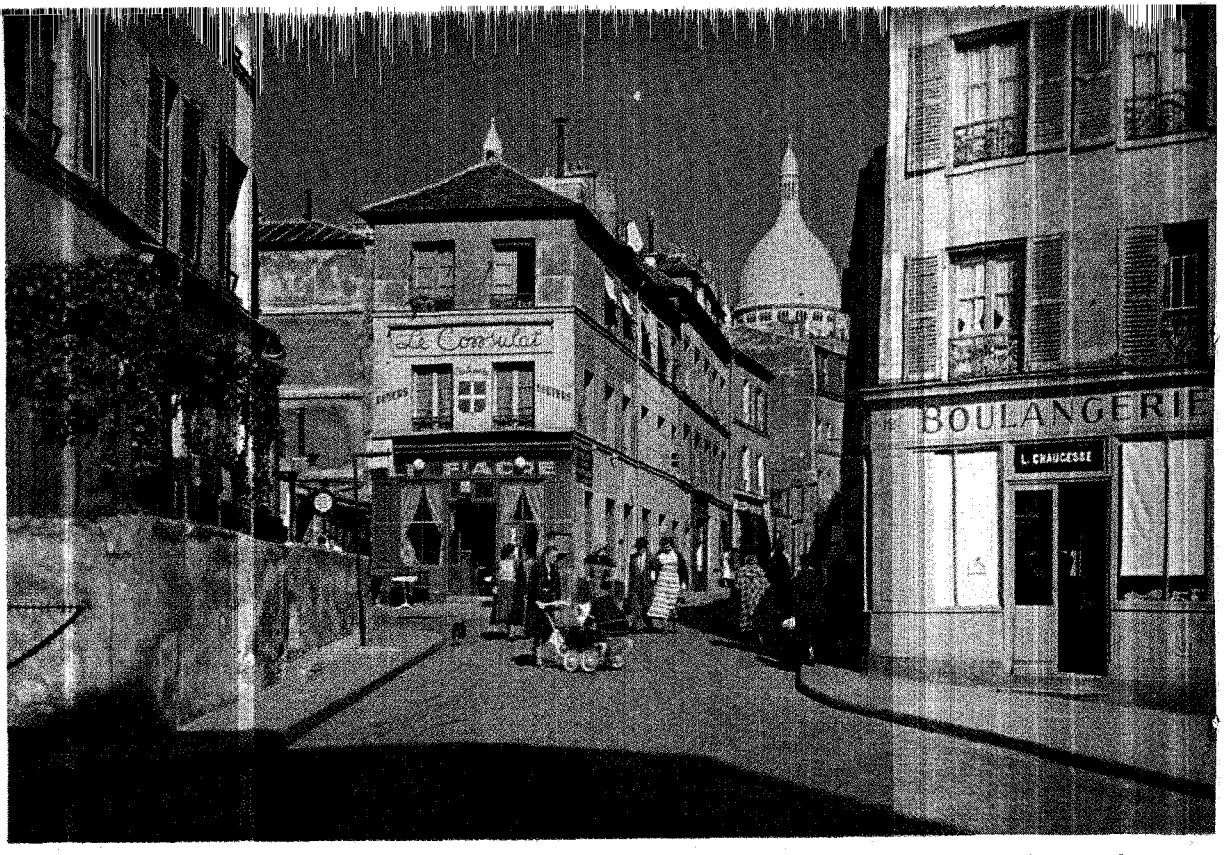
Bookstalls on the Seine: This browser's paradise stretches along the *quais* opposite Notre Dame.



From the heights of Montmartre, the white, Byzantine-like dome of the Basilique du Sacré Coeur looks down on the entire city. Once the artists' quarter, this district now accommodates the uninhibited night life of Place Pigalle.

CITIES OF THE WORLD **No. 26**

PARIS

By James P. O'Donnell

A Post editor explains the appeal of the metropolis of heroism and buffoonery, high tragedy and low comedy, beautiful women and bombastic men.

Montmartre after dark: *Les Girls* at La Nouvelle Eve, one of the city's most expensive cabarets, do the cancan for tourists whose tastes run to champagne.

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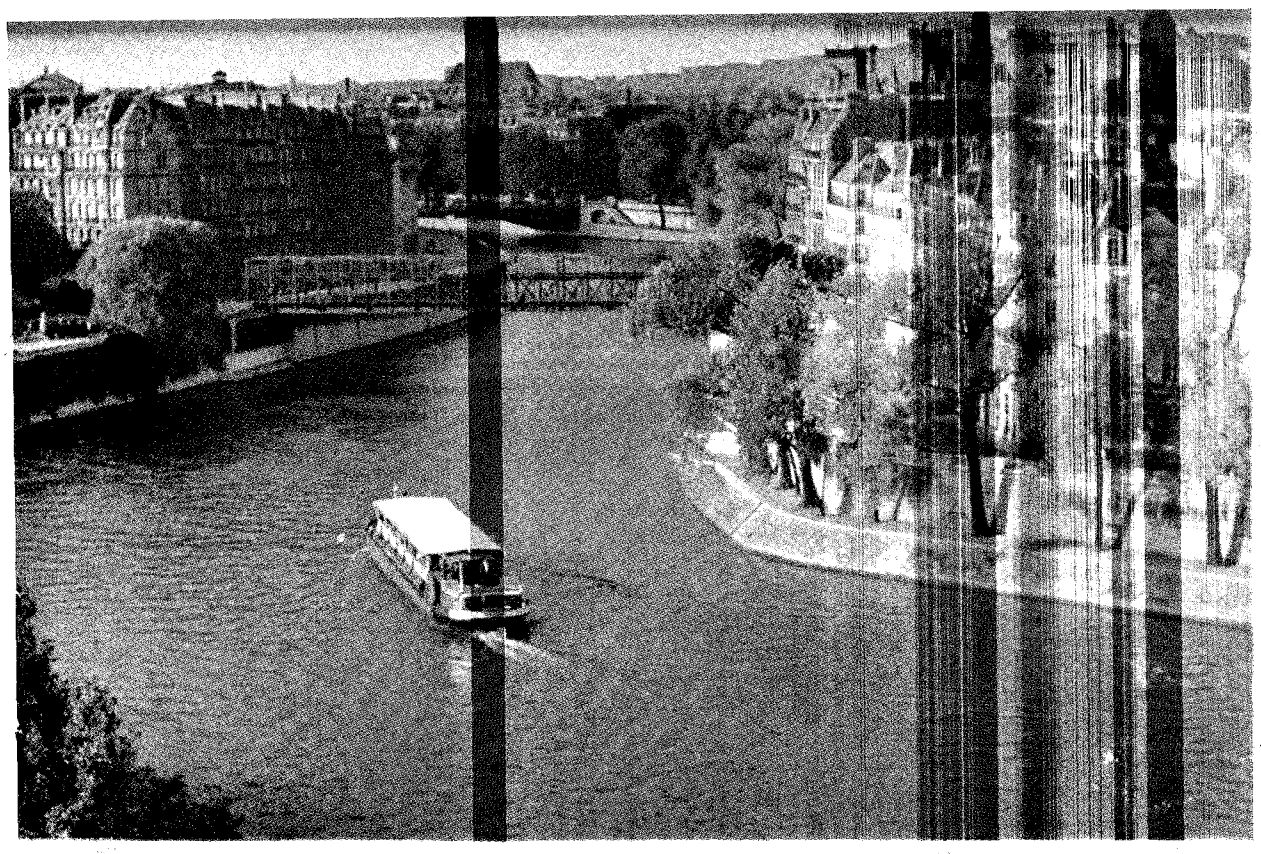


The Seine, traditional haunt of lovers and subject of song and story, winds for eight miles through the heart of Paris. Here a *bateau mouche* (excursion boat) rounds the Île de la Cité (right), center of the city in medieval times.

"*Bon marché, mademoiselle*": Patrons of sidewalk cafés are always fair game for the "Arab" rug sellers.

PARIS.

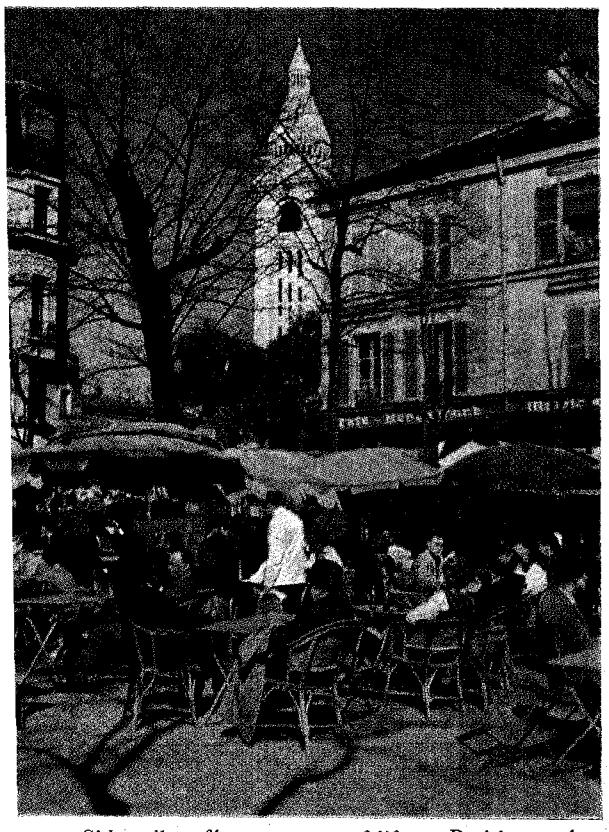
What makes Paris Paris?

Consider the curious tower of Monsieur Eiffel. Built in haste to be ready for the Exhibition of 1889, the centenary of the Revolution of 1789, this temporary structure soon touched off the most vitriolic Parisian debate. Gustave Eiffel, the ambitious engineer from the mustard town of Dijon, defended his creation as the tallest edifice in the world, a careful essay in Euclidian geometry. But no sooner had the rising tower begun to push its iron thrusts above the expanse of the Champs-de-Mars, toward the pale blue Paris heaven, than an enraged committee of 300 artists and writers exploded with true Gallican wrath. The tower was denounced as a desecration of the harmonious Paris sky line, an iron skeleton, the nightmare of a high-school student who had flunked his math exams, a terrible totem.

Time passes, the tower remains, and almost all of the committee of 300 have passed into the limbo of lost causes, the cemetery of Père-Lachaise. The modern world accepts the Eiffel Tower as a triumphant symbol of Paris, city of beauty. But were the original critics entirely wrong? Is the tower in itself really anything more than a quaint experiment in girder Gothic? It is a question whether the Eiffel Tower actually adds to the beauty of Paris or whether, in becoming a symbol, it did not absorb, by spiritual osmosis, part of a beauty that was already there. Arguments like this keep the cafés here open late every evening.

Even on a post card, the Eiffel Tower evokes Paris, and hence in each viewer a different Paris, and in each changing mood a different part of Paris—the Seine or the Street of the Fishing Cat, the Mona Lisa or Picasso's Blue Room, Joan of Arc in gold-leaf armor, Maurice Chevalier's straw hat, onion soup in the market, pressed duck at the Tour d'Argent, Marie Antoinette's cell, Dior's dolls, the uphill far turn at Longchamps race track, the Ritz Bar, the mills and shills of Montmartre.

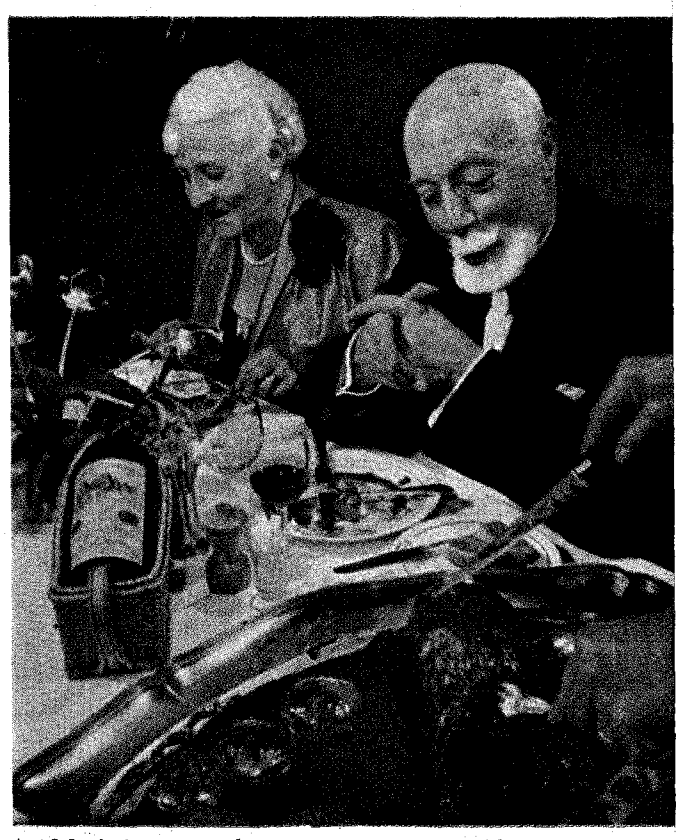
All that, and much much more too. A writer approaches the subject of Paris, the most written-about city in the world and never written out, with an elation it is perhaps best to temper with caution. I have a strong feeling that the true Paris, the best Paris, is the Paris that exists in the hearts of those born here and baptized in Seine water. The native, the *Parigot*, is the first (Continued on Page 66)



Sidewalk cafés are a way of life to Parisians, who can sit for a whole afternoon with a single *apéritif*.

Around the World in an Easy Chair

With this article on Paris, the Post series on twenty-six of the world's most colorful cities ends. We visited Kyoto, Algiers, Madrid, inspected the defenses of Malta, saw Singapore and the pleasure city of Marrakesh. We walked the water front of Marseilles and the avenues of Buenos Aires, thence flew to Sydney and back to a Barcelona bullfight. We bantered with poets in the pothouses of Dublin, then whirled off to São Paulo, Bangkok, Johannesburg and Guatemala City. We viewed Florentine treasures and strolled the heights of Quebec. Pausing at the beer festival in Munich, we moved on to Copenhagen, Calcutta, Athens, Hong Kong and the Red Square in Moscow. We stopped at Genoa and Istanbul, and now end our Grand Tour on a gay note, in the incomparable City of Light. THE EDITORS



At Maxim's, a couple savor *caneton aux pêches* (duck in peaches)—reputed to restore lost youth.

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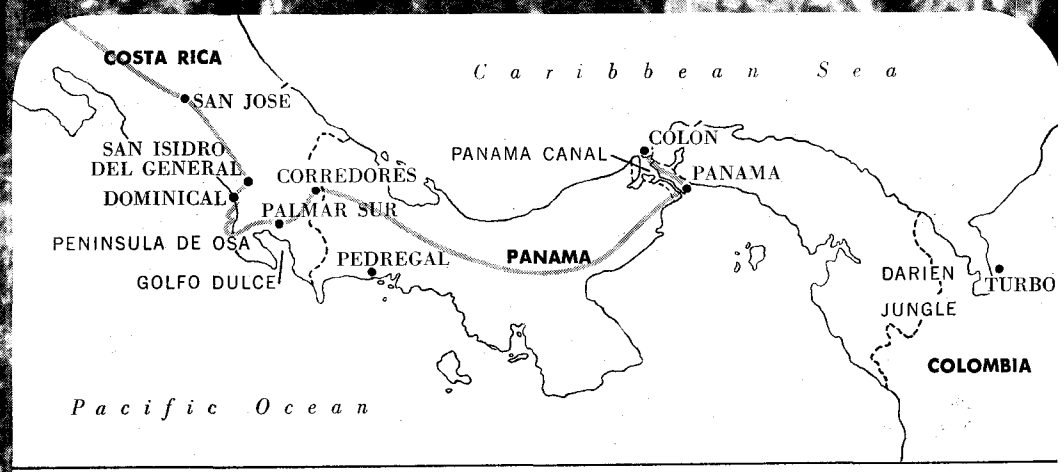

Above: The Schreidérs' progress—April 3 to May 18—from Costa Rica to the Panama Canal Zone. Below: The deep, vine-choked jungle between San José and Dominical, which La Tortuga fought through on its way to the sea. Thereafter began the perilous ocean detour around Central America's roadless regions. Frank and Helen called it "beach hopping."

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WE MADE THE "IMPOSSIBLE" TOUR: *Part Two*

How We Went to Sea in a Jeep

There was no longer any road, path, or even a footing. So the adventurers drove into the Pacific—and found out how treacherous the "peaceful ocean" can be.

By Frank Schreider

If we were ever tempted to give up and turn back, it was on Palm Sunday, 1955. That morning we left San José, Costa Rica, southbound on a segment of the Pan American Highway. It was a hogback road, skimming along the crest of the lofty Talamanca Range, and at San Isidro del General it came to a dead end.

I braked La Tortuga to a stop and stared over her bow at forest-covered mountains. This was worse than the swamps and oxcart trails of Southern Mexico. Between here and Panama there were no roads, no cart trails—not even a footpath. Now, at last, our amphibious jeep would have to prove herself seaworthy.

I turned to Helen. "Are you still game?"

"Yes," she said. "That is, if you can find the Pacific Ocean from here."

We turned onto a pair of ruts winding down to sea level, and began our descent. Several hours later, we were at Dominical, a group of ramshackle buildings and an equally ramshackle hotel facing the ocean. It was obvious that we could never get through the breakers in front of town; they towered twenty feet at the crest.

The hotel owner, Tommy Brower, told us the surf was milder three miles south. We drove down on the beach and set up camp in a cluster of coconut palms. The rest of that afternoon we spent preparing La Tortuga for her maiden sea voyage. After repacking her with heavy things low in the hull for stability, we stowed emergency gear topside in a waterproof bag—knife, first-aid kit, canteen of water, insect repellent and three days' supply of food, including dog meal for Dinah, our German shepherd. I inflated the rubber life raft and put it on top of the cabin, alongside a twenty-gallon drum of gasoline.

There were hundreds of boulders awash in the ebbing tide. We thought we could avoid them by taking off at low tide in the morning. But when we got ready to land, steering would be more difficult, so we decided to come in at high tide to get safely over the rocky bottom.

That night we lay on our bunks in the jeep, listening to the constant thrash of the surf. I realized now that my planning, back in Alaska, had been far too optimistic. I had told Helen that an amphibious jeep could take us all the way south to Tierra del Fuego.

"At gaps in the Pan American Highway that can't be covered on land," I had said, "we'll drive along the beach until we come to a barrier. Then we'll find a calm bay, take to the ocean and motor to another stretch of beach, and so on until we reach another road."

Lying there that night, we both knew better. There was no calm water here. Yet the nearest town with a road going south was Pedregal, in Panama, and to get there we'd have to beach-hop for 200 miles.

At seven the next morning we eased into the sea, four-wheel drive engaged, propeller spinning. As the wheels (Continued on Page 56)

NEXT WEEK . . .

Are the Natives Friendly?

Frank and Helen hit remote Caribbean islands where the Indians have never quite given up their savage ways.

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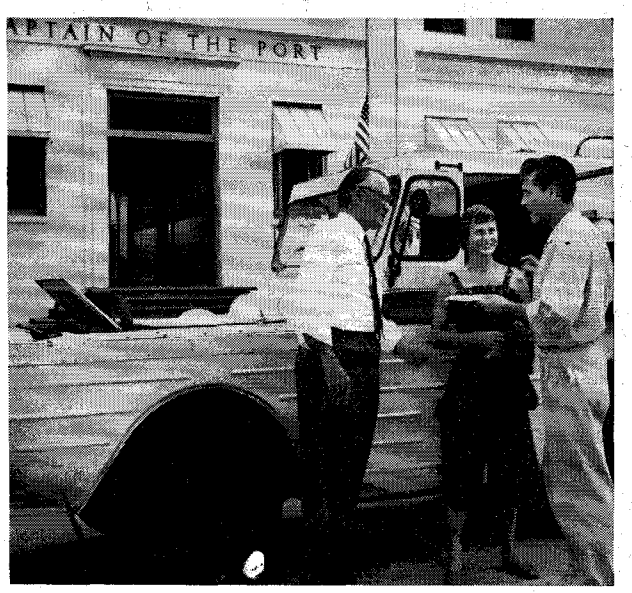
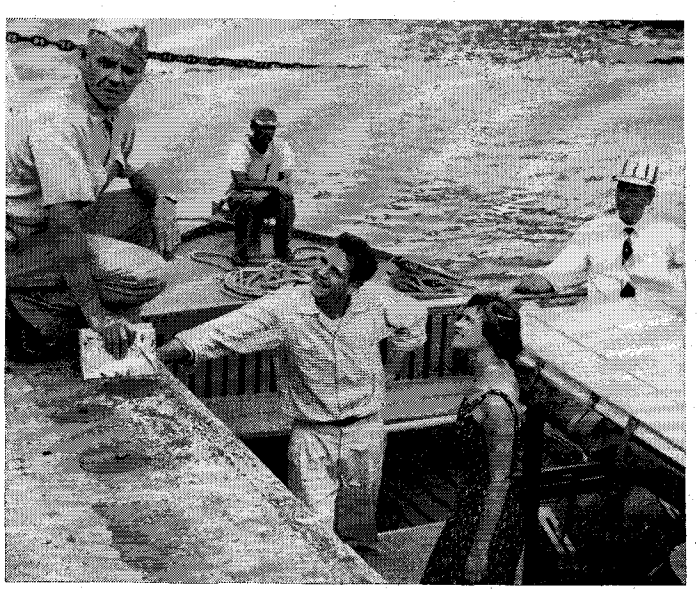
LA TORTUGA'S PASSAGE OF THE PANAMA CANAL

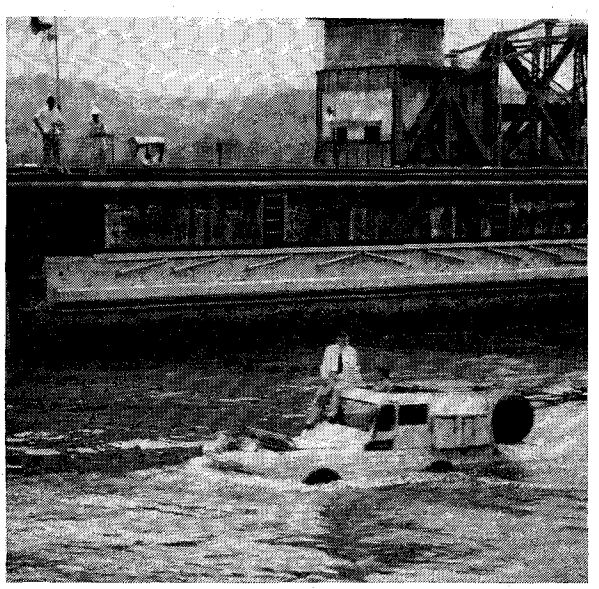


The adventurers receive a set of real ship's papers from a port official for the jeep's precedent-setting transit.

With a genuine canal pilot aboard, La Tortuga begins its passage. School children were let out to watch the event.



Admiral Miles (above) officially advised the Schreiders not to proceed beyond Panama, then gave them all-out help.



Capt. R. G. Rennie, the pilot, takes his post on La Tortuga's "flying bridge" to navigate a lock.

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Angrily he told William to go back to his crew-cut college boys and stay with them.

The Stubbornest Man

By WALTER S. TEVIS, JR.

No smart-aleck college boy—not even his own son—was going to show him how to run a farm.

He was in the kitchen, reading David Copperfield, his big frame hunched over the table, his broad, knot-jointed hands holding the book tenderly. When he heard her come in, he looked up from the corner of his eye and saw that the light coming through the white curtains was very weak and that he could barely make out the outline of the barn through the open porch door. Knowing what she had come to remind him of, he pushed himself back from the table to look up at her and smiled faintly, his back and his hands—especially his hands—aching even from the slight movement. She had already rolled her hair up and was wearing her bathrobe. She had her bifocals on, steel-rimmed, and was smiling at him.

"It's past time for the cows, Fred," she said.

"I know," he said, closing the book cautiously, his big fingers awkward with the limp covers. "I've been a little stiff tonight. It's the time of year—the rain." He pulled himself up out of the chair, trying not to let the painfulness of the movement show on his face.

"Fred," she said, "if you want me to ——"

"No." He walked to the porch door and took the old denim jacket from its hook by the telephone. "This is my job."

She was looking at him over the tops of her glasses, smiling, but he could see that she had something on her mind.

"You know," she said, "you could afford a milking machine easily, now that Bill and John are out of college."

"You sound like William," he said, letting the sudden bitterness in his voice emphasize his son's name. "Do you want high fidelity too? And a pink station wagon? And a barbecue pit? We've got six cows. Six." He turned around and looked at her again, at her small round face, the bright, wide eyes with the deep lines around them. Her mouth was stern, thoughtful, and the thought struck him, *She's got something else on her mind. I'll hear about it when I get back from the barn.*

"Fred," she said, "you'd have more time to read, with a milker. And you have other machines. The tractor, the hay baler."

He opened the door when she was in the middle of saying it. When she finished, he said, "During the war I milked twenty-three cows. By hand. Twice a day."

He let the door slam, and almost flinched at the realization that she could answer that one. He walked on to the barn, cutting through the garden lot, through the little field with the chicken coop, now silent, and the outhouse. Dorothy's answer should have been simple enough: during the war he could milk twenty-odd cows easily. Now, sixty years old, arthritis stiffening his fingers, it took an hour and a quarter to milk six.

There were low, irritated moanings from the cows as (Continued on Page 85)

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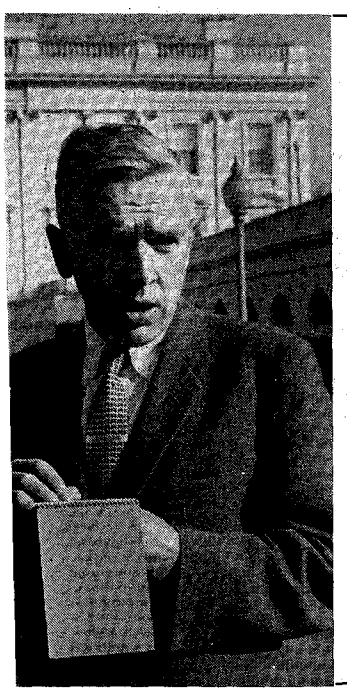
ROBERT J. DONOVAN

Author of "The Inside Story" Predicts:

What Ike Will Do

With his prestige at an all-time high, the President will put Congress on the griddle. And despite G.O.P. opposition, he may even consent to recognize Red China. . . .



Robert J. Donovan of the New York Herald Tribune won a unique position among American journalists with the publication on last July 2 of his highly controversial book, *Eisenhower: The Inside Story*. In it, Donovan gave an unprecedented, behind-the-scenes account of the fateful decisions made by the administration during its first term in office. He disclosed hitherto unreported accounts of the President's major policy decrees, confidential cabinet conversations, and many other secrets. A storm of criticism followed. Chairman Emanuel Celler, of the House Judiciary Committee, charged it was "unconscionable," "irresponsible" and "shocking" for the White House to refuse information to Congress and then give "unlimited access to a friendly newspaper correspondent." Senator McClellan demanded that "the White House immediately clear up this matter so that we may know whether Congress and its committees are being discriminated against in favor of selected, preferred private reporters." But everybody agreed that Donovan had his facts straight—because he had them from the record and from unassailable inside sources.

This article by Mr. Donovan is the first of three by distinguished American political writers on vital national issues. —The Editors

NEXT WEEK—What the Election Meant . . . . . *By Samuel Lubell*

WEEK AFTER NEXT—The G.O.P. Must Reform. . *By Joseph and Stewart Alsop*

When Dwight D. Eisenhower is inaugurated on January twentieth for a second term, he will be staking his lofty reputation on a new venture, begun under most hazardous circumstances. At the same time, he will take office with far more self-assurance than he had on his first Inauguration Day, in 1953.

These past four years have left their mark on him, naturally. He has deeper lines under his eyes, and his voice has grown huskier. He has so few hairs left on his head that, as he confesses, he has names for them. He weighs one hundred seventy-two pounds, which is six pounds less than he weighed last Inauguration Day, but precisely what he weighed as a West Point cadet forty-two years ago.

Because of his heart attack, his life is more carefully regulated than it used to be. He maintains more (Continued on Page 73)

Just four years ago a renowned soldier (but an untried President) took the oath of office. Now he's an old hand at the job.

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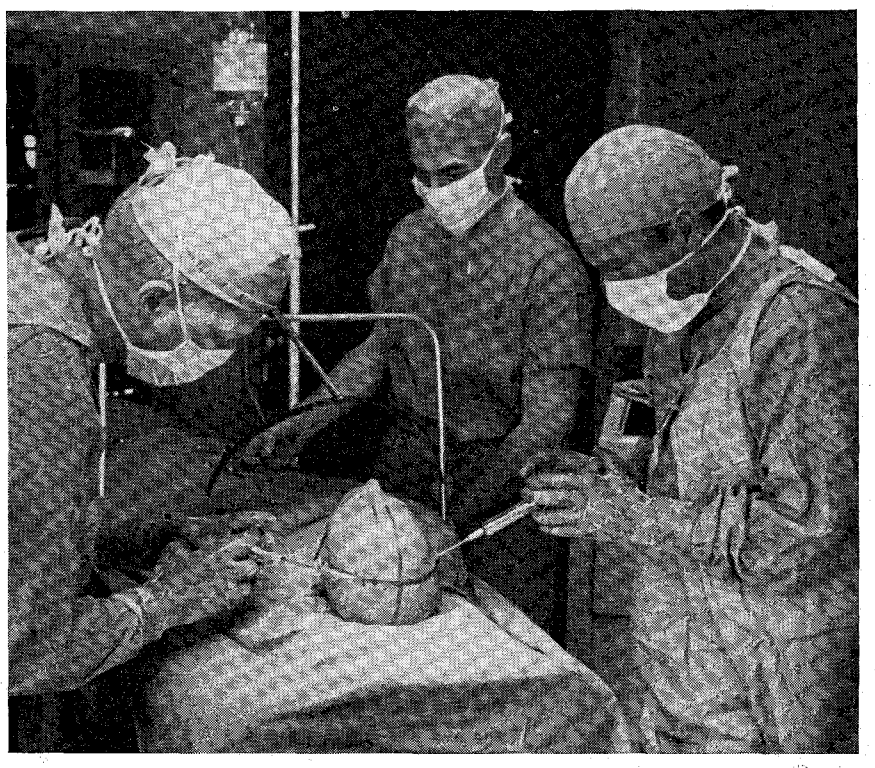
To destroy the nerve cells which cause the disease's crippling tremors, Dr. Irving Cooper injects alcohol through a needle inserted deep in the patient's brain center. Assistant (left) tests effect on arm.

Daring Operation for "Shaking Palsy"



Photographs by Gus Pasquarella

After the patient's scalp has been marked to guide the brain surgeon to his target—a small island of nerves called the globus pallidus—Drs. Cooper and Poloukhine administer an anesthetic in preparation for the delicate needle-placing operation.

Drastic surgery has brought improvement to hundreds of victims of baffling, insidious Parkinson's disease.

By Milton Silverman

In the spring of 1955, a Boston physician telephoned a brain surgeon at St. Barnabas Hospital in New York City. "I've been hearing about your new operation for Parkinsonism," he said. "How's it working out?"

"It looks better all the time," the surgeon answered. "I think we're getting it licked."

"Wonderful. In that case, I'd like to send you a patient—a very special patient."

"I'll be glad to see him. But what's special about the case?"

"Well," the Boston doctor said, "he's had Parkinsonism for more than fifteen years now.

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The final injection completed, the brain needle is withdrawn eight days after it was first inserted, and the patient demonstrates to surgeons that the operation has successfully relieved the violent, spasmodic twitching of his arm.

Both arms and both legs are stiff as lead pipes, and he's got this tremor that almost shakes the whole bed. His face looks like a mask. He can't talk. He can't stand, or even sit up, or feed himself. No medical treatment seems to help him any more. He's a hundred per cent incapacitated."

"Sounds tough," the surgeon said, "but we'll still do our best. Anything else special about him?"

The Boston man hesitated for a moment. "As a matter of fact, there is," he said. "The patient is my son Joe."

When Joe, then thirty-one years old, was brought to St. Barnabas, he was a typical victim of far-advanced Parkinsonism, or Parkinson's disease, more widely though inaccurately known as the shaking palsy. He was alive and free from pain, but that was the best that anyone could say about him. Emotionally, he was at rock bottom.

"The only reason I hadn't killed myself," he said afterward, "was that I wasn't strong enough to lift a gun."

For nearly a week he was studied and restudied. A dozen X-ray photographs of his brain were carefully analyzed and measured by the surgical team. His head was shaved and a series of guide points was marked on his scalp with dyestuff.

Then one morning, with the aid of a special jig to aim the instruments down through a hole in the top of his skull, and of high-speed X-ray photography to check the positions, the surgeons slowly and cautiously injected twenty drops of absolute alcohol—two hundred proof—deep into his brain to destroy one key brain center. The whole operation was done under local anesthesia.

Twenty-seven minutes later the rigidity and the tremor on the right side of Joe's body began to disappear. His right arm and leg became loose and relaxed, and the trembling in his fingers vanished. He could raise and lower his arm, and open and close his fist.

"Look," he whispered, while tears ran down his face. "Look. I can move."

Two weeks later, Joe left the hospital for his home in Boston, In another two weeks his father reported delightedly, "My son is amazingly better, and he's getting stronger every day. He now dresses himself, feeds himself and even shaves himself. He can walk, sit in a chair and take care of himself all day long."

And soon after that the surgeon got another letter—this one from the patient himself, written in a shaky but nonetheless legible hand.

"Dear Doctor," Joe had noted, "This is the first letter I have written in fifteen years. I want to write it to you, as you made it possible for me to write again. You made it possible for me to live again."

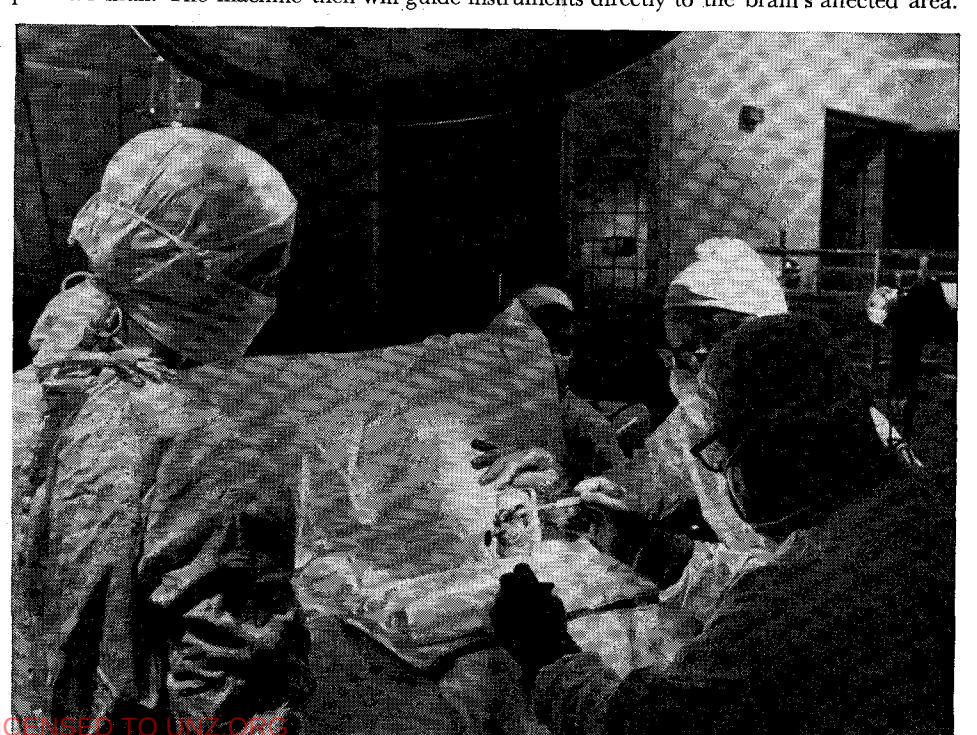
The same brain operation, known to neurosurgeons as a chemopallidectomy, was performed on a sixty-year-old former college professor who had suffered from Parkinsonism for sixteen years. During the last three years he had become so weak and disabled that he required constant nursing care. All he could do was watch television programs, hour after hour.

His recovery after the remarkable alcohol-injection procedure was slow, but it was steady and exciting. Three months after the operation, his wife reported:

"My husband's progress is quite marked so far. He has lost the fear of falling . . . he walks upright and does not shuffle. His body is now straight. He shaves himself and dresses himself completely and (Continued on Page 102)

Dr. Henry Wycis and Dr. Ernest Spiegel with the aiming device they developed to enable surgeons to reach deep into the brain with greater accuracy.

Before attaching the stereo-encephalotome (aiming device), Drs. Wycis and Rovine open the patient's skull. The machine then will guide instruments directly to the brain's affected area.



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This was the fate that awaited anyone who ventured into

The Valley of Terror

By ARTHUR MAYSE Illustrated by Glenn Grohe

My morning survey of Saul Prince's forbidden valley revealed neither the headless skeletons nor bleached skulls which vulgar repute claimed for it. If phantom skirlings disturbed the night, I had been too exhausted after our traverse from the Tzwahalis headwaters to be wakened by them, and viewed through my field glasses, the creature on the avalanche cone above me proved to be a very ordinary mountain goat.

So much for native superstition, I reflected as I cased my glasses. I had tracked the myth of the Mukhalin bear three thousand air miles from my assistant curator's office in Boston—pursued it a further arduous two hundred miles by logging truck, launch and canoe—and ended my journey perspiring under a pack heavier than any middle-aged naturalist should be required to shoulder. At the moment, crouching away from the wind to light my pipe, I admitted to a certain irritation with my friend Carveth-Welsh, of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, whose account had launched me in quest of the Mukhalin, the great white ghost grizzly of the British Columbia cordillera. It occurred to me, belatedly, that on the same occasion and with a no less solemn manner, Inspector Carveth-Welsh had spun me a tale of a giant mosquito which, as a young constable on arctic service, he had trained to paddle an Eskimo kayak.

In this skeptical mood, I was utterly unprepared for the sight that greeted me when I looked up with pipe alight. No crackling of brush reached me over the din of the creek, but on the far bank, somewhat less than fifty feet distant, the alpine huckleberry buckled outward. The massive head that poked through was pure white, as were the throat and the hackled fur of the shoulder hump.

I continued to squat in the lee of a boulder while the grizzly advanced at a rolling jog to the stream's edge, twice pausing to peer backward into the forest of mixed spruce and hemlock from which he had emerged. This, I realized even from my superficial examination, was no pink-eyed albino. Satisfied, I glanced about me for my rifle, remembering only then that it leaned against a tree trunk in our camp.

I had not heard Saul Prince approach, but the Indian was at my side, his coarse-woven beret, or, more strictly, tam-o'-shanter, pushed back from his broad forehead, his .270 Winchester laid across his arm. He stared at the white grizzly, which reared on its haunches and eyed us with the shortsighted peering of its kind. Foam dribbled from its jaws. Its barrel heaved as if from hard running.

"I believe this specimen is adequate," I told Saul Prince. "Since I seem to have forgotten my rifle, I must ask you to shoot it for me."

My guide—and as a guide he had more than justified Carveth-Welsh's recommendation—shook his head. The expression on his heavy-featured face puzzled me. With obvious reluctance, he placed his rifle in my hands. Since I derive no pleasure from killing, I need only state that the 160-grain open-point bullet did its work efficiently, and that the bear, after wallowing through the creek in an abortive charge, died with its snout forty-six inches from my boots, a distance verified by later measurement.

I had found Saul Prince phlegmatic to the point of taciturnity, but I must confess I did expect some show of elation from one who, apart from sharing in a notable contribution to natural science, had assured himself of a handsome bonus.

"S'pose you make up the packs while I skin him out, doc," he suggested, glancing at the sun, which had declined only slightly from the meridian. "That way we can get rolling in two, maybe three hours."

"But why?" I demanded in complete surprise. Field preparation of a specimen, and especially such a prize as this, is not a task to be hurried. "I can see no need whatever for haste. I hope to secure a female as well, and possibly a cub." His lack of enthusiasm had nettled me into brusqueness. I attempted to make amends with a small jocularity. "And I'm no iron man. Like King Wenceslas' page, I can go no farther. We'll rest one day, Saul, hunt three; then make what I trust will be a leisurely exit."

"I don't like the weather." My companion frowned into the northeast, where above the sawtoothed peaks of the Tzwahalis massif, the blue September sky was dulling to gray. "Snow catches us in here, it could be rough. You've got your white bear, doc. Me, I think we ought to pull out."

"Nonsense!" I told him genially. Even in the high country, the season was early for snow. In any event, should a blizzard strike, we had a snug fly camp in the timber, aluminum-framed snowshoes lashed to our packboards, and concentrated foods to sustain us at least two weeks.

"But I do agree with you about the skinning," I added. "We ought to proceed with that at once."

We did so, the sun beating on our shoulders with mellow warmth, the wild valley quiet around us. What thoughts Saul Prince entertained, I did not try to surmise. In spite of my own preoccupation, however, I noted that my guide's rifle was never out of reach, and that at no time did he turn his back on the dense cover across the stream. For myself, the introductory phrases of a monograph took shape in my head as I toiled. I could see my Mukhalin group in the museum east wing, in a place of honor under the skylights. Vanity carrying me still farther, I visualized a brass plate with neat black lettering:

URSUS HORRIBILIS CABOTII. HABITAT, TZWAHALIS SECTOR, BRITISH COLUMBIA COAST RANGE. OBTAINED SEPTEMBER, 1954, BY DR. AMOS J. G. CABOT, F.Z.S., F.R.G.S.

Saul Prince's voice intruded on my pleasant reverie. "What you make of this, doc?"

With his skinning knife he indicated the left rear paw and lower leg. The fur was matted with blood.

(Continued on Page 93)

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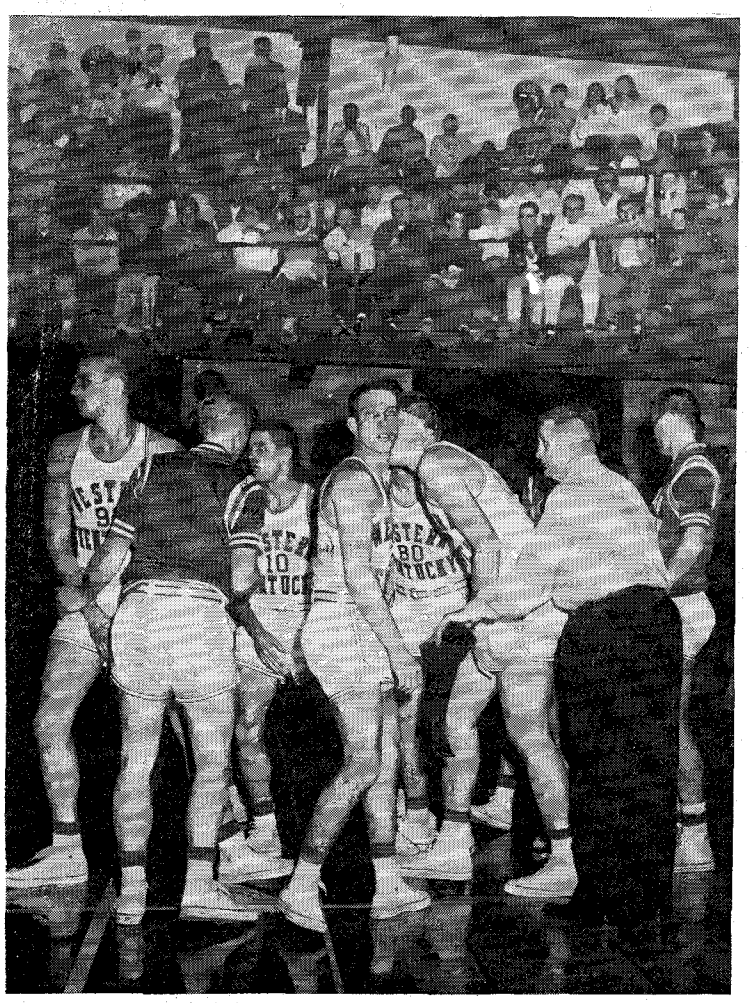
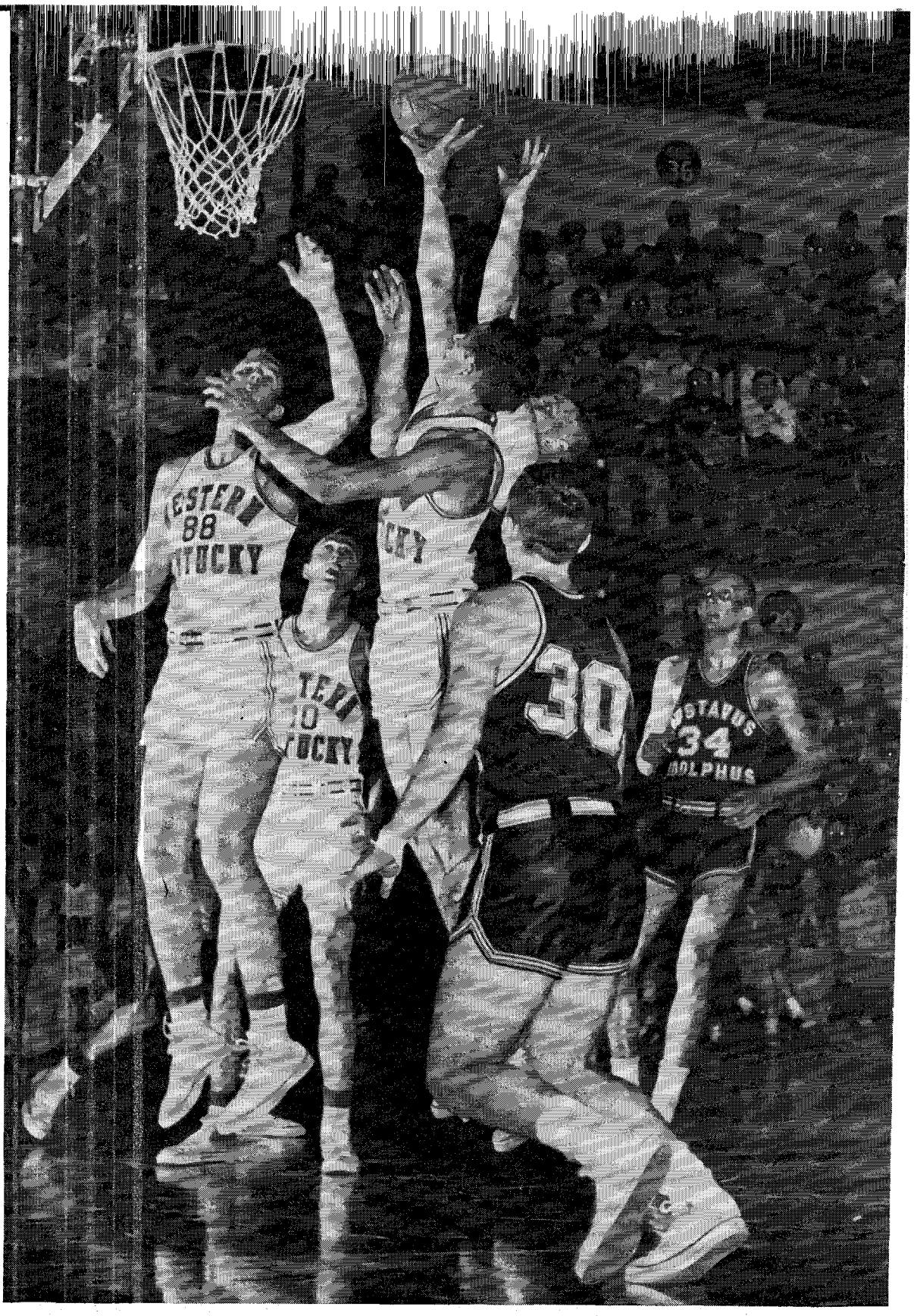
Ralph Crosthwaite (ball in hand), six-foot-eight-and-a-half-inch sophomore center, taps one in during the Western Kentucky–Gustavus Adolphus game at Bowling Green.

"Get in there and fight!" Clutching the red bath towel that has become his trade-mark, Diddle fires up his boys during a time-out.





Winningest Basketball Coach

At Western Kentucky eccentric Ed Diddle is a hero ranking with Washington. Here's how he produces such fabulous basketball teams they name highways for him.

By FRED RUSSELL

On the hilltop campus of Western Kentucky State College, there is a big water tower that looks from a distance like a basketball. It isn't, but it should be. Basketball has spread the fame of this little school and its large coach, Edgar Allen Diddle, far beyond the wooded hills and fertile valleys of Southwestern Kentucky.

Ed Diddle is the winningest college coach in the game today. Diddle began this, his thirty-fifth season at Western, with a record of 646 victories and 215 defeats. Previously he ranked second among active coaches to the conspicuous Dr. Forrest (Phog) Allen, but Phog was recently retired at the age of seventy by the University of Kansas. Although Diddle himself is sixty-one, he should be around long enough to surpass Allen's career totals of 771 games won and 233 lost.

"This could be our best year," Diddle said unhesitatingly before the present season. "We have the material to develop one of the strongest teams in the country."

Sure enough, the Hilltoppers were too strong for most of their early-season opponents. They were upset by Seton Hall, however, on a mid-December visit to New York.

They generally do have good material at Western Kentucky, which is located in Bowling Green, a city of (Continued on Page 74)

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BARGAIN BRIDE

For a man who insisted he could never love a woman, McCullough was behaving oddly.

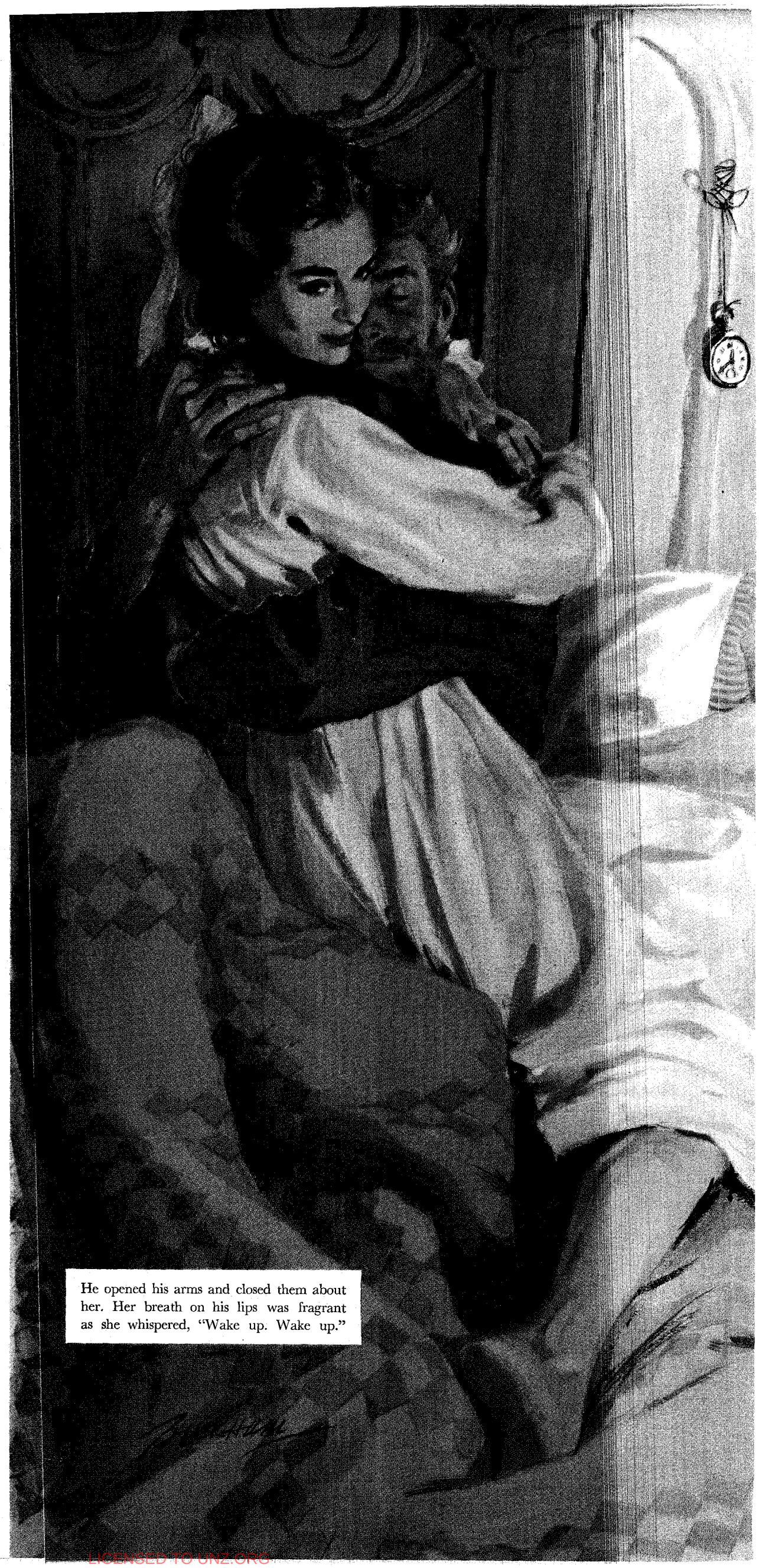
By NORMA MANSFIELD

In those sparsely settled years during the '50's in the Oregon Territory it was a seldom day when Colin McCullough had a caller. His sizable holdings shrouded the high, timbered hills a full day's journey east of Clear Creek, the nearest settlement of size, and few settlers lived in between. He had had his land from his uncle, Tam McTavish, who had reared him. McTavish had been a man of awesome reputation for his independence and various other things, including a thick Scottish burr and a talent at barter. All of which he had bequeathed to his nephew following the unhappy day when he had bargained the right of way with a grizzly he had met while each was coming around a whortleberry bush.

The Scotsman had died in astonishment and Colin had buried him in sorrow. Neither had conceded McTavish's defeat in the fatal exchange; the grizzly had mistaken McTavish for someone else. So Colin lived on in his uncle's image, widening the margin of his security through industry and inherited talent which left him little taste for sociability. Now there was no break in the rhythm of his riving froe at the sound of the wagon creaking up the last steep haul to the bench where his log cabin, his barn, his utility shed and his chicken house squatted. But when Parson Meacham called his name as the wagon came to a stop behind him, he turned from his work at once, for he was a pious man.

"Good afternoon to ye, parson," he said in full respect before he paused, shocked to silence. The circuit rider was beaming down at him from a painted wagon whose top and tall sides were a vixenish red, bedizened with scrolls and scallops and heathenish designs in various colors. Colin withdrew his assaulted glance and fixed it on the sun-dappled kinnikinnick at his feet.

"Look up, son. I have not lost my mind," Parson Meacham said. "I've come the whole way from Clear Creek since sunup to ask if you have any need for the four white mules hitched to this wagon. They belong to a young friend of mine whose (Continued on Page 98)



He opened his arms and closed them about her. Her breath on his lips was fragrant as she whispered, "Wake up. Wake up."

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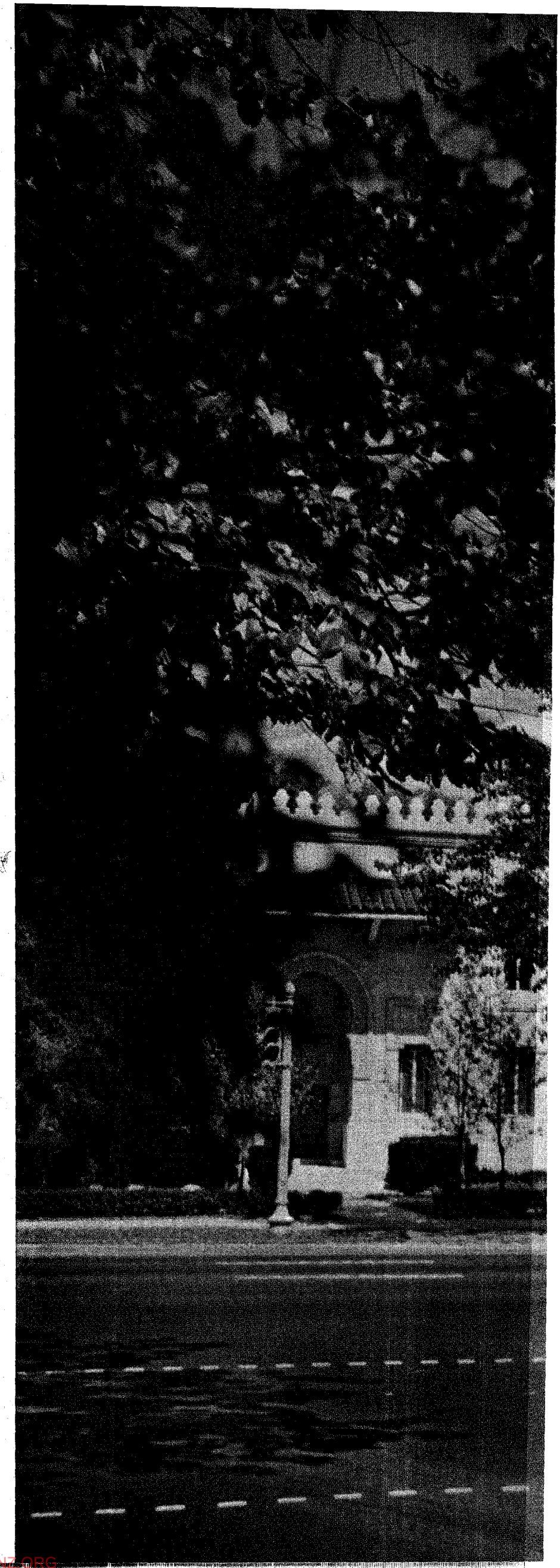
The Face of AMERICA

Mosque on Embassy Row

From the lacy stone heights of the minaret floats the haunting call of the muezzin: *Allah akbar . . . Ashhadu anna la ilaha illa-llah*—"I testify there is no God but Allah." The scene is not on the Nile, the Tigris or the Golden Horn but on Massachusetts Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C., and the chant is broadcast by loud-speaker over the roar of traffic. Twelve Eastern nations have built this magnificent Islamic Center as a place of learning and worship. Students of Moslem art and culture, whatever their faith, are welcome in the classrooms, library and museum, where they may study Arabic or verses of the Koran. The mosque itself sits at an angle, facing Mecca. Here, in an atmosphere of pink Egyptian marble, Turkish tile, ivory-inlaid wood and hand-loomed Persian rugs, the faithful followers of the Prophet Mohammed gather when they hear the summons: *Hayya 'ala 's-Sala. . . . Hayya 'al 'l-Falah*—"Come to Prayer. . . . Come to Prosperity." ● Photograph by Alfred Wagg



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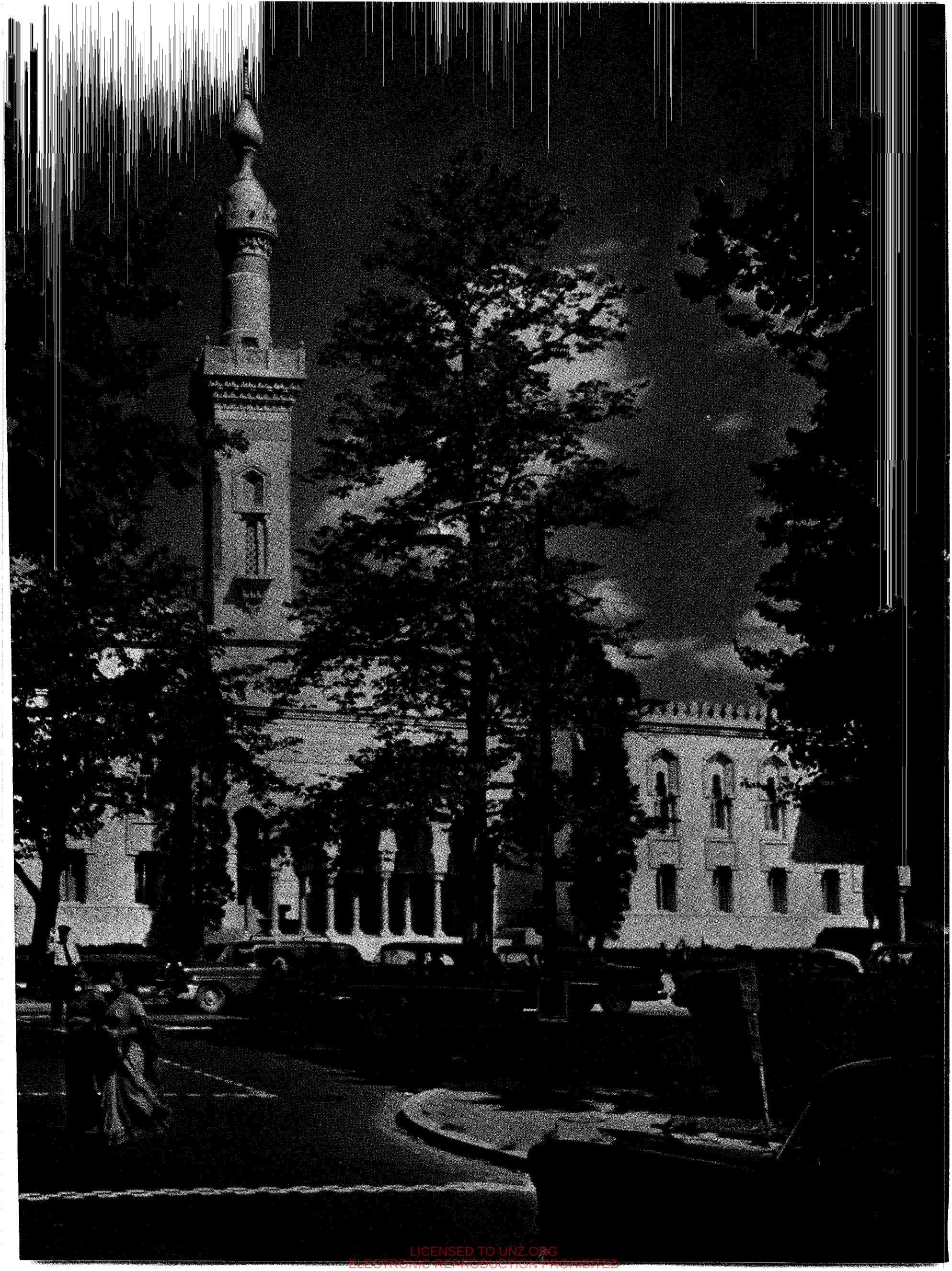

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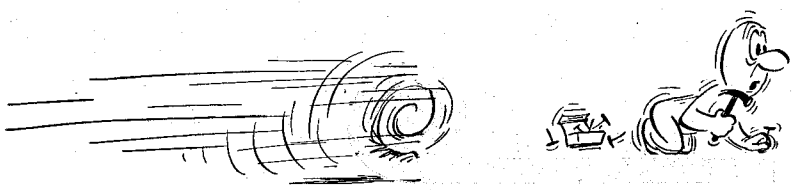
Post Scripts



And Then He Says—

(In movie after movie, these remain my favorite movie speeches. I'm sure you can visualize the scenes in which they occur, so I won't bother to describe them.)

"Here, take this. You'll need it."

"Carol, I —— Well, there's something you should know about me."

"Howdy, folks; glad to have you. We aren't very fancy here, but you're sure welcome."

"I hear you've got a fast gun in your town. Well, I've got a fast gun here that says this fast gun is faster than your fast gun."

"Professor, would you come over here to the mongoose cage a minute? There's something I think you should see."

"Coach, I know it sounds crazy, but remember that play I told you I dreamed out in my sleep the other night? Well ——"

"Tell me, Tongo. The drums. Are they talking about—me?"

"*Hello*, there."

PAUL C. LAW

Male Wail

The girls are quite unfair,
We fellows note with rue;
They dress to make us stare,
And glower when we do!

RICHARD WHEELER

Mein Grossfader's Wisenspouten

1. Ein stone mit der rollen ist nicht gestuck mit der schtunken clingen-moss.
2. Das finalisch laugher ben getten der gooten chucklen und oftenisch ein clouten on der schnozzler.
3. Der smokenpuffen ist meanen das sizzlen-blazer ben quitten.
4. Ein poochenpup mit der barken ist sooner stoppen und biten.
5. Ein chirpenwarbler in der hand ist nicht singen.
6. Soonisch mit sleepen und soonisch mit waken, Ein dullischer donderhead soonisch ben maken.
7. Ist ein rottenisch apfel spoilen der barrel? Nein! Das schtunker ben spoilen der apfels insiden der barrel.
8. Sparen der rod ist nicht spoilen ein youngischer, unlessen der fader ben also sparen der beltenstrapper.
9. Mit smilen, der world ben smilen mit, Mit weepen, der dummkopfs ist laughen in der facer.
10. Ein stitchen getooken mitout waiten ist preventen der exposen mit embarrassers.
11. Der soonisch chirper ben smartisch mit catchen der wigglenwormer. Folkers ist nicht needen wigglenwormers.
12. Leaden ein clippenclopper besiden der wasserhole ist simplisch, und clippencloppers ben generalisch drinken mitout urgen.
13. Mit closer watchen der pfennigs, das importantisch money ben escapen der graspen.
14. Upwedden in hasten mit avoiden der grosser expensers.

DAVE MORRAH

Anecdotes I'd Just as Soon You'd Skip

The scoreboard at the far end of the floor showed that State trailed Normal by a single point with just thirteen seconds remaining in the game. At that point, seemingly from out of the shadows, came unheralded Roger Clatmore, State's third-string ——

The Uptown Theater recently conducted a contest the purpose of which was to see who could present the best impersonation of Jeff Strongley, the Hollywood actor. And it seems that, unbeknown to anybody, Jeff Strongley himself happened to be passing through town and heard of the contest, so ——

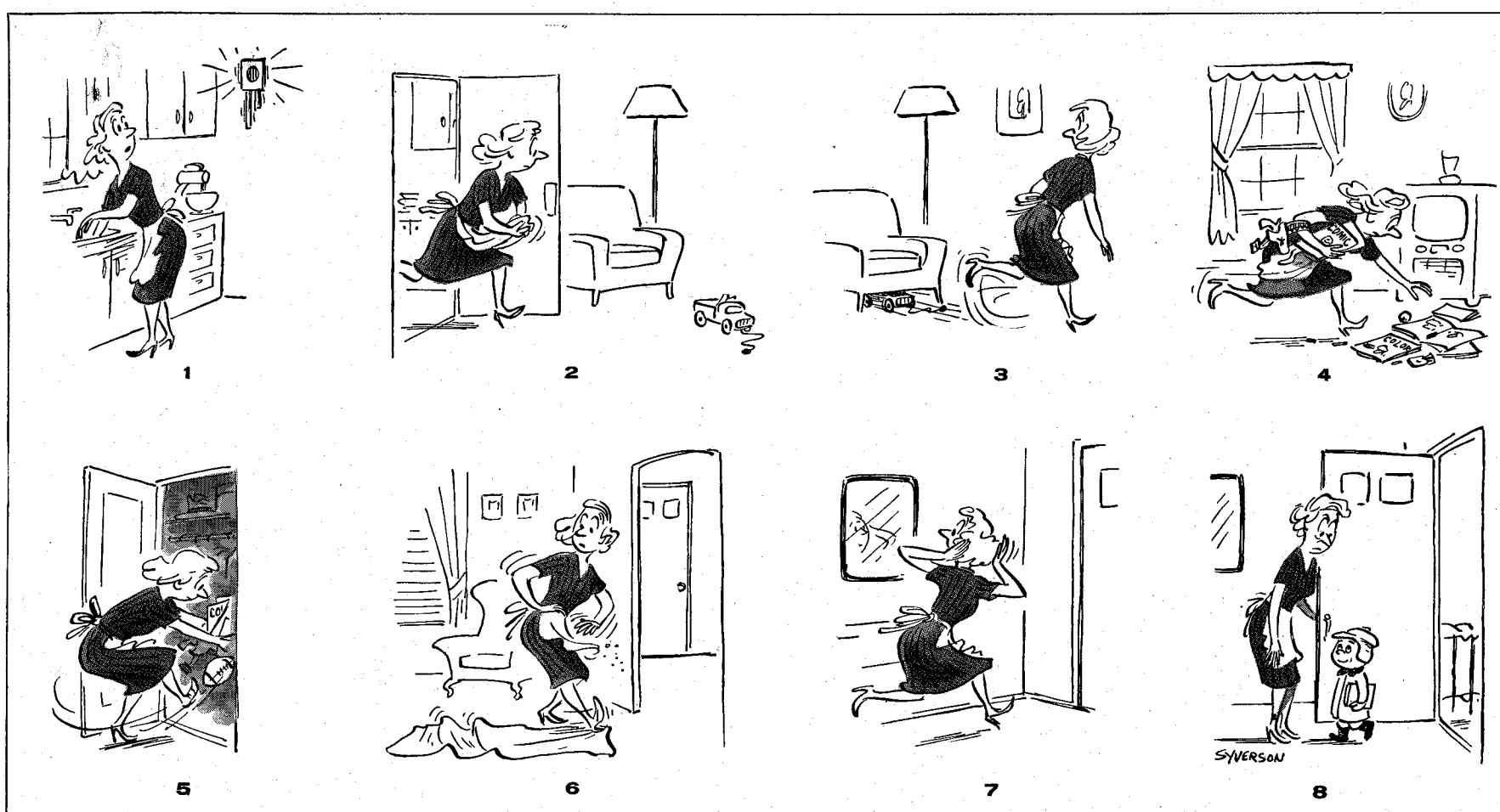
Some years ago, Edgar Riswell was offered the opportunity to buy a hundred shares of stock in a new company for four dollars per share, but he turned thumbs down on the proposition. Today that company is known as the Acme Floor Mop Company, and, had Riswell been farsighted enough to have bought the stock, his shares now would be worth something like ——

After dancing several dances with the brunette to whom Homer Haxtun had introduced him, Benson Brubaker excused himself, walked over to a rather attractive blonde who stood at the edge of the floor and asked her for a dance. As they shuffled around the floor, Brubaker asked her if she knew who in the world that lousy-looking brunette was with whom he'd just been dancing, whereupon the blonde informed him that that lousy-looking brunette, as he called her, happened to be her ——

Back in 1946 Atwell Bringle finished writing a book and shot the thing off to a publisher. A month later he received an envelope in the mail which he just glanced at quickly and shrugged off as being some sort of bill or advertisement. Some weeks thereafter he just happened to be going through some junk in his desk and ——

Several years ago, in Boston ——

VERNON H. KURTZ



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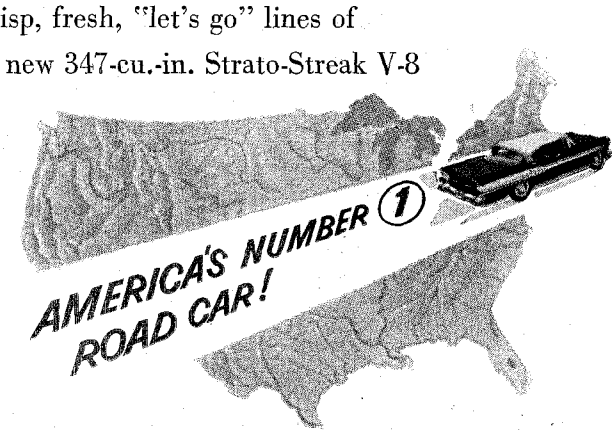
Pontiac's turning a trend into a Stampede*!

*

Tie onto this one and you've roped the year's most spirited combination of style and stamina. From the day it was announced, the '57 Pontiac has had "hit" written all over it. And why not? One look tells you that Pontiac's exclusive Star Flight body design has brought a design trend to its greatest refinement . . . crisp, fresh, "let's go" lines of built-in beauty instead of hung-on flares and frills. A single mile in charge of its new 347-cu.-in. Strato-Streak V-8 has you saying that here's the road's most brilliant and nimble performer.

All in all, Pontiac has corralled more than six dozen "firsts". And this easy-handling honey comes to you proved and perfected by a 100,000-Mile Marathon Test Run that would thoroughly exhaust many another car. Better see and drive it—and discover the reason for the big rush to Pontiac.



PROVED BY 100,000 MILES OF RUGGED ROAD TESTS

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

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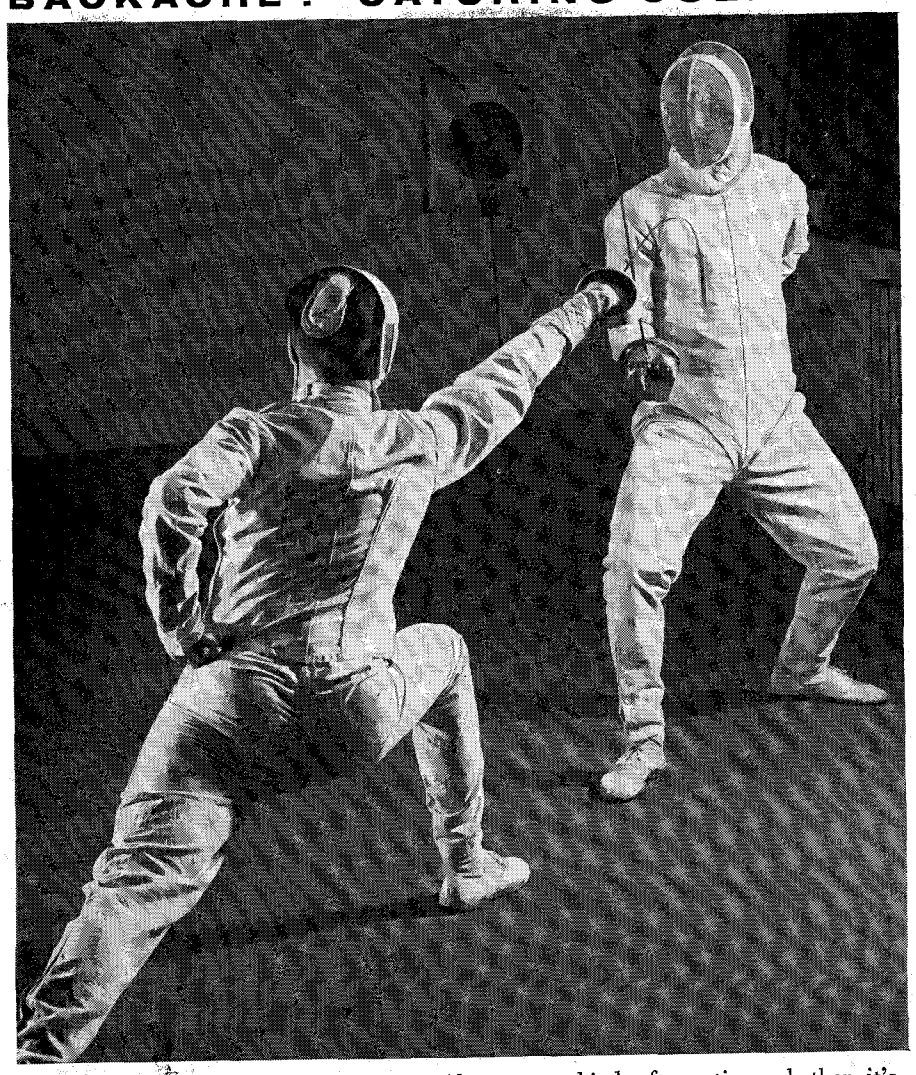
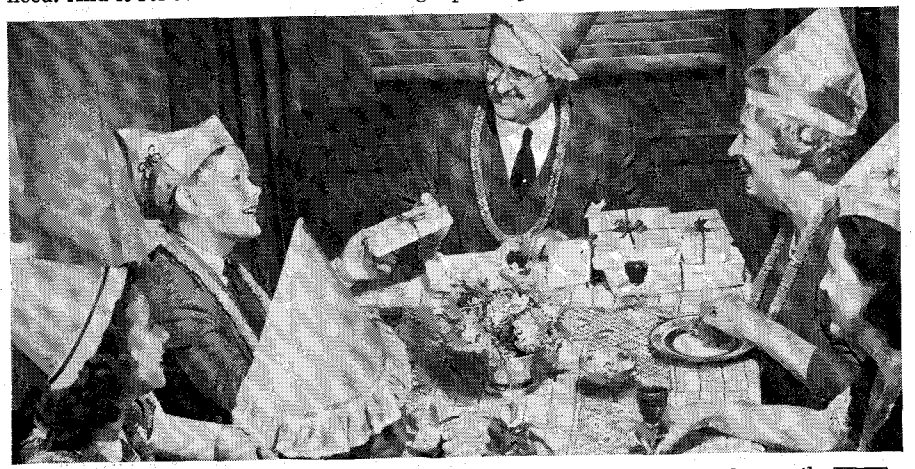
BACKACHE? CATCHING COLD? HEADACHE? HOUSEWORK FATIGUE?



BACKACHE? FEEL BETTER FAST—Almost any kind of exertion, whether it's fencing or fence-mending, may cause an irritating backache. If this happens to you, remember that Bayer Aspirin will bring the *fast* relief you want . . . the safe relief you need. And it relieves neuritic and neuralgic pains quickly and gently, too!

CATCHING COLD? FEEL BETTER FAST—The snow man can't catch cold, but *you* can if you don't dress warmly! When a cold does come, take two Bayer Aspirin tablets. Bayer Aspirin works with amazing speed to relieve painful cold discomforts and reduce fever. And for the youngsters—get *flavored*, Children's Size Bayer Aspirin!



HEADACHE? FEEL BETTER FAST—Grandpa didn't let a headache spoil his fun. Bayer Aspirin gave him *fast* relief! To see one reason why, drop a Bayer Aspirin tablet in a glass of water. It starts to disintegrate *instantly*. The same thing happens in your stomach. Thus, Bayer Aspirin works with amazing speed!

HOUSEWORK FATIGUE? FEEL BETTER FAST—Even with help like this, you can still feel headachy and irritable after a busy day of housework. So take Bayer Aspirin to relieve your headache . . . sit down for a few minutes . . . put your feet up . . . and *relax!* You'll feel better *fast*—ready for a pleasant evening with your husband.

BAYER ASPIRIN makes you FEEL BETTER FAST!

AND it's one thing most people can take any time—WITHOUT STOMACH UPSET!

BAYER®

Don't Pay Twice the Price of Bayer Aspirin for ASPIRIN "IN DISGUISE"!

What is aspirin "in disguise"? . . . a pain relieving product that attempts to belittle straight aspirin yet combines aspirin with such non-pain relievers as aluminum compounds, magnesium carbonate, or baking soda—and it costs *you twice the price* of Bayer Aspirin!

Why pay more for extra ingredients that can't relieve pain? Instead, get Bayer Aspirin. It's *all* pain reliever—100%—and medical science has never discovered a safer and more effective pain relieving agent!

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With a hard lunge, Ned threw his shoulder into Will's back. The big man grunted and pitched forward.

Treachery at Rock Point

His most trusted friend was the thief's accomplice.

By PETER DAWSON

"If anything happens to that gold, anything at all," Oakes pleaded with the gambler, "Will is bound to find out who's responsible."

Will Speer had returned to Rock Point, now site of a gold boom, after two years as a civilian cavalry scout. Meanwhile, a $5000 gambling debt had forced Ned Oakes, his partner in the stage line, to take on the scheming Lyle Danbo, who then blackmailed Oakes into tipping him off on the local bank's gold shipments. Speer had tried to get a stage through to Leesville. But Danbo and his pals, Kelso and Worts, acting on a tip from Oakes, pulled off a robbery in which Will killed Worts. And Danbo, angry because the loot was small, resumed blackmailing.

Then heavy rains washed out the railroad lines to the East, and the bank's gold deposits began to mount dangerously. When Carrie Knight, Oakes' fiancée, proposed a jaunt downriver, Will decided to smuggle the gold out with them on the packet Belle. But unfortunately, Danbo got wind of the plan and boarded the Belle on the excuse of a business trip. To the helpless Oakes he broached his plot to steal the gold when the packet was moored to the riverbank for the night. Hinting that he had an accomplice ashore, he ordered Oakes to help by acting the part of a victim in the robbery.

Later, when Will and Carrie went ashore to hunt fresh meat, Will spotted a strange rider who seemed to be following the Belle's course beside the winding river.

V

Supper was over and the Belle lay moored to the bank, Hargutt having wisely decided not to crowd his luck in trying to navigate by this fading,

(Continued on Page 47)

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He Digs Hollywood Gold

(Continued from Page 23)

Edges. "I locked him in a room in Ira Gershwin's house until he finished the outline of a screenplay," Lazar says, "and I sold an option on it twenty-four hours later for thirty thousand dollars." Jackson has a different version. "He didn't lock me in, I went in voluntarily," he reports, "and the price wasn't thirty thousand. M-G-M took a fifty-thousand option against a purchase price of three hundred and fifty thousand. A year later, when M-G-M failed to exercise its option, Lazar sold another option to Robert Rossen for thirty-five thousand." Lazar's memory lapse in this instance may be forgiven because he makes so many similar deals. But he never forgets a detail of his clients' current affairs; indeed, he is always popping in on them unexpectedly to see how they are getting along. Late in 1955 he flew to the south of France to urge Irwin Shaw to hurry the completion of his new novel. Shaw told him he had no hope of a movie sale. He feared that the story, involving a mature woman's affair with a very young man, would never pass the movie censors.

Lazar promptly returned to Hollywood and spread the word that the new Shaw book would be great for a picture. When the publisher sent proofs to Lazar, he dispatched five sets to five studios, noting that the asking price was $150,000.

David Brown, of Twentieth Century-Fox, telephoned Lazar the next afternoon. "We're interested," he said, "and may be willing to go higher, if you'll close without monkeying around."

"How high?" Lazar demanded. "Say, to a hundred and seventy-five thousand plus twenty-five thousand for the publisher to advertise the book?"

Brown allowed that his studio might go that high.

Lazar immediately called Harold Hecht, of Hecht-Lancaster, Inc., and announced that Twentieth had made a firm offer.

Hecht had not yet read the galley proofs. "Please don't close until you've heard from us," he said.

"I'll give you twenty-four hours," Lazar said.

Hecht and his associates, Burt Lancaster and Jim Hill, sat up all night, passing the galley sheets back and forth. At 8:30 A.M. they went out to Lazar's duplex on Wilshire Boulevard. His Filipino manservant admitted them and said that the small master was not yet awake. The trio settled in Lazar's living room and began admiring his paintings, which include two Picassos, two Rouaults, an Utrillo, a Braque and other costly masterpieces. Presently Lazar descended, affecting astonishment at seeing guests so early.

"How much do you want for the Shaw novel?" Hecht asked.

"Around two hundred and fifty thousand," said Lazar coolly.

"We might go that high," Hecht said. He hesitated, wishing to confer with his associates.

Lazar excused himself and ran back upstairs to telephone David Brown. "David, dear boy," he said, using a familiar greeting appropriated from his client, Noel Coward, "Hecht-Lancaster is offering two hundred and fifty thousand!"

Brown snorted. "Irving, that's absurd."

"I know it is," said Lazar. "I hate it when it gets this way."

"Count us out, then," Brown said.

Lazar tumbled back downstairs and told Hecht he was ready to close. To stall for a bit more time, Hecht said, "This is a fine collection of paintings, Irving."

Lazar's eyes gleamed. "Hal," said he, "for another hundred thousand, I'll throw in the whole entire collection."

Hecht did not buy the pictures, but he did buy Lucy Crown for nearly $350,000, a figure that included a percentage of the producer's profits for Irwin Shaw. It was a record prepublication price for a book. Hecht was pleased to have paid it, especially when David O. Selznick later offered him a $50,000 profit on his purchase.

No one was more astonished by this sale than Irwin Shaw himself, who said later that he was sure that Lazar had not even read the book.

"Irving doesn't have to read," says George Axelrod, "because he's occult. If this minute a Chinese coolie is sitting in a rice paddy working on a novel with a good plot and a strong sex angle, Irving will somehow know about it and get on a plane to sign him up."

Lazar insists that he does read, but when pressed he will admit that at times he has had only a sketchy idea of what a property was all about. When he was offering The Man in the Grey Flannel Suit, all he had to go on was a brief oral synopsis from the book's publisher. Even so, he accosted Darryl F. Zanuck one night in Romanoff's restaurant—Zanuck was then production chief at Twentieth—and asked why he had not made an offer. Zanuck did make one, then and there. Lazar quoted it to other studios in an effort to send up the figure, then finally closed with Zanuck. The exact price, which has never been published, was probably around $150,000. Lazar likes to intimate that it was more like $350,000. It is part of a Hollywood agent's nature to quote figures higher than they are.

"Prince" Michael Romanoff, the restaurateur, had listened to Lazar bargaining with Zanuck in amazement. "It was the first time I'd ever seen an agent approach Darryl while he was dining," Romanoff says.

Like many small men, Lazar is aggressive. He conducts telephone conversations—about $1000 worth per month—at a pitch just below a bellow. Many agents are supplicating apple-polishers. Lazar is as tough as a longshoreman. "Swifty is the only agent I know," says Arthur Freed, the producer, "who will get sore at a studio and put it on suspension . . . won't sell it anything."

Buddy Adler, production chief at Twentieth, says that Lazar often gets carried away by his own *chutzbah*. One day last summer, Lazar called Adler and, without preliminaries, shouted, "What about the girl?"

The girl was Miss Jayne Mansfield, the generously endowed star of Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter? Adler had signed her to a long-term contract soon after the play opened in New York, but the producer of the play, Jule Styne, had previously secured her consent to stay in the play for its entire run. Lazar was trying to get Adler either to release the girl so that Styne could make a movie of Rock Hunter, or to buy the play himself and make the movie at Twentieth Century-Fox.

"Well, what about the girl this time?" Adler asked.

"I hoped you maybe had reconsidered," Lazar said.

"Irving," Adler said patiently, "that play makes fun of movies in a nasty way. We don't want it. We wouldn't want it if you gave it to us."

"All right," Lazar said, "how about lending us the girl so Jule can make the picture independently?"

"No," said Adler. "We're going to make a big star out of that girl. She's going to be as big as Monroe."

"All right," Lazar said, "suppose we give her to you now—will you lend her back to us so we can make Rock Hunter later?"

"Irving," said Adler, "how can you give us something we already own?" He put down the telephone and told a friend standing by, "We'll never buy that play or lend out Mansfield. But Irving never gives up."

And Lazar didn't give up. He approached Frank Tashlin, a writer-producer under contract to Adler, and got him to agree to do a Rock Hunter script for an independent film production. Then he got hold of Richard Brooks, who agreed to produce it. Then he flew to London and persuaded Anita Ekberg to play the Mansfield part in the projected movie.

One week later, Buddy Adler bought Rock Hunter for $120,000.

Lazar's strategy had been beautifully simple. He knew that Miss Mansfield and Miss Ekberg were having a kind of contest for the pinup-girl championship of the world. He casually mentioned to Miss Mansfield in New York that Miss Ekberg was going to play the part Miss Mansfield had created on the stage. "She raised such hell," Lazar later said, "that Twentieth had to buy it to pacify her. They called me. I said, 'You can't have it for the original price—which was a hundred thousand. So they paid over a hundred and twenty thousand."

Miss Mansfield denied that she had raised hell, but admitted that her agent may have. Adler denied that Lazar had forced him into the deal. "We found a way to do the play as a movie, and we were eager to get Jayne," he said. "Swifty stepped in and capitalized on it."

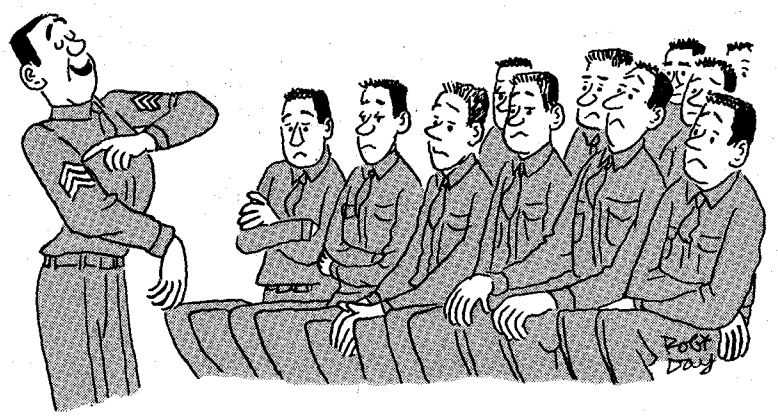
Lazar inherited some of his trader's instinct from his father, a German immigrant who settled in Stamford, Connecticut, and became a commission merchant in the butter-and-egg business. Irving Paul, born March 28, 1908, was the eldest of four sons of Samuel Lazar and the former Stari Schacht. Since the family was in comfortable circumstances, Irving's industriousness was the wonder of his younger brothers. "He didn't have to work, but he always did," his brother, James, says. "He was a born leader."

Samuel Lazar moved eventually to Brooklyn. Irving graduated from high school, attended Fordham Law School for one year, then transferred to Brooklyn Law. He found time to become an active debater, to be elected president of his class three years in succession, and to edit the yearbook, The Record, which said of him: "We shall never forget the farewell speeches of Irving Paul Lazar, which were always masterpieces of inspiration and originality."

Years later, a friend said, "Swifty, you wrote that yourself."

"It's possible," Lazar acknowledged.

After being admitted to the bar, Lazar set up an office on Broadway. A friend introduced him to Ted Lewis and Sophie Tucker, and by acquiring these stage stars as clients he was able to get others. He began hanging around Lindy's, where entertainers (*Continued on Page 46*)



The Perfect Squelch

The new sergeant was supposed to lecture the group of privates on first aid. But, impressed by his recent promotion, he spent most of the period stressing the importance of sergeants in the Army. He mentioned the many privileges sergeants enjoy that privates lack, and the many heavy responsibilities sergeants bear. Then he managed to suggest that sergeants must have a great deal more intelligence, initiative and ability than men in the lower ranks.

Switching finally to first aid, he suddenly barked, "Now, men, pay close attention. Suppose a soldier was hit by a car right outside this building. What would you do?"

When none of the privates answered, the sergeant poked an irritated finger at a man in the front row and snapped, "Wouldn't you know what to do, private?"

"No, sergeant," the man said.

"Well, why not?" the sergeant demanded in a disgusted tone.

"Because you didn't tell us," the private said, "whether he was a private or a sergeant."

Donald Mesick

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Sing a song of sixpence, sing a little ballad.
Serve the King some Jell-O, fixed in a salad
The salad's so refreshing, the King is overjoyed--
And four and twenty blackbirds are now unemployed.

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(*Continued from Page 44*) and agents and bookers congregated. One day he heard that Monte Proser, who was about to open a night club called The Beachcomber, was looking for a Hawaiian band leader. Lazar happened to know a Hawaiian who was playing bit parts in radio, but couldn't remember his name. Nevertheless, he told Proser he had just the man for the job.

"Who is he?" Proser asked.

Lazar hesitated for one panic-stricken second. "His name," he said, with lofty confidence, "is Johnny Pineapple."

Proser agreed to audition him. Lazar found out the Hawaiian's name—which was David Kaohoni—and phoned him.

"Listen, David," he said excitedly, "I got you a job in Proser's new club. There's just one thing. In case anybody asks you, your name is now Johnny Pineapple." Kaohoni rounded up some friends, auditioned and got the job. He is still a band leader, and his name is still Johnny Pineapple.

Lazar's next break came when he defended a juggler who was being sued by a talent agency, the Music Corporation of America, for back commissions. Lazar does not remember the juggler's name, but he does remember that he was successful in court.

"Get the man who beat us in that lawsuit," said Jules Stein, head of M.C.A. Sonny Werblen, one of Stein's lieutenants, hired Lazar immediately. Lazar took down his shingle and has not practiced law since, except to write contracts for his clients. For ten years he traveled all over the country, booking bands and performers as an M.C.A. agent.

In 1942, Lazar enlisted in the Army, amid hoots from his Broadway pals. They thought he was too small for military service, but Lazar made his way to the Army Air Force Administrative Officer Candidate School. "I was the smallest man in my class," he says, "and the smallest ever to graduate a second lieutenant."

Assigned to Mitchel Field, Long Island, he heard that the Air Force was going to produce a show that would rival This is the Army. Lazar wrote a memo indicating that he could get songs by Rodgers and Hammerstein, sketches by George Kaufman and Moss Hart, and Clark Gable and James Stewart as stars. He knew none of these people, but he felt that didn't matter. The names impressed the Air Force brass, and they told him to go ahead.

Lazar's next moves are best described by Moss Hart. "I was having a drink in the Plaza," Hart says, "when this small lieutenant came up and asked if I would do a show for the Air Force. I have a formula for bores. If you say 'No,' they sit down. If you say 'Of course,' they go away. I said 'Of course,' and he went away. Four days later he called to ask if I would go to Washington and discuss the show with General Hap Arnold. I said, 'Only at his invitation.' To my astonishment, a telegram came. I went down, escorted by Irving, and we were shown into the general's office. He said, 'Now, what's this all about?' Irving stepped up, saluted and launched into a real M.C.A. sales talk. The general wasn't much of a playgoer, I suppose, and Irving made him feel that that had been his mistake."

General Arnold responded to Lazar's pitch by giving Hart a plane and a crew to visit Air Force installations and gather material. Lazar was ordered to New York to recruit talent. He collected an imposing list of names, including Red Buttons, Mario Lanza, David Rose and Peter Lind Hayes. The show, Winged Victory, played on Broadway for a year, toured for a year and was made into a movie. It raised more than $5,000,000 for Air Force relief.

When Lazar got out of uniform, Hart advised him not to return to M.C.A. Lazar did rejoin the agency for a time, but after a year he threw up his job and went to Europe for a vacation. When he returned, he was called immediately by Hart, who was staying in Hollywood as the house guest of Darryl F. Zanuck.

"It's difficult to talk terms with your host," Hart says, "so I asked Irving to negotiate with Darryl for my price for doing the screen play for Gentleman's Agreement." Lazar got Hart $150,000, the highest sum ever paid for a screen play.

Hart also did Lazar an important favor; he introduced him to Ira and Lenore Gershwin. Their house, says Oscar Levant, was a port of call for talented people from all over the world. Lazar was enchanted, and quickly made himself one of the regular members of the salon. "We found him amusing," says Levant, "although not, of course, in my way, which is incomparable, but amusing enough."

Arthur Freed, another regular member says, "Irving threw away the old M.C.A. vocabulary and got a whole new one—half Oxford, half Brooklyn." His friends were constantly trying to trip him up. One night he used the word "egregious."

Ira Gershwin pounced upon him. "Where'd you learn that word, Swifty?"

"I learned it when I looked up 'eclectic,'" Lazar said.

"How come you looked up 'eclectic'?"

"Oh," said Lazar, "I look up 'eclectic' all the time."

Some of Lazar's clients were passed to him by his host. Freed and Gershwin had plans to make a musical built around George Gershwin's songs, An American in Paris. Lazar heard Freed remark that he hoped to get Oliver Smith to work on the production.

"Who is Oliver Smith?" Lazar asked Levant.

"A designer of stage sets," Levant said.

"Do you mind if I represent him?" Lazar asked Freed.

"If you can get him, go ahead," Freed said.

Lazar flew to New York, introduced himself to Smith and contracted for him to work for Freed at M-G-M.

"Two weeks later," Freed recalls, "Irving was pressuring me to start Smith to work. 'What's the hurry?' I asked. He didn't bat an eyelash. 'Twentieth wants him,' he said. I reminded him that he'd never even heard of Smith before I said I wanted him. He still didn't blink. 'Well, hurry it, will you, dear boy?' he said. 'This Smith is an important client of mine and I want to keep him busy.'"

Lazar was given one other client as a present. "What do you want for Christmas this year?" Moss Hart asked him in 1954.

"Cole Porter," Lazar said, without hesitation.

Hart called Porter and gave him, he says, "a real M.C.A. pitch." Porter had never had an agent, but agreed to give Lazar a chance at some future date. Within a short time, Lazar wrapped up a $1,000,000 deal for Porter at M-G-M—involving the rights to Can-Can and Porter's services to write original music for two movies. "I came to Hollywood a year ago to rest," Porter complained in the summer of 1956, "and Swifty's had me busy ever since."

There was another inconvenience, involving Porter's secret vice. The most sophisticated songwriter of our time loves radio soap operas. "Cole," says Martin Gabel, the actor, "knows every dreadful thing that's ever happened to Helen Trent." Lazar also has a vice, which he practices whenever visitors are in his office. "Get me Cole," he will bark at his secretary, or "Get me Noel," or "Get me Dore." Soon after Lazar and Porter shook hands, their vices clashed.

"Lazar was so proud to have Cole for a client," says Gabel, "he couldn't resist calling him up whenever anybody came into his office. Finally Cole called Moss. 'Look here, Moss,' he said, 'can't we get him to lay off? He calls me so often I never get to find out what's happening to Our Gal Sunday.'"

On several occasions Lazar's gregariousness has brought him clients without his having made any noticeable effort to get them. "He won my admiration," says Irwin Shaw, "by coming out to my house and joining a rough game we played of riding big ocean breakers in to shore on a rubber raft. The rest of us were approximately twice his size and practicing athletes, but when we abandoned ship, Irving hung on with maniac courage. Once he had to be fished out, drowning. Another time he came up with cracked ribs, but some grim sense of honor kept him at his place, solitary and defiant. He was not my agent, but since nerve is as important to agents as it is to burglars, I marked him favorably."

Some time later, Lazar heard that Shaw was planning to sever his contract with M.C.A. Lazar knew that Samuel Goldwyn had a script on which Shaw could work; he persuaded Goldwyn to hold the job open until Shaw became his client. When Shaw did leave M.C.A., he said to Lazar, "If you can get me a fifty-thousand-dollar job immediately, I'll be your client." Lazar called Goldwyn and said Shaw was ready to do the job—for ten weeks, at $5000 a week. Goldwyn complained, but finally agreed. "He's been my agent ever since," Shaw says, "and we've never had any contract but a handshake." Lazar has no contracts with any of his clients, a fact of which he is extremely proud.

Other clients—Ruth and Augustus Goetz, Maxwell Anderson, Johnny Mercer, Betty Comden and Adolph Green, Harold Arlen, Arthur Schwartz and Howard Dietz—trooped into Lazar's fold. Not content with selling to the movies, he has been turning his attention increasingly toward Broadway. In the '56–'57 season, eleven of his clients will have plays opening in New York. Also, he and Richard Brooks and his brother, Murray Lazar, who recently has begun to assist him, have formed a production company, Richlar, Inc. He is so busy that other agents cannot figure out how he can look after his clients. The answer, Moss Hart has said, is simple, "Other agents have outside interests. All Irving's got is his agency and a bottle of disinfectant."

Hart was referring to Lazar's abnormal passion for cleanliness. He won't even enter his own car—a high, old-fashioned limousine, a gift from Mrs. William Goetz—without making certain that it has been sprayed with a perfumed antiseptic. He keeps his own bed linen in the hotels he usually patronizes. His scrupulous neatness is carried out in his clothes, which are all made to order and monogrammed; even his socks and underwear are monogrammed.

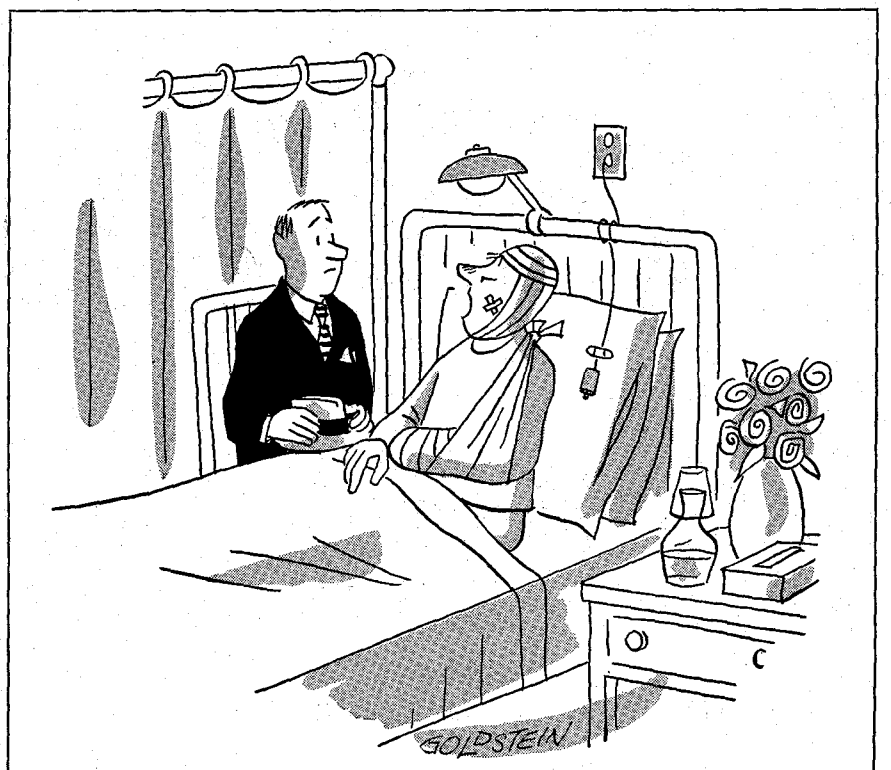
"Swifty is so clean," says Lauren Bacall, "he'll never get married. No girl would be neat enough for him."

Lazar wants to get married, nevertheless. He never goes anywhere without his personal telephone directory, which, in addition to containing his clients' and business associates' names and numbers, and the private number of Sir Winston Churchill, is also indexed: GIRLS—HOLLYWOOD, GIRLS—VEGAS, GIRLS—NEW YORK and GIRLS—EUROPE.

He seldom appears in public without a dazzling beauty on his arm. All these girls have two things in common: they are a head or two taller than Lazar, and none has been able to hold his interest for long. His real loves are the wives of his friends, for whom he is a ubiquitous extra man, limousine sender and escort.

Lazar may be the last of the old-style bachelors, and he believes he may die a bachelor. He has written his will to leave every cent to the wives—Mrs. George Axelrod, Mrs. Humphrey Bogart, Mrs. Irwin Shaw, Mrs. William Goetz, Mrs. Augustus Goetz, Mrs. Billy Wilder, Mrs. Luther Davis, Mrs. Leland Hayward, Mrs. Charles Vidor, Mrs. Moss Hart, Mrs. Martin Gabel and Mrs. Ira Gershwin.

The will states that the ladies are to be entertained in splendor at a three-day party at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Lazar has even planned the menu for the principal dinner at this marathon. "It ought to be one hell of a do," he remarked recently. He looked wistful. "I wish I could make it myself." THE END



"Just as my relentless logic revealed the absurdity of her position, she bopped me."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Treachery at Rock Point

(Continued from Page 43)

tricky light. Will and Tom Knight had left Carrie and Ned at their table in the saloon and, having climbed to the hurricane, were sitting on the bench up forward that Hargutt had earlier in the day pointed out to Carrie and Will.

From here they could look down and keep a watch on the wagon. Evening's lingering light lay across the wide, swollen river. Bullfrogs honked close by, and off to the left along the far shore a flock of geese rose out of a swampy inlet, circled and headed into the fading purple glow of the sunset.

"Never tires a man's eye, this country," Tom Knight quietly remarked. "It's better in some ways than it used to be, poorer in others." He gave Will a sidelong glance. "Ever think back and wish you'd hung your hat someplace else besides Crow Track, son?"

"Never."

Knight sensed the implied compliment and was pleased by it. "At least we got the country pretty well cleared of hostiles. What were the ones we saw back up the river this afternoon—Crows?"

Will shook his head. "Looked to me like Piegans. Probably a hunting party off the reservation. They let 'em do that this time of year to save on the beef issue. A dozen or so families in a bunch will move out into good country, set up their lodges and hunt till the cold drives them back in."

"Hunt what—buffalo? Poor pickin's if that's what they're after."

"Buffalo if they can find some, deer and elk if they can't."

Tom nodded matter-of-factly, not really thinking of buffalo or Piegans or Crows, but of something closer to his heart. Now he brusquely drawled, "Every time I see you and that black-haired girl of mine together, I wonder why the devil it's wound up the way it has."

That blunt remark jolted Will. Yet, out of politeness and a certain wary curiosity, he finally asked, "What way, Tom?"

The older man breathed a long, slow sigh. "Forget I said it. No way at all."

Will drew slowly on his pipe, wondering what strange turn Tom Knight's thinking was taking this moment. And at length, mentally shrugging aside that wonder, he asked, "Who won the toss on staying up with the wagon, you or Ned?"

"We didn't toss. Ned just up and said he'd do it." Knight eyed Will in a probing, half-uneasy way. "Which is what I was trying to get at. Ned. What the devil's come over the man?"

"Didn't know anything had."

"He's skittery as a mean colt. Try and talk with him. His mind's—well, call it slippery. He can be sayin' one thing and you know damn well he's thinkin' another."

Will wasn't liking the turn their talk was taking, and drawled mildly, "He's worrying about the gold in those kegs down at the wagon. And no wonder."

"That's not his worry," Knight stated flatly. "Know what I think? There's something between him and Danbo. Just now, while we were eatin', I caught him when he didn't know I was watching. He was glaring at that tinhorn like he could've slit his gullet. Will, I'm gettin' so I don't trust the man!"

"Danbo?"

"No, confound it; Ned!"

Hard surprise hit Will. He had instinctively been expecting something like this, yet it came as a blow to hear Tom so bluntly word his feelings. And now, before he could say anything, Tom went on, "And that's not all, not by a mile-long shot. Know what the fool kid's doing? Courtin' a woman on the side."

Will shook his head. "You're dreamin', Tom. Ned never ——"

"It's no dream. Old Frank Euler across in Leesville came to me a month ago about it. Frank and I have been friends since before you came along. It about cut the heart out of him to have to say it, but he decided I ought to know, since the whole town did."

Will didn't often swear, yet just now he did, softly, angrily. "Tom, I don't want to hear any more. So keep it to yourself. Far as Carrie's concerned, you ought not ——"

"You think I'd tell her?" Knight cut in hotly. "No, never! But damn Ned for messing up her life!"

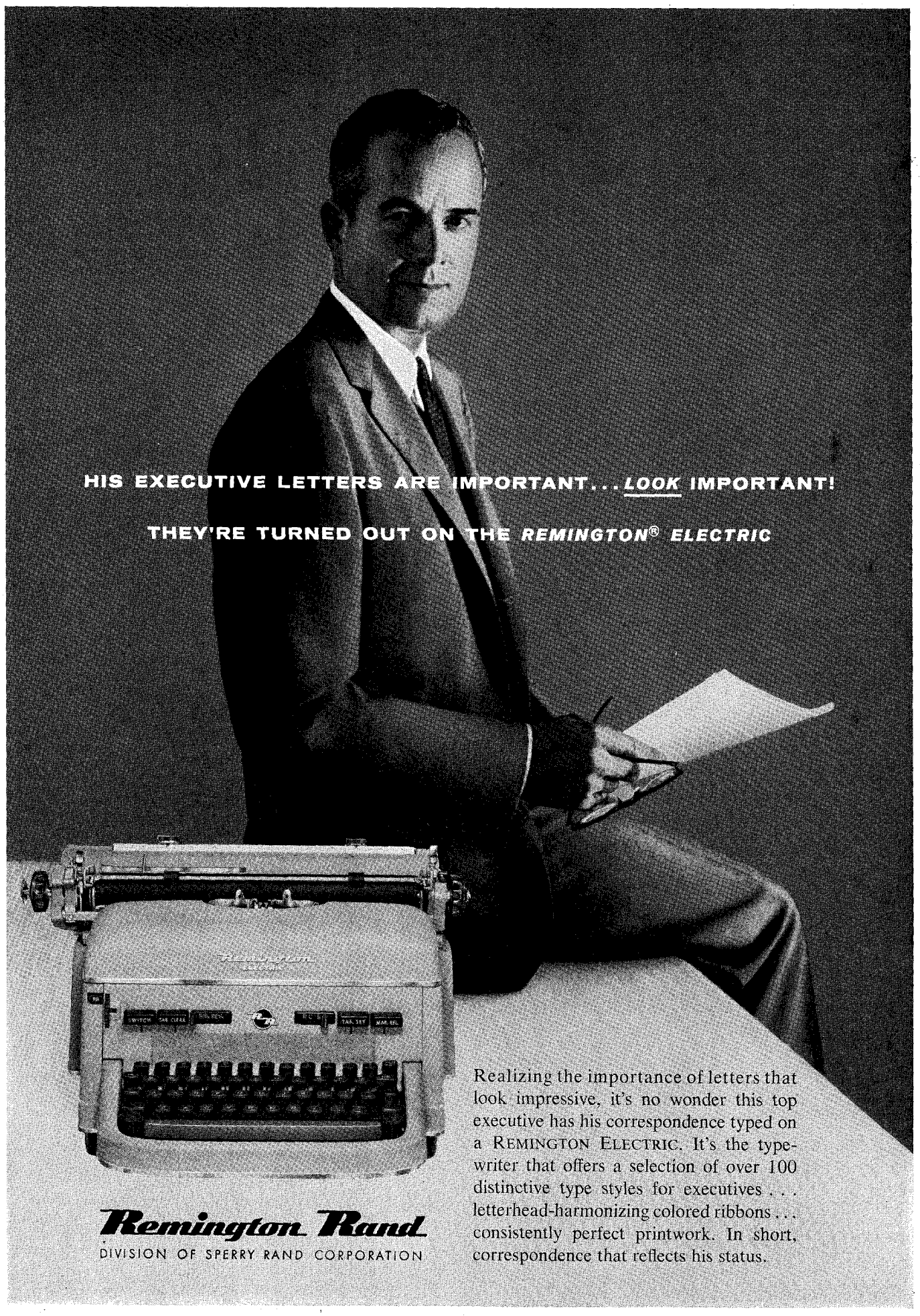
"He hasn't messed it up. And he won't."

"But he will, I tell you. Why, by heaven, I even followed him to Leesville on one of his trips, stuck my nose in his business. I know for a fact he spent the night with that woman."

Sighing helplessly, Will leaned forward and held his head in his hands to say, "Suppose he has gone loco over Grace Drew? I still say ——"

"So you've known about it?" Tom interrupted. "You must've. I hadn't mentioned her name. How'd you find out?"

"Came to town to find him a couple nights ago. He wasn't anywhere around, so I went to the yard and pried it out of one of the men. Ned had been there to get a horse."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Tom Knight shook his head savagely, asking, "Why would he do it? Why, I ask?"

"Ask him, Tom, not me."

"If I do, I bust it up between him and Carrie. And the last thing I'll be is a meddlin' father."

"Then let it slide, let Carrie figure it out."

Tom Knight stared bleakly out across the dusk-shrouded river for all of a minute without speaking. Then: "All right, let Carrie sort it out herself. But what's this between Ned and Danbo?"

"Nothing I know of."

"There's something there, I tell you. They were up there on the middle deck this morning with their heads together. Right after you and Carrie left me there by the wagon. They were there a good hour, havin' it back and forth like a couple women over a back fence."

Will came up off the bench now and stepped to the edge of the deck to stare below. Two passengers, one softly playing a mouth organ, were sitting on the tongue of the Crow Track wagon. Its tarp was still roped tightly in place. Will, having made sure of that, turned slowly to face Tom Knight.

"I'll say this much. Ned isn't the man he was two years ago. That doesn't mean he's changed for the bad, but he is different. It's hard to peg what I mean."

"With what he's doing to Carrie, there's got to be a crooked streak in him."

"That'd take some proving, Tom," Will said softly. "A lot."

"Which I aim to furnish sooner or later."

There was no further point in pursuing this disagreeable subject, and Will picked this moment to say, "Give the man the benefit of the doubt. Quit worryin' it around in your mind. Now suppose we talk about the weather, anything but what neither of us knows a fool thing about."

The older man's glance met Will's soberly, directly. "There's another thing you don't know, my friend." He waited out a deliberate interval before stating in typical bluntness, "That girl of mine could lose her head to you if you so much as wagged a finger at her."

Will's dark face went slack with astonishment. "That's the —— Tom, you're a ——"

"Quit stammerin', son." Knight's soberness eased before a faint, knowing smile. "My eyes are mighty good. I've noticed a thing or two that could add up to something mighty fine for you and for Carrie, if the two of you would only let it." He came stiffly up off the bench now, drawling, "Well, a man can keep hoping. Suppose you think over what I've said while I go keep Carrie company so Ned can get down to the wagon."

Will had been sleeping quite soundly when the knifing cold air rising off the river wakened him. The stars told him that it was well past two of the new morning. He found himself mulling over what Tom Knight had said last evening about Ned and Carrie. And the troubled run of his thoughts only brought him wider awake, until presently he was casting back and remembering the many incongruities of the past several days. The sum of all these was that Ned was a changed man. Ned was moody with no apparent reason for being so, he was quick to anger without any surface cause. And, mysteriously, he had either purposely or without realizing it shed a habit of long standing, that of confiding in Will.

Out of the welter of Will's speculation rose one fact which couldn't be ignored. Two of Ned's own crew had robbed the stage the other night. Had Worts and Kelso only played a hunch or had they actually known what was on the stage?

Will could find no sure answer to these questions. He had only a few bare facts to go on. Clyde Worts was in his grave. Matt Kelso was gone, carrying stolen gold and riding a bay horse stolen from the yard in ——

A bay horse! Will sat bolt upright as that casual recollection took on instant significance. The stranger he had sighted on the hunt today had been riding a bay!

It took Will but an instant to think back and be positive that the stranger's solid-looking build had strongly resembled Matt Kelso's. He was equally positive that if the rider had been Kelso, the man might well have been following the Belle. If Kelso had known what the stage was carrying the other evening, he might also know what had been loaded into the Crow Track wagon behind the bank last night.

Ridiculous as the notion seemed, Will was nonetheless awed and a trifle alarmed by the remote chance that he had stumbled upon something ominously important. Then he tossed his blanket aside, pulled on his boots and came erect to hurry forward along the darkened deck.

As he rounded the corner of the forward cabin and turned toward the head of the main staircase, he slowed his pace momentarily, annoyed at realizing he had left his holstered Colt's and shell belt lying back there at the head of his blanket. But that didn't matter just now, and he hurried on to the stairway and turned down it, his boots thudding solidly against the treads. At the foot of the steps he found the main deck so dark that he had to reach out with both hands and feel his way forward toward the wagon between the stacks of bales and crates and barrels. The night's hard chill told him that few, if any, of the deck passengers were spending the night out here in the open.

Abruptly the wagon's high shape stood vaguely outlined against the blackness close ahead, and Will called softly, "Ned!"

An instant later he caught a hint of movement in the darkness to his right. He was turning that way, thinking it was Ned, when a man's driving weight slammed into him from behind and drove him hard off his feet.

The hollow echo of a man's boot tread striking so unexpectedly across the night's restless stillness from the direction of the stairway had made both Ned and Danbo, alongside the wagon on the Belle's foredeck, wheel around in sudden apprehension.

Ned had some seconds ago awkwardly lifted the two hundred-pound kegs from the wagon bed. They now sat the deck between them near a coil of rope, some rags and a gunny sack which Danbo had brought down here, intending to use them in tying and gagging Ned before he carried the kegs ashore.

No sooner had Ned's glance swung toward the stairway than he made out a shadowy figure moving this way.

"It's Speer. Go stop him." Danbo's hushed whisper stiffened Ned in momentary panic. Until now, his and Danbo's plan for taking the gold off the Belle had worked to perfection. The kegs were out of the wagon. All that remained to be done was for Danbo to tie and gag Ned, then carry the kegs into the willows along the bank, and their worries were over.

And now Will Speer was groping his way toward them along the night-shrouded deck. In one instant of startling clarity, Ned Oakes saw Will as being the only thing, the only person, standing in the way of his settling his score with Danbo once and for all. In a flash of warped reasoning, Will became to him the single instrument of his not having paid off that debt to the gambler three nights ago in Leesville.

Finally, and perhaps most galling of all, he suspected that Will was somehow turning Carrie against him. Yesterday morning Carrie had obviously been eager to leave the boat with Will and ride out alone on the hunt with him. And her manner had been definitely cool and distant throughout the afternoon and evening.

His bitter realization of these glaring facts, plus the wearing strain of having had to deceive both Carrie and Will these past few days, swayed Ned Oakes to act instinctively now in a way he never would have had he been completely sane. He clutched Lyle Danbo's arm and savagely drew the smaller man close to him.

"The sack," he whispered. "Push it in his face when I have him down."

He shoved Danbo roughly away from him then and saw the gambler turn away and snatch up the gunny sack. Will's shape was moving in on him as he crouched behind a waist-high crate, seeing Danbo drop from sight barely five feet opposite between two barrels.

The scrape of Will's boots was plainly audible. The big man called softly, "Ned," as his tall shape moved abreast the crate.

Will must have seen Danbo move an instant later, for abruptly he wheeled halfway around, putting his back to Ned. With a hard upward lunge, Ned threw his shoulder at the middle of Will's back. The big man grunted and pitched forward and down between the two barrels. His head smashed into one with a loud thud. And Ned, throwing his weight onto that sprawling figure, felt Will's body go suddenly loose under him.

Lyle Danbo, the gunny sack held in both hands, fell hard across Will's head and shoulders, harshly breathing, "Get the rope!" But then, seeing that Will hadn't moved, he eased slowly back into a crouch, saying softly, gloatingly, "We're in luck. You knocked him cold."

Ned was taking no chances. In five more minutes Will lay completely helpless and apparently still unconscious, wrists and ankles bound, arms roped to his sides, a gag tied between his jaws. Ned was breathing heavily as he came erect and stared down into the shadows at his friend.

"Now all you do is truss me up, leave me lyin' alongside him, and take off with your kegs," he told Danbo, speaking very softly.

"Let's think this out." Over a brief pause, the gambler went on, "If you're found lying here in the morning, and if Speer and the gold are both gone, what's everyone going to think?"

Ned stood motionless a moment as he digested what he had heard. Then: "What's to happen to Will?"

"Simple enough. This man I have waiting for me off there in the brush'll take him along for a day or so. When he's far enough away, he turns Speer loose. On foot. By the time Speer finds his way back to some ranch or town, my man's disappeared and Speer has to do some tall talkin' to clear himself. If he can clear himself."

The man's cool logic made sense. Ned had but one small remaining doubt. And now Danbo, as though having read his mind, stated softly, "Nothing for you to worry about. You were lyin' here hit over the head and all trussed up. Speer can give any story he likes about what happened, and you don't have to know a thing. You didn't see who hit you any more than he did."

Ned nodded at once. "Then let's get it done."

Tonight several roustabouts were sleeping near a fire under the cottonwoods a good two hundred yards away. So the staging plank was in place, its outer end lying securely on the bank.

They carried Will ashore and lugged his inert weight off through the willows to a clear stretch of open ground in a direction opposite that of the fire's feeble glow.

"This'll do," Danbo finally said, and they eased their burden to the ground.

"Now we get back there, truss you up, I lug the kegs across here and it's done."

Ned wasn't forgetting something that had been rankling since his talk with the gambler alongside the levee back at Rock Point, and he asked tartly, "How's Kelso going to find you when you get back here?"

"Kelso?" the gambler echoed blandly, shaking his head. "Man, won't you ever learn to trust me?"

"No."

Danbo sighed deeply. "Later on, you'll maybe know how wrong you've been. But for now you're square with me. You don't owe me another thing."

Ned's heady relief at hearing these words outweighed his distrust of the man. For the first time in many, many weeks he felt the burden of worry and constant apprehension easing from his mind. Only one thing remained to be settled between him and Danbo, and now he glanced down at Will's outstretched form to say tonelessly, "Lyle, Will's knocked out. But he's alive and nothing's wrong with him. If anything happens to him from now on, you're going to answer to me for it."

"Nothing will happen to him." Danbo reached out then and took Ned by the arm, saying, "Let's get at it."

Carrie was wakened early the next morning by her father shaking her by the shoulder.

He began tersely telling her what had happened. One of the roustabouts had found Ned lying bound and gagged under the wagon down on the main deck shortly before sunrise. Tom himself, having risen early, had (*Continued on Page 52*)

Dry Water Hole

By LILLIAN E. MILES

Rotted the fence of the old corral;
The water hole is dry,
And scattered over the desolate land
White bones of cattle lie.

What do I hear in the old corral?
The ghosts of cowboys calling,
And their tenor songs on stormy nights
That soothed the cattle's bawling.

Blow, ye winds, on the old corral;
Cover the rotting posts;
Sound again the tenor refrain
And the bawl of the cattle ghosts.

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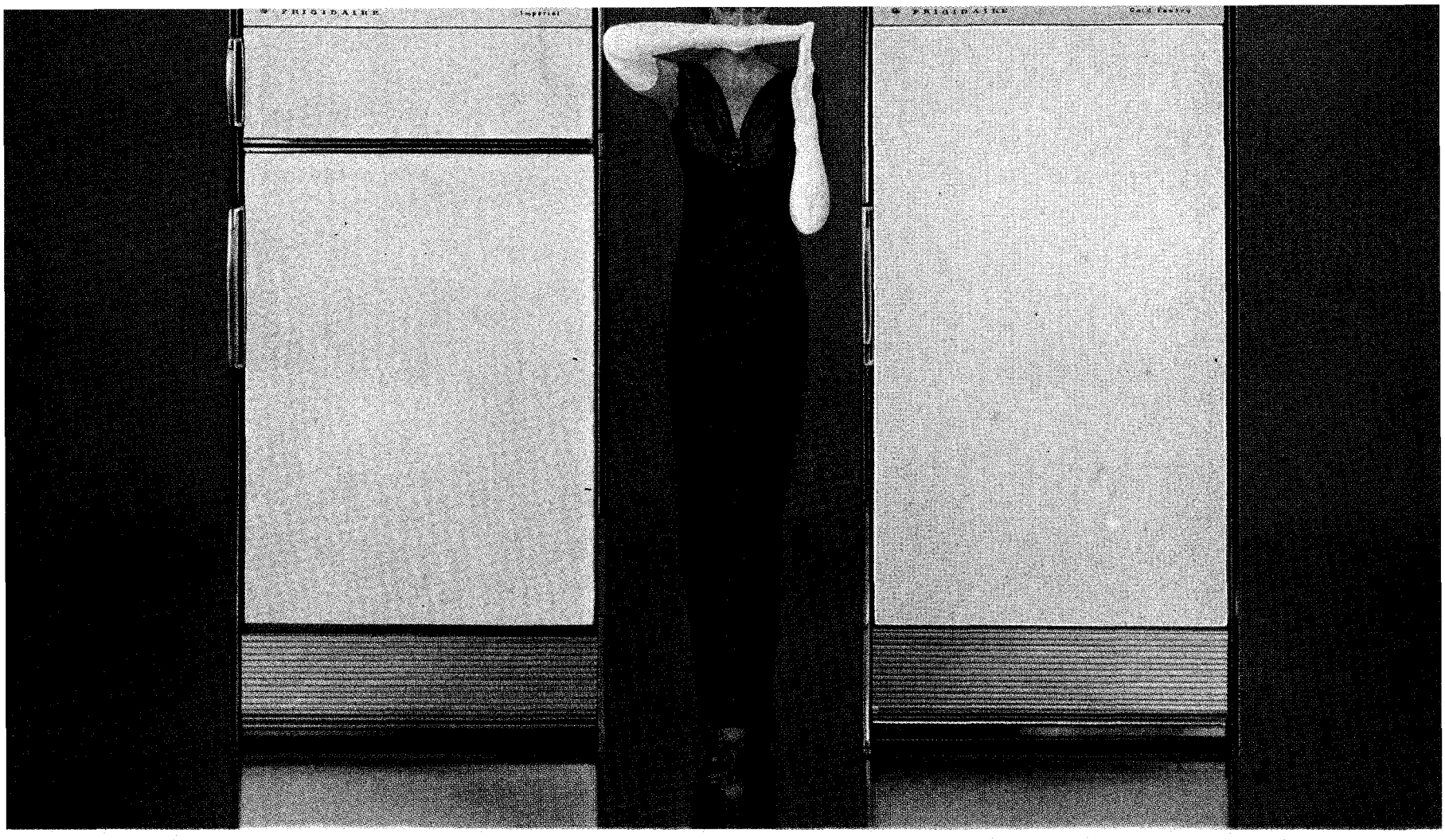

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IT'S FRIGIDAIRE!

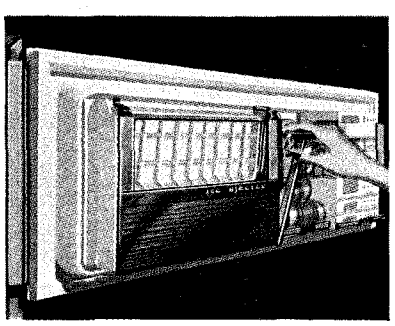
And how its new style and new features will thrill you!

The Sheer Look—the most exciting change that ever came to America's kitchens! And it's yours in *all* 1957 Frigidaire appliances!

Here, Sheer Look glamor also makes wonderful sense. Every refrigerator line is *sheer*—straight, smooth, flat—to fit glove-snug with cabinets for that smooth "built-in" look.

Open the door to a shower of surprises. Interiors as color-perky as a flower garden. Magic door that zips out ice cubes at lever touch—and with adjustable shelves and movable containers that let you arrange your food how YOU want! Roll-to-You Shelves that even make tall bottles easily accessible. Every inch new, inside and out.

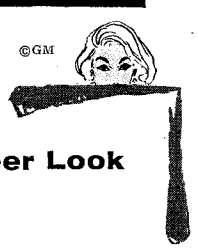
Come in and see the handiest refrigerators in history, in the new Sheer Look, the *smartest* investment you ever made.



Ice Cubes at a flick of your hand—Just pull the lever, and down they tinkle—frosty-*dry* and zero cold—into a bin. Always enough on hand for lots of tall drinks.

Roll-to-You Bottle Shelf—Not just a shelf, but a Roll-to-You Shelf that parades all your extra-tall bottles for "easy pickin'" without shifting them.

The Plan-A-Door lets you arrange shelves and containers the way you want them. Takes tallest bottles, the tiniest condiment jars, juice cans, frozen foods.



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'57 FRIGIDAIRE

AMERICA'S HANDIEST REFRIGERATORS

GM GENERAL MOTORS

Frigidaire—Built and Backed by General Motors

Sheer Look © GM Corp. 1956

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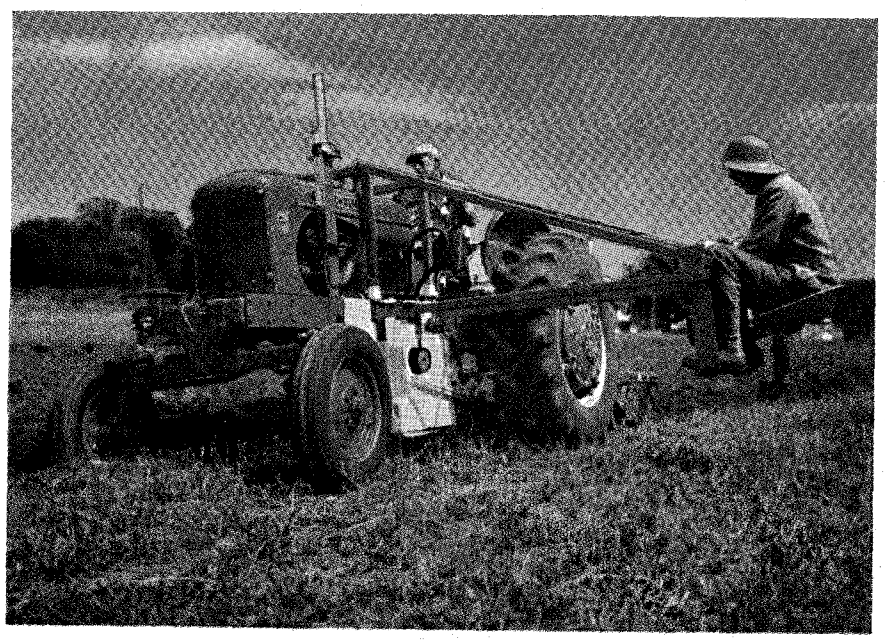
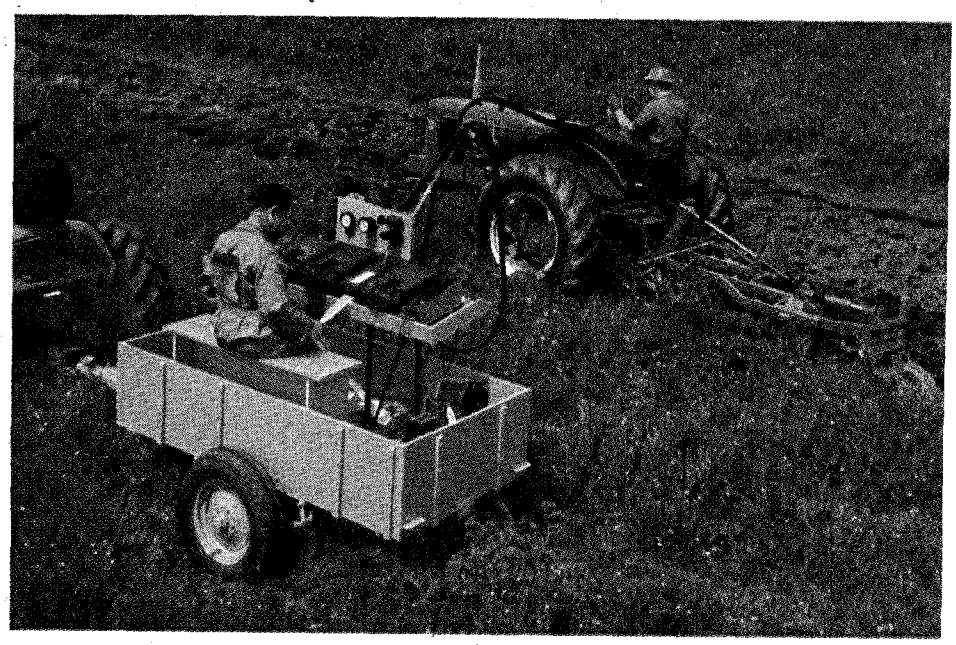
His summer



Test team applying modern methods to lighten man's toughest and most historic farm job. With the help of a movie camera, this test engineer is obtaining information that has already helped to make plows *75 percent stronger than ever before, at no extra cost.*



Electronic instruments reveal hidden secrets of today's farm tractors at work. As the plow turns the soil, instruments connected to the specific parts being studied here give engineers a continuous and accurate picture of what is going on *inside* the tractor.

ALL-CROP is an Allis-Chalmers t

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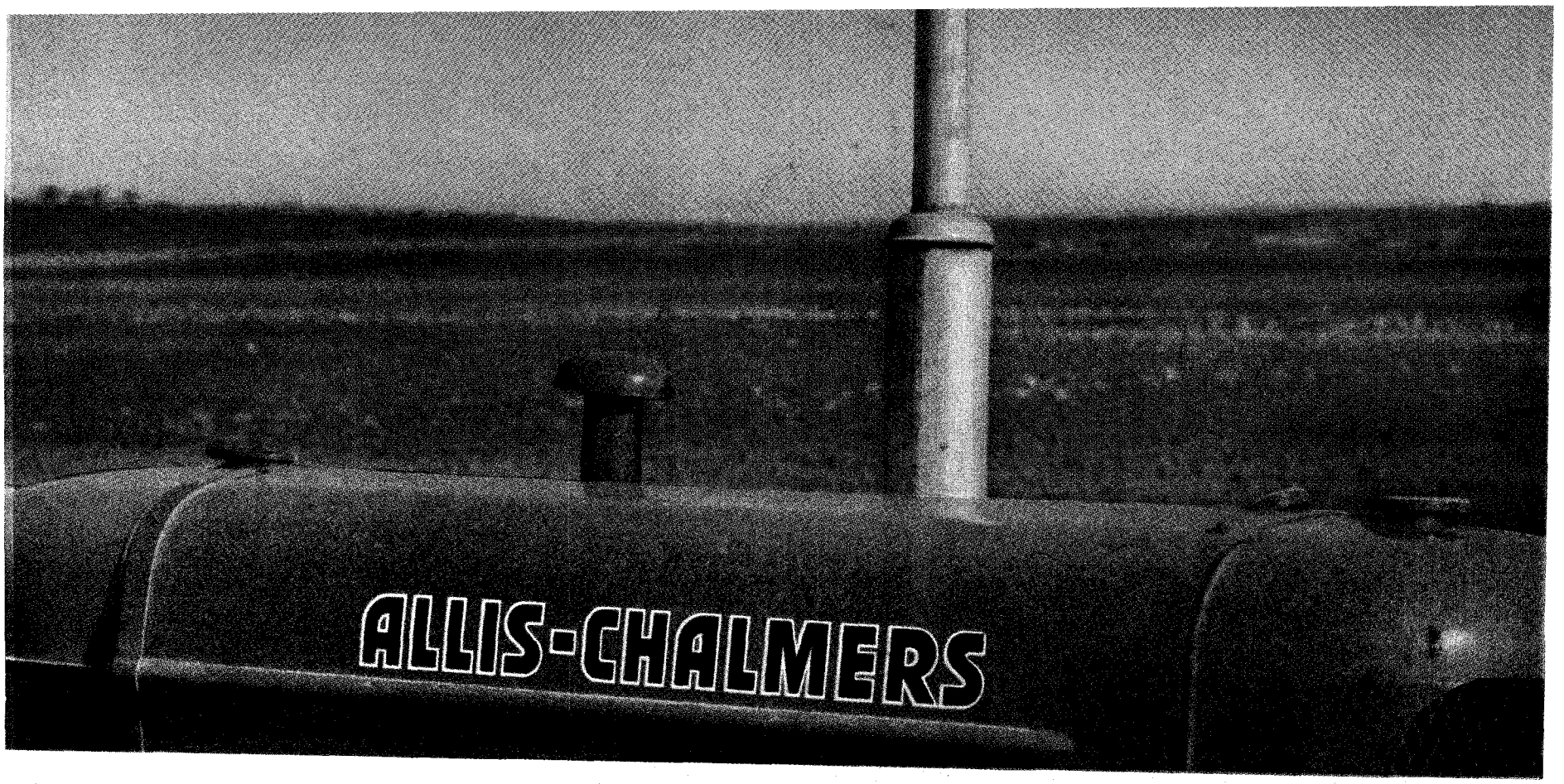

starts in January

. . . to develop new power for growing food

When winter cold limits field testing in the northern states, this Allis-Chalmers test engineer and his "teammates" move south to the winter crop area of Texas. Big fields and rain-free weather permit 16 hours of testing a day . . . to establish the quality of farm tractors and implements for 1958, 1959 and even some for 1965.

This "extra summer" provides the time needed to work several thousand acres and many different types of soil each year—north and south, east and west.

In the laboratories, too, this Allis-Chalmers program is continuous. It involves the testing of materials, parts, and complete machines under widely varying conditions of heat, cold, dust, and work load.

Such testing around the calendar, indoors and out, helps Allis-Chalmers develop and manufacture "years-ahead" farm machinery. This has resulted in such historic achievements as rubber-tired tractors, which changed the course of agriculture, and ALL-CROP Harvesters priced for home ownership. *New* engineering in tractors and equipment permits wider use of farm power, lowers the cost per acre.

Yes, summer starts in January and lasts all year long for Allis-Chalmers farm equipment engineers. Their constant search for "years-ahead" machines is typical of *Engineering in Action* at Allis-Chalmers. ALLIS-CHALMERS, GENERAL OFFICES, MILWAUKEE 1, WIS.

ALLIS-CHALMERS

Where Engineering in Action is at work on your future today

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(*Continued from Page 48*) reached the main deck just as they were cutting the ropes from Ned's arms and legs.

During the latter hours of the night someone Ned hadn't seen or even heard had crept up behind him, struck him a hard blow along the side of his face and knocked him unconscious. His face was cut and swollen, badly bruised.

Carrie, who had listened in spellbound amazement, let Tom get this far in his story when she asked, "But why was Ned down there by the wagon?"

Tom told her, told her about the kegs containing some fifty thousand dollars in gold, the bank's gold. The kegs were gone. At the girl's look of mute incredulity, he explained, "We didn't want you to know about it, didn't want you to have to worry over it. Only Baker and me and Will and Ned knew it was ——"

"Then that's why the three of you loafed down there so much yesterday," she cut in.

He nodded sparely and then solemnly stated, "But there's more to this. We've searched the boat high and low. We can't find Will."

Carrie came bolt upright on the bed, her dark eyes showing such strong alarm that Tom hastened to say, "Now don't get upset. Any one of a dozen things could've happened. But—well, anyway, he's gone and we've got to find him."

He sat on the bed's edge. "Look, girl. We've told Hargutt about the gold. But no one else is to know. We've let the story get out that a couple rifles and a case of ammunition's missing from the wagon. Hargutt's one prime gent. He's keeping the boat right where she is until Ned and I have the chance to ride out for a look around. If we aren't back by, say, ten o'clock, he's moving up the river four or five miles and putting his crew ashore to cut more firewood. Come evening he'll drop back down here to spend the night."

Carrie pushed him away and swung her feet from beneath the blankets. "I'm going with you."

"You're not. You'll stay right here." The unnatural severity of his tone did more than anything to drive home to her the seriousness of this thing. "If you went along with us someone might get the notion that there's more to this than we're telling. And we don't want that."

Carrie rose to stand beside him now, saying gravely, "The gold, Tom. Unless you can find it, you—you and the bank are in real trouble, aren't you?"

"The gold?" He lifted a hand and ran it across his forehead, laughing uneasily. "Funny, but I haven't thought much about that end of it. It's Will I'm thinking of."

She walked to the door of the cabin with him, asking, "Where's Ned?"

"Back in the kitchen soaking the side of his face with hot water. We're going to grab a bite there and be on our way."

"If I hurry and dress can I see him before you go?"

"Yes, if you hurry."

As she dressed, Carrie's imagination ran wild, deepening the alarm she felt over Will's strange disappearance. Oddly enough, she gave no more than a passing thought to Ned. It was therefore something of a shock to her when, leaving her cabin, she met her father and Ned coming from the kitchen along the aisle between the tables.

Ned made a thoroughly convincing victim. Danbo, after tying and gagging him last night, had hit him such an unexpectedly vicious blow that he had been dazed, close to unconscious. The gambler's heavy signet ring had cut a two-inch gash high along the cheekbone.

"Ned, that cut!" Carrie cried softly as she came up to him.

"Looks worse than it feels." He gave her a rueful smile. "Leave it to me to make a mess of things."

"But how could you help it if you didn't even hear this —— Who could it possibly have been?"

Tom, standing impatiently alongside Ned, answered gruffly, "Probably someone that'd been following the boat ever since we left Rock Point. We may come across his tracks. . . . You ready, Ned?"

Ned answered with a nod, and the three of them walked the length of the saloon and out to the main stairway, where Tom paused long enough to tell Carrie, "Better stay up here, girl. And remember. We lost a pair of rifles and a case of shells, nothing more."

"But people are going to ask about Will, Tom."

"Then tell 'em he made off with the rifles and shells."

Ned eyed the older man in a frowning, probing way and asked, "So you've thought of it too?"

"Thought of what?"

"That Will took the gold."

A look of scorn and loathing instantly hardened Tom Knight's expression. "I've been waiting for this," he said, very softly. "Waiting and wondering how long it'd take you to try and saddle it all onto Will. Now that you have, suppose you stay right where you are while I have a go at this alone."

He gave Ned no chance at all to make amends, but turned away at once and disappeared down the stairway to the deck below. And Ned, finally recovering from his surprise, found the voice to ask amazedly, "What brought that on, Carrie? I only said ——"

"I heard what you said," she cut in, the chill in her tone conveying even more scorn than her father's had a moment ago. "You meant it too. You could really believe such a thing of Will."

"But the gold's gone! I only tried to ——"

"Don't, Ned!" Once again she cut him short. And now, as his face took on a ruddy flush at the pointedness of her accusing stare, his glance wavered and fell away. It was then that she told him, "We won't talk about it. But you know what this must mean for the two of us. Now will you please go away and let me try and forget that Will ever called you his friend."

"Carrie, I swear I was only—was trying to ——"

She had turned her back on him and walked away as he was speaking. And now, as she strode out into the bright sunlight to stand alone at the rail, Ned Oakes knew that he had lost her.

Will Speer's awareness came slowly alive with the hard chill of the dawn hour. For quite an interval he vaguely realized he was hanging belly-down across the withers of a horse ahead of a tarp-covered pack, that his wrists and boots were bound together under the horse's barrel. His head pounded savagely with a deep aching. He wanted to cry out, but couldn't summon the strength. Finally he managed to turn his head and see that his horse was being led by a rider whose broad back swayed in lazy rhythm to the motion of the second animal, a bay.

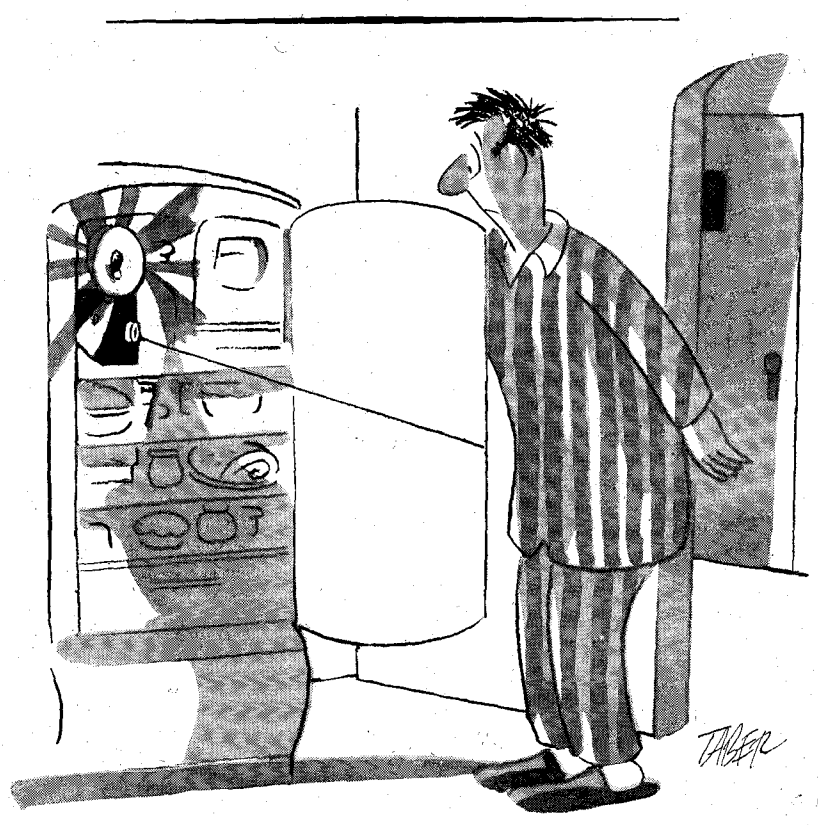
Over the torment of his throbbing brain he tried to recall something that would explain his being here. Then presently it came back to him. He had been walking the Belle's darkened lower deck toward the wagon in search of Ned sometime during the night. There had been something he had wanted Ned to know. He had been close to the wagon when suddenly he had been knocked off his feet and head-first into some object that must have been a great deal harder than his skull.

Mulling this over, he was unexpectedly jarred hard by his horse's stumbling. The fierce stab of pain knifing through his brain made him groan in agony and close his eyes. A few seconds later he felt the horse stop. And then a gruff voice was saying cheerily, "So you come to."

He opened his eyes and weakly lifted his head to see Matt Kelso stepping out of the saddle of the animal up ahead. And in that split second he knew what it was he had wanted to tell Ned last night.

Kelso dropped his reins and sauntered on back to stand alongside Will's horse. "Got to hand it to you, Speer. You take a worse beatin' than a mule. Want to get down and stretch?"

He laughed at Will's feeble nod. Then Will could feel him fumbling with the rope on the far side of the horse. Abruptly Will's hands came free and he slid off his animal's back. Kelso caught him as his knees buckled, eased him to a sitting position on the ground, then stepped back to stare down at him.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Shortly Will was able to look up at Kelso and ask, "Why'd you have me trussed up?"

"Why?" The question seemed to puzzle Kelso. "You don't know?"

Will shook his head, whereupon the other stepped over to his horse to lay a hand on one of a pair of bulging pouches below the bedroll tied to the cantle of his saddle. "This here's gold, Speer. There's more in that pack on the nag you're ridin'. The gold out of them kegs that were aboard Knight's wagon. You're missin' along with it. When they put two and two together, who'll they think made off with it?"

The shock of discovering that Kelso had stolen the gold from Crow Track's wagon penetrated Will's numbed consciousness like a knife thrust. He was awed and alarmed when he tried to think of what this would mean to Tom Knight, and to the bank. But Kelso's last remark bore an even more ominous quality.

He, Will Speer, was alone responsible for the gold's having been brought down the river. Now the gold had been stolen off the Belle and, as Kelso had just reminded him, he had disappeared from the boat along with it. Either knowingly or by accident, Kelso had managed it so that suspicion would surely fall on him.

Will closed his eyes as this bleak awareness came over him. And his voice was hollow, lifeless, as he asked, "So what do you do with me?"

Kelso laughed. "Only one thing to do. If you never show up, and if the gold don't, neither, then what're people going to think?"

As the realization that Kelso intended killing him sank home, a question came to Will's mind. The answer to it didn't really matter, but he voiced it anyway. "You haven't been in much of a hurry. How come? Won't anyone be chasin' us?"

"Sure they will. 'Way the hell and gone off east, if they haven't give up a'ready. We rode the bed of a creek away from the river for two hours, then doubled back a ways over rocky ground. We're headed west up the river, where they won't think to look for us."

Kelso sauntered over to his horse now and came back carrying a canteen, which he handed across. Will drank swallow after swallow until he had to pause to catch his breath, and then drank more. His thirst finally quenched, he upended the canteen over his head, sighing in blissful relief as the water's coolness eased the feverish throbbing in his brain.

When he finally handed the near-empty canteen back to Kelso, the man slapped the holster he wore along his thigh, saying curtly, "You'll take the lead from here on, so's I can keep an eye on you. One slip and I use this. Now climb aboard and I'll tie you on."

Presently they moved on again, Will sitting uncomfortably ahead of the bulky pack, boots roped under the horse's belly, hands and arms free as he pointed the way at a steady jog according to Kelso's, "Keep the sun at your back."

Now that he could think more rationally, other questions came to Will that cried out for answers. How, for instance, had Matt Kelso known about the gold in the Crow Track wagon? Someone must have passed him the word, for the man had played something more than a mere hunch in so doggedly following the boat down the river. Only four people, Will included, had known what was in the wagon. It was absurd to think that either Tom Knight or Baker would have wanted to lose the gold they were shipping. For his own part, he knew that he hadn't by so much as a single word or look given it away.

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Ned then?

Ned? One instant the notion seemed utterly ridiculous. But the next it didn't, for he was remembering fragments of Tom Knight's bitter remarks about Ned last evening up there on the Belle's hurricane, remembering Carrie's and his own concern over the man's strange behavior of the past week.

He turned awkwardly around now and glanced back at Kelso, the move making his head start to pound once more. Without thinking out exactly what he was to say, he drawled, "Were you there at the wagon last night to help Ned? Or did he tackle me alone?"

Kelso's naked look of outright guilt was eloquent and damning even though his expression turned quickly indignant. "What the hell kind of guff you trying to hand me, Speer?"

The man's blustery protest was such a patently hollow sham as to be laughable. Here, then, was clear proof that Ned had helped Kelso rob the wagon.

Ned had betrayed Tom Knight, had very possibly ruined him. He had betrayed Carrie long ago in making those furtive rides to Leesville to call on Grace Drew. Lastly—and in Will's view the least important—he had betrayed his closest friend.

"Come on, you!" Kelso bridled now. "What d'you mean, ringin' Ned in on this?"

Will turned and looked back at the man. "I heard him—heard his voice before I went under," he blandly lied.

Matt Kelso's face reddened. Then, with a lift of the shoulders, he said, "Who cares if you know? You won't be tellin' nobody."

Here, once again, came that bald threat that Will would never finish this ride. Will paid it little attention. Instead he was thinking that the pattern of Ned's treachery was complete except for its minor details.

He eased around once more and sat staring vacantly ahead. He realized now that Ned must have arranged the robbing of the stage in Leesville just as he had probably rigged the robbing of one of his stages the previous week. It was bewildering to know that the man's unaccountable greed had driven him to taking such risks in deceiving those closest to him.

Over the next mile, Will gradually became more aware of his surroundings. The sun had already taken the night's chill from the air; it would be a hot day. Off to the north at a distance of four or five miles he could see a line of willows and taller cottonwoods he supposed marked the course of the river.

Presently, from beyond a rise in the direction of the river, Will noticed a flock of crows and magpies wheeling low. Shortly he saw a pair of much larger birds soar above the line of the horizon and settle back out of sight again. They were bald eagles, and he supposed they were feeding on the carcass of some dead animal.

He had covered perhaps another quarter of a mile when suddenly, because of his time-trained habit of always scanning the ground, he noticed something that took his hard attention. Off to his right were two deep lines gouged in the gravelly topsoil, along with the hoof marks of an unshod horse.

Swinging gradually to the right so as not to attract Kelso's attention, he took a closer look. And before he angled away once more he had seen several dried droplets of blood mixed with the sign.

All this carried its plain meaning to him. He had seen it many, many times before. An Indian riding a pony and dragging a loaded travois had passed along here within the last hour or two. Remembering the flock of crows and the two eagles he had seen a few minutes ago, he supposed that the Indian had killed a deer or an elk back there and, having thrown away the offal and dressed out his meat, was taking it to his camp.

Suddenly he remembered the band of Piegans he and Tom Knight had seen up the river late yesterday afternoon. And now a faint rise of hope crowded out his disheartenment as he realized what he might do if his luck held out. He would have to be very, very careful. Most important of all, he would have to hold Kelso's attention.

Once again he cocked his high frame around on the horse's bony back and leaned back against the pack to say, "Spell it out for me, Kelso. Ned passed you the word on what our rig was hauling to Leesville the other afternoon. How?"

"Never you mind how," came Kelso's surly answer. His look hardened then and he added, "Wish Clyde could be here to see how this is winding up for you."

"You and Worts were partners?"

"We were. Since years back. And damn your soul for what you did to him."

"What would you have done if someone had slugged you, and you heard him making off with that gold? I fired at a sound, nothing more."

"Yeah? Well, you cut down the best sidekick I ever had."

"Those are the chances you take in the game you were playing." The aching in Will's head had eased off now to a dull, steady throbbing as he tried to think of a way of leading up to something he had to know about Kelso.

(*Continued on Page 56*)

New Wonder Drug Spray Clears Away Worst Head Cold Distress

Patented Clinic-Styled Atomizer Spreads Medication Where Ordinary Sprays May Not Reach!

Shaped to the natural angle of your nose.

Waiting for you in this exclusive new Vicks Medi-Mist atomizer is a new, more effective kind of relief from head-cold distress.

Works like a doctor's atomizer. It's the one spray specially designed to carry soothing medication deep into hard-to-reach places in your nose.

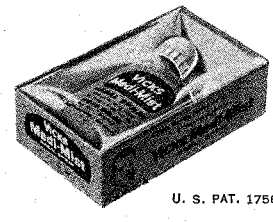
Just two squeezes up each nostril. Almost instantly, you feel the swelling go down, feel the air coming through. Your nose opens, your head clears—you *breathe* with relief!

You get such remarkable results because Vicks Medi-Mist is the only spray with this exclusive combination of relieving ingredients:

1. Penetrating Cetamium, to spread soothing medication deep into cold-stuffed passages;
2. A special decongestant to shrink swollen membranes, open up the nose;
3. A powerful antibiotic to help fight off germs and infection;
4. An effective antihistamine to relieve allergic distress, sneezing.

And it's so pleasant, even children use it without urging. So, to enjoy more complete relief from even worst head-cold distress, use new Vicks Medi-Mist.

Antihistaminic
Antibiotic



U. S. PAT. 175649

New **Vicks Medi-Mist NASAL SPRAY**

Recommended by the makers of Vicks VapoRub.

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The **magic** of the new kind of Ford

THE elegant New Kind of Ford is fresh as cream, fresh as paint, fresh as a daisy.

But the new Ford is much more than a pretty thing.

For the Mark of Tomorrow is stamped all over its sculptured steel, and in every rugged nut and bolt of the Inner Ford. The new Ford is a really sophisticated automobile, because it can do everything you want a car to do—and do it with effortless ease. Even at cruising speed it has a loafing kind of feel, a rich deep luxurious sense of great power in reserve.

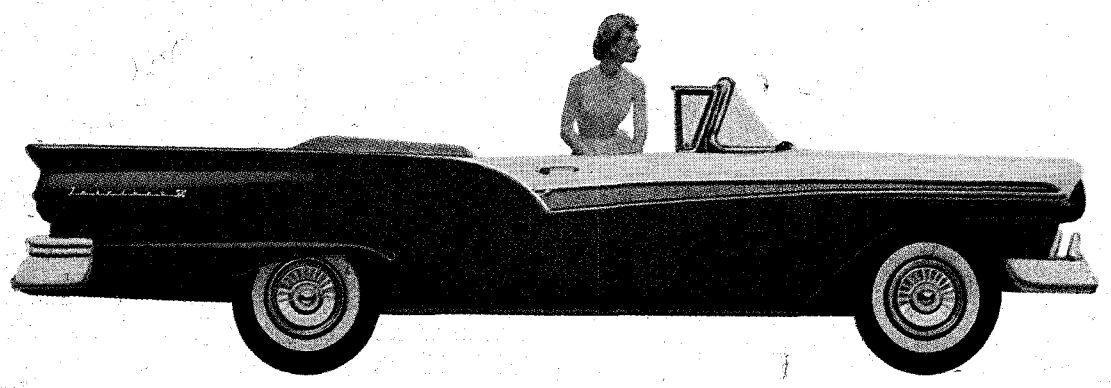
Yet it is catlike on the turns, and leopard-smooth in its leaping acceleration, because the men who built its Ford heart and Ford muscles were just as sophisticated as the designers who gave it that patent-leather look.

There are 20 different New Kinds of Fords—the finest choices in the low-price field. And every single one of them has the newest silhouette; that romantic gleaming freshness of tomorrow's design which makes other cars look like yesterday.

And you have your choice of one of the mighty engines: a new Silver Anniversary V-8, or the advanced Mileage Maker Six.

These are the best Fords of our lives. These are the cars that bridge your way from today into Tomorrow.

See your Ford dealer for a look at your future. He will show you the most sophisticated automobile on the road today—and it still sells at low, low Ford prices.



All year a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of

FORD

The Fairlane 500 Sunliner: 17 feet of beauty wrapped around power.

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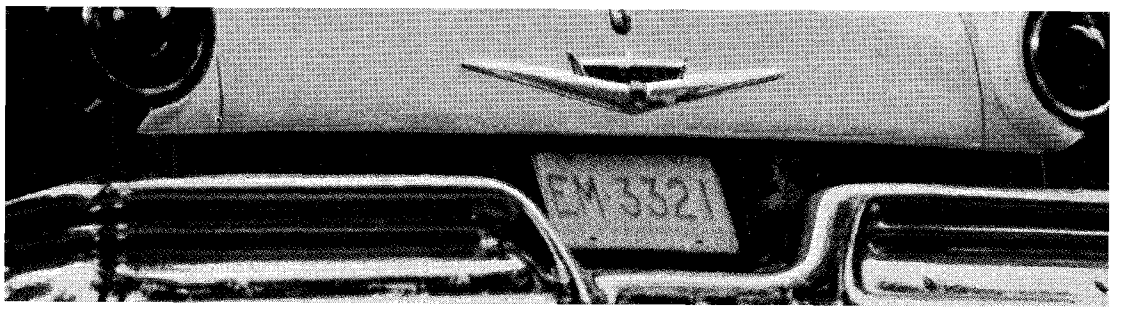

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(*Continued from Page 53*) Shortly he thought he knew how he might do this, and asked, "Where'd you two hail from before you hit Rock Point?"

Kelso was wary and suspicious as he growled, "What's it to you?"

Will shrugged. "Just wondered. From something Ned said, I had the two of you pegged as being reservation-agency men."

"Me and Clyde?" Kelso laughed loudly in genuine amusement. "You pegged us wrong, mister. Them tramps that work the reservations can't find nothing better to do. Besides, the less I see of them red devils the better. Which is the prime reason I quit ridin' jobs and took to livin' in towns. Went through one Indian scare once, and that was enough."

"You don't talk their lingo?"

"Why should I want to?"

Will schooled his expression to one of strict soberness, trying not to show the satisfaction. It might be unimportant, yet, as he glanced lazily beyond the man now to see the line of the travois marks still showing plainly some thirty or forty yards away, he was much relieved at knowing Kelso must be fairly ignorant of the ways of Indians.

The man probably wouldn't know what the sign meant even if he should happen to notice it.

Still, Will was taking no chances. He was keeping his distance from the sign while at the same time riding parallel to it as he once again peered at Kelso to ask, "What would you be thinking of Worts if he'd crossed you the way Ned did me?"

"He never would've, not Clyde."

"Never thought Ned would've either. But I should have known, the way he was playing both ends to the middle with the Knight girl."

Kelso's look took on a tinge of disgust. "Never could figure that gent, not since the first day I hired on. He'd gamble with women the same as he would with a card deck. With women he was lucky. Only with cards he didn't get away with it."

Here was something Will hadn't known. Yet he hid his surprise, blandly saying, "So he told me." Then, so as to sound more convincing, he added, "Fact is, he claims he near lost his shirt."

"Don't think he didn't. Why, a month or two back he owed Danbo plenty."

"Didn't he say he lost five thousand?"

Will's question was based on a completely blind guess. He chose the figure five thousand because that had been the amount of Danbo's investment in the partnership with Ned. And he knew immediately, from the way Kelso's look turned so quickly impassive, that he had touched very accurately upon something he wasn't supposed to know.

"Never did find out what he owed Danbo," came Kelso's wary answer.

Quite suddenly Will was recalling a thing that had baffled him for the past several days. No sooner had it come to mind than he was voicing it. "There was a third man back in the alley at Leesville with you the other night. Who was he?"

"Wasn't no third man." Kelso's reply came too quickly, too positively. "Just me and Clyde."

This line of talk, so seemingly promising a moment ago, had run into a dead end, Will decided. Kelso was through talking, or if he wasn't ——

Danbo! The thought struck Will with such force and conviction that it made him laugh aloud to think how blind he'd been.

The man who proposes to a girl on bended knee may never be able to stand up to her again.

CY N. PEACE

Kelso, startled by his outburst, growled, "What's so funny?"

"My bein' so thickheaded. It took me too long to see it."

"See what?"

"Who the third man was."

Matt Kelso's glance narrowed suspiciously. "Told you there wasn't no third man."

"But there was. It was Danbo."

For the second time over this past half hour that telltale flush mounted to Kelso's square face. He was on the point of saying something when Will cut him short, "Ned and Danbo both rigged it to have their stages stopped. Ned was in hock to Danbo and that was his way of paying off. What we're carrying right now is part of the payoff. Danbo must've helped Ned jump me last night."

"That bump on the head busted your brains loose, Speer. Now sit back around and move that nag on faster. And no more of that hogwash."

Kelso meant what he said. His look had turned ugly. And Will, pushing his animal on at a quicker gait, could presently begin to understand what had made Ned behave so strangely the past several days. Somehow—he might never know the real facts—Danbo's hold on Ned had driven the man to this final desperate betrayal.

Will's preoccupation as he thought all this out had made him forget the sign he had been so carefully following. All at once remembering it, he looked off to his right down a gentle slope they were traversing. The travois marks weren't there. He had lost the one chance that had given him any hope whatsoever of outwitting Matt Kelso.

For all of a minute he sat staring vacantly ahead, thinking of what the day was to bring. He idly noticed that the river cottonwoods were closer than they had been, not over a mile distant. Suddenly he was really seeing something he had been staring at sightlessly for a considerable interval. It was a faint blue haze of wood smoke hanging against the pale backdrop of the trees off there.

For the first time since he had regained consciousness he completely forgot the throbbing of his head as a strong excitement lifted in him. He rode across an open stretch of ground and then, a brushy rise hiding the veil of smoke, he angled slightly in the direction of the river. He covered the next half mile without sighting the trees again. Then, as the ground to the north flattened out, he glimpsed the smoke once more.

It was much closer than he had realized it would be—scarcely a quarter of a mile distant. And now he urged his animal on at a faster gait, heading for a twisting coulee that would put them out of sight of the smoke. As he finally rode down into the shallow depression and saw that its course swung gently riverward, every muscle in him tightened in anticipation. If he could manage to follow the coulee to its end without Kelso calling for a change in direction, and if the smoke meant what he thought it did, he might once more have the chance he had so carefully been trying for.

Suddenly from behind him Kelso bawled, "Damnation, look off there!"

Will swung around. Kelso lifted an arm to point into the south and obliquely to the rear in a direction opposite that of the river. Two mounted Indians, naked to the waist, were watching them from the rim of the coulee some three hundred yards away. Each of them—Will at once knew them to be Piegans—held a rifle slanted across his animal's withers.

Kelso, panicked, raked his horse with spurs and drew alongside Will, asking, "What're they after? What'll we do?"

Will tried to appear alarmed. "We keep going straight ahead. And easy. If you let on like you're scared, we could lose our scalps."

Kelso's stare was one of naked fear. And here, thought Will, was the final proof of the man's ignorance. For Piegans were known to be a peaceful clan; no one of them would dare lay hand on a white man in this country. They had long ago become docile and resigned to reservation life.

Will kept steadily on along the bottom of the coulee. In several more moments, with Kelso riding alongside him and constantly looking to the rear, he had a thought that made him say tersely, "If it comes to a showdown, it'll be you alone against the two of them. How about letting me have your Colt's?"

"And have you blow a hole through me?" Kelso laughed, his tone edged with hysteria.

"Then take the shells out and let me have it. The least we can do is run a bluff when they come at us."

Kelso sat a long moment thinking this out. Then abruptly he reached down and drew his .44 from its holster. His hands were shaking as he rocked open the weapon's loading gate and punched out the shells.

He was handing Will the holstered gun and heavy shell belt when Will said, "If they see me roped onto this jughead they'll know they've got only one man to fight. Better cut me loose."

Suspicion at once tinged Kelso's glance. But his alarm evidently outweighed his mistrust of Will, for the next moment he reached into his pocket, brought out a clasp knife and, opening its big blade, bent low in the saddle to reach down and hack at the ropes that bound Will's boots together under his horse's barrel.

For an instant Will thought he might reach down and club the man alongside the head with the .44. But Kelso moved so quickly that he missed the chance as the rope fell away.

"Try anything on me and you'll be dead as Clyde is," Kelso growled as he settled back into the saddle. "Now get a move on and we'll head out of here."

They rode straight on along the coulee at a steady jog. Reaching the end of the shallow depression, they climbed toward open ground.

Will happened to be looking at Kelso as they topped the rise. He saw the man's face all at once go slack, saw the color drain from it.

"Look!"

Kelso's hoarse word made Will glance quickly ahead. There, not two hundred yards away, lay the Piegan camp.

TO BE CONCLUDED

We Made the "Impossible" Tour (Continued from Page 29)

lost traction I shifted them into neutral, floored the throttle and steered for the breakers. The first comber was already spent when it hit us, but La Tortuga shuddered. Foam covered the windshield. I headed straight into a wall of water. Another breaker curled its crest into a white froth. La Tortuga reared like a horse. Helen grabbed the dash, and Dinah was thrown to the back. I held grimly to the wheel as a ten-foot-high comber crashed against the windshield. We were slammed into the trough that followed, and the next breaker swallowed us. And then we were rising and falling smoothly on long ground swells.

It was several minutes before we recovered enough to notice that we were listing heavily to starboard. We shifted everything movable to trim ship, but it wasn't enough. The heavy drum of fuel topside had slid sideways; we would have to turn back and relash it.

We headed for the beach. Once inside the breaker line there was no turning back. We surfboarded toward the shore, fighting the wheel as the jeep yawed from side to side. With all rudder control finally gone, La Tortuga rushed along at frightening speed, tipped crazily on the crest of the comber, until I felt the wheels touch bottom. I shifted into gear and we rolled up on the sand.

By the time we had recentered the heavy fuel drum, the tide was halfway in. There were only three hours left before high water, so we decided to shorten our run to ten miles.

The surf was worse when we took off the second time. Outside the breaker line again, we tried to enjoy the novel experience of driving an automobile on the Pacific Ocean. At first, when the giant swells rolled toward the jeep, we whipped the rudder around and tried to meet them head on. But we soon saw that in any case they swept harmlessly beneath us, lifting us gently, and gently lowering us into the trough. We tried to ignore the fact that only a thin sheet of steel and a few rubber seals kept out the fathoms of water below us.

It was almost high tide when we headed for shore. From the seaward side there was no indication of the height of the breakers. Again we surfboarded out of control. Standing almost on her nose, La Tortuga rushed forward, caught on the wave crest with the trough twenty feet below. Fearing we were going end-over-end, I let up on the gas in hope that the comber would slip under us and let us straighten out. Instead, La Tortuga spun broadside to the waves, heeled over on her side. The engine sputtered and died. We hung there for an eternity while wave after wave slammed against the hull, wondering why the jeep didn't go over. The whole port side was submerged. Water streamed in through the seals around the cabin doors. Dinah and Helen scrambled out of my way as I frantically ground on the starter.

"Miraculous" is a word often applied to many things with common-sense explanations. But for us it is the only word that explains the sudden lull in the waves, the way the jeep wallowed right-side-up, and the starting of the gasoline-flooded engine. Safely ashore, we climbed limply from the hatch and stared back at the surf. It was twenty feet high.

The rest of that afternoon we sat under the palms that (*Continued on Page 61*)

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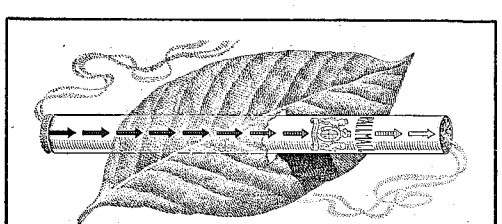
Don't miss the *fun* of smoking

Mildness is a pleasure with Pall Mall!

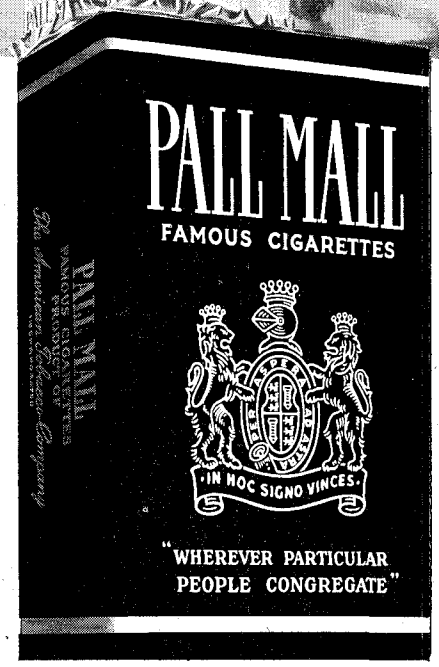
Your appreciation of PALL MALL quality has made it America's most successful and most imitated cigarette.

Pall Mall filters the smoke–but never the fun of smoking



For Flavor and Mildness Fine Tobacco Filters Best

Mildness is a *pleasure* with PALL MALL because PALL MALL's greater length filters the *smoke*—but *never* the *fun* of smoking. You get every bit of the flavor that makes smoking a pleasure while PALL MALL's greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels the smoke further, filters the smoke and makes it mild.
So don't miss the fun of smoking. Buy PALL MALL in the distinguished red package today!



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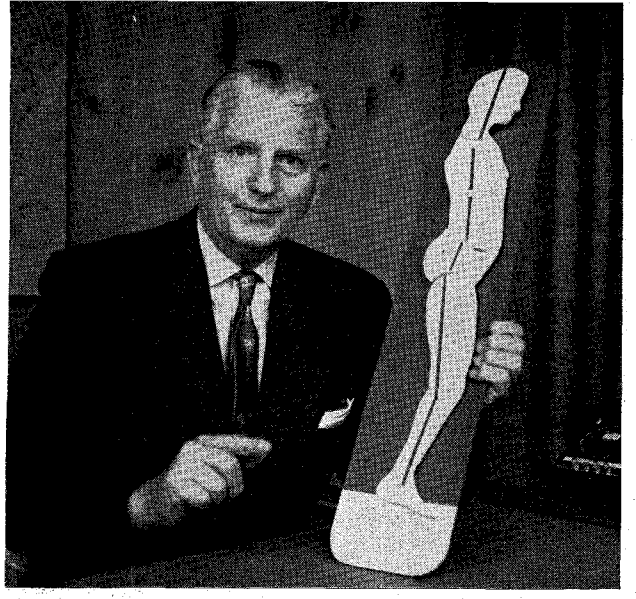


Originator of modern figure improvement, B. H. Stauffer is active head of company bearing his name. His figure-control technique has made it possible for more than five million women to remake their figures.

A special advertisement reporting
on scientific figure improvement

Can Your Figure Really Be Remade?

B. H. Stauffer, inventor of the famous "magic couch" for effortless exercise, has discovered that figures actually can be remade—but not by taking off pounds alone.

COUNTLESS women have subjected themselves to drastic reducing methods, yet failed to achieve really beautiful figures. But why?

B. H. Stauffer, pioneer figure-control expert, determined to find the answer to this question. He realized that two elements are essential if a woman is to get—and *keep*—a slim, lovely figure. One, of course, is to lose excess weight. The other, he reasoned, is to achieve balanced posture through adequate exercise.

Stauffer knew, however, that most women lack time or facilities for enough exercise to keep slender—and that in many cases strenuous exercise is undesirable.

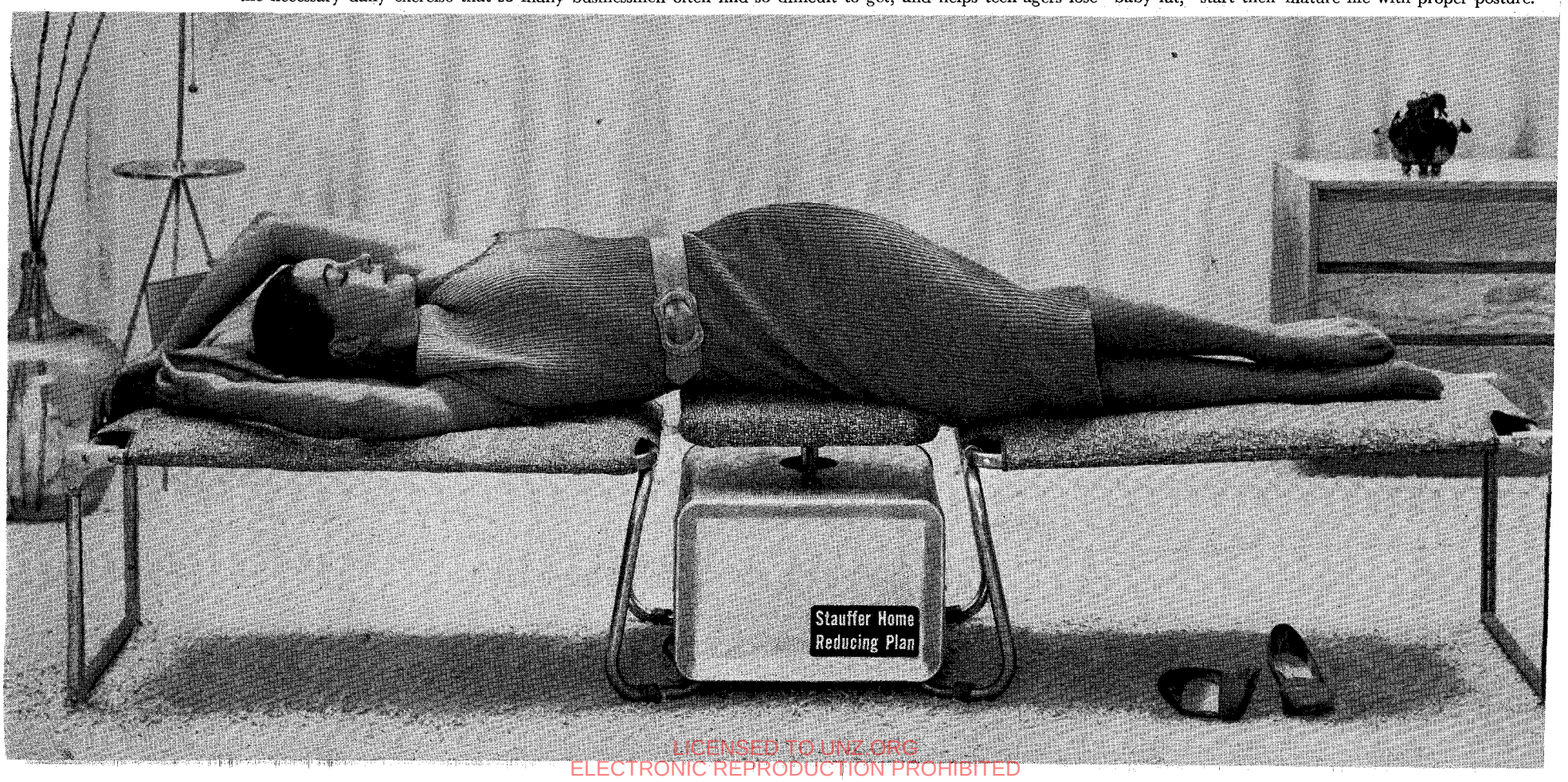
What women needed was clear: a way to exercise *effortlessly*.

Stauffer determined to find a way to take the effort out of exercise. This took lots of work—years of study and experimentation. But from this work came a remarkable "magic couch" that makes it possible to secure essential exercise without lifting a finger.

Thanks to help from these "magic couches," more than five million smart American women have trim, lovely figures. Around the world, 243 Stauffer System salons are busy from morning to night helping women get back the slim look of youth. And now, tens of thousands of husbands and wives are enjoying Stauffer treatments in their own homes—through the Stauffer Home Reducing Plan.

Both the professional-types of "magic couch" used in the Stauffer System salons and the home-

The Stauffer Home Reducing Plan lets you idle away inches at home as you relax on the Posture-Rest, famous motorized "magic couch" that is the heart of the Plan. You simply lie down on the unit and let it do all of the hard work for you while you relax. There is no need for you to disrobe. The Posture-Rest is portable, lightweight, folds like a card table, stores in small closet space. It produces wonderful results for all the family—not only helps mother remake her figure, but also provides father with the necessary daily exercise that so many businessmen often find so difficult to get, and helps teen-agers lose "baby fat," start their mature life with proper posture.



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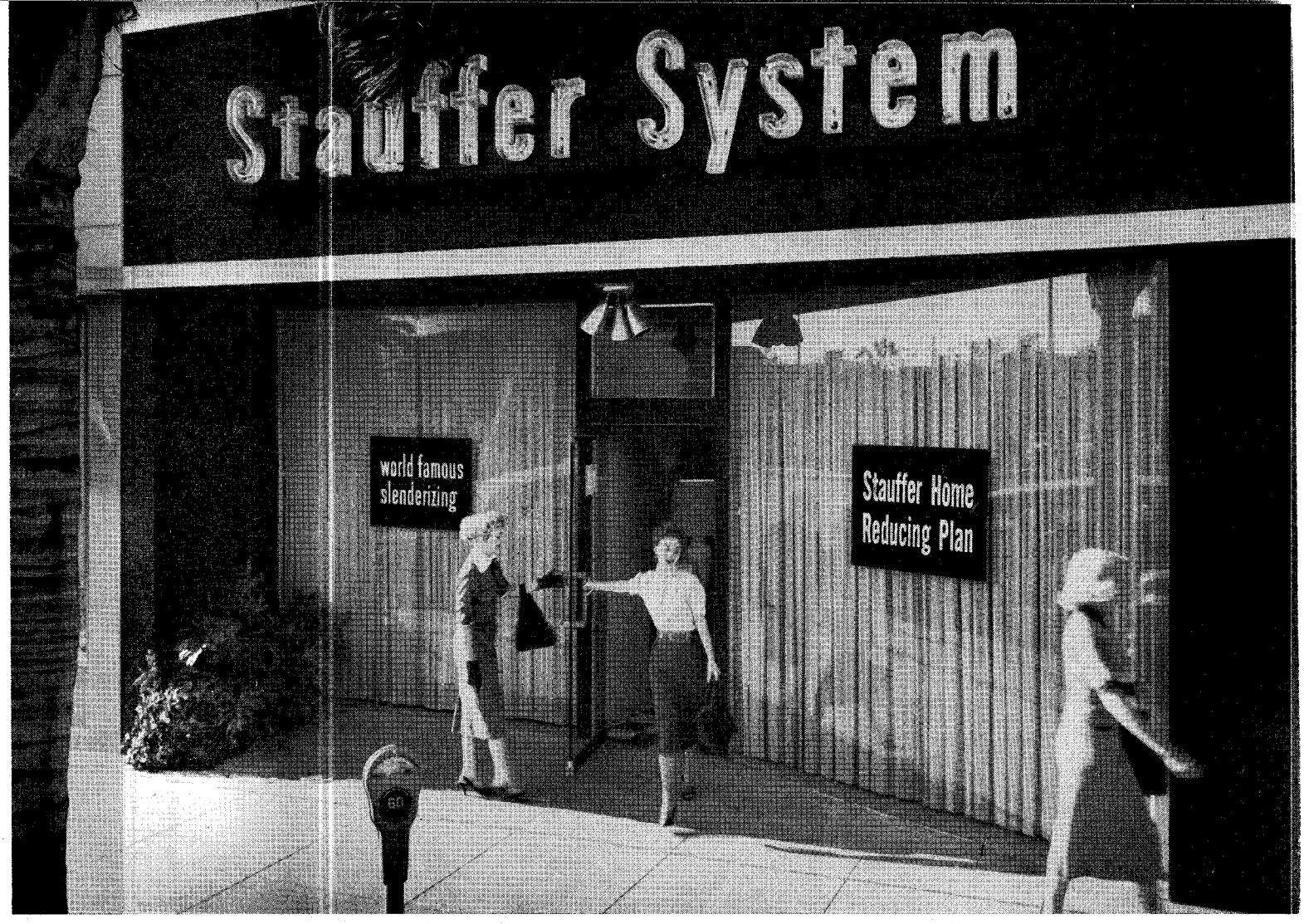


Stauffer System salons around the world have proved the value of the Stauffer technique of figure control. They've helped millions of women gain lovelier figures without starvation diet or strenuous exercise. Highly-trained figure consultants give you personalized attention. Your first salon visit is free. Simply ask Information for the telephone number of your nearest Stauffer System salon.

type Posture-Rest used in the Stauffer Home Reducing Plan improve posture by gently exercising the body. And—at the same time—they remove inches from the *right places*, gently molding your body along trim, pleasing lines.

Use of these "magic couches," coupled with caloric control, as your doctor advises, restores slim, youthful-looking figures without a starvation diet or strenuous exercise—and, importantly, with no electricity applied to the body.

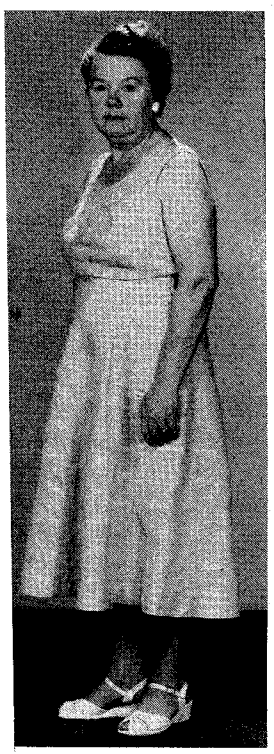
Unlike less comprehensive methods that merely take off weight—and then only temporarily—the Stauffer technique encompasses more than just reducing. It is a *complete* program of scientific figure control.

It not only takes off excess weight, but also removes unwanted inches from ankles, thighs, hips and tummy.

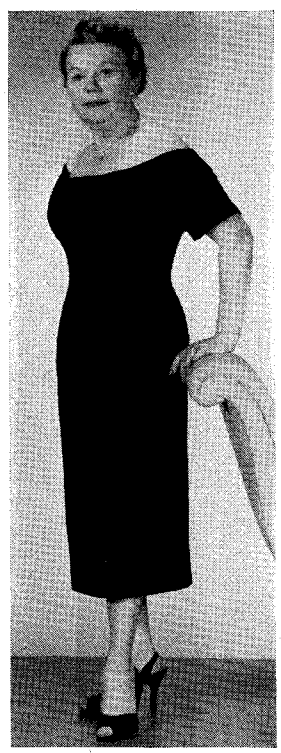
It tones and firms sagging muscles, so that your skin fits smoothly and firmly over your new silhouette.

It improves your posture and gives you a more graceful carriage befitting your new figure.

You can easily have a free demonstration of the remarkable Posture-Rest in your own home. For details and literature on how you can rent the Posture-Rest® by the month, or buy it for only pennies a day, write direct to STAUFFER HOME REDUCING PLAN, Dept. S-17, at one of the following regional offices: 250 N. Juanita Ave., Los Angeles 4, Calif.; 1500 N. Ogden Ave., Chicago 10, Ill.; or 5929 Riverdale Ave., New York 71, N.Y.



efore Stauffer Stella ambrusky of Beverly Hills, alif., wasn't excessively verweight—unlike so any women who have ccessfully remade their gures the Stauffer way. ut her figure was poor, r posture sagging, mak- g her look far more than st 20 pounds overweight.



After Stauffer Mrs. Sambrusky had trimmed down 20 pounds, taken off a total of 31 inches. Here she is after following the Stauffer technique. Her figure was remade without starvation diet or strenuous exercise. She is well-proportioned; her weight is properly distributed.

Stauffer Home Reducing Plan representatives are highly-trained figure analysts. They conduct home demonstrations of the Plan and make regular follow-up calls to be sure that their customers get full benefits of the Plan. Many of these figure-control experts became interested in this work after remaking their own figures the Stauffer way. To learn how Stauffer can help you get—and *keep*—a lovelier, more youthful-looking figure send a postcard to Stauffer Home Reducing Plan, Dept. S-17, 250 N. Juanita Ave., Los Angeles 4, Calif.

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3 YEARS AHEAD OF THE "OTHER TWO"! So dramatically advanced in its Flight-Sweep Styling that it gives you a whole new shape of motion . . . so far ahead in engineering that it will take other low-price cars three years to equal it! The 1960-new Plymouth offers the floating luxury of the new Torsion-Aire ride . . . the fabulous Fury "301" V-8, super-powered to 235 hp . . . the sureness of sports-car handling. Know the thrill of driving it . . . the pride of owning the 1960-new Plymouth!

Don't miss Plymouth's two great new TV programs: Lawrence Welk's "Top Tunes and New Talent" and "The Ray Anthony Show."

when you drive a **PLYMOUTH** *suddenly it's 1960*

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(*Continued from Page 56*) edged the shore, our hearts pounding. We were determined never to land at high tide again. Perhaps we could manage in the surf at low tide. During that week low tide came early in the morning and after dark at night. We'd have to start at first light and plan on very short runs.

At 5:30 A.M. the next day we headed for Mala Point, some ten miles away. The chart showed several islands about two miles offshore, and a string of rock pinnacles on either side, but it indicated a clear channel between the rocks and the shore cliffs. Instead of detouring around the rocks—an extra five miles—we decided to trust the chart and head for the channel.

Too late we discovered the chart's error. In the trough between swells, jagged fingers of stone broke through the surface of the "channel." We were too close to turn around, and reverse gear had no effect. Almost blindly I picked a space between the fingers of stone, floored the throttle and went through on the crest of a swell. Dumbly, I gripped the wheel. How long, I wondered, would Lady Luck ride with us?

Landing at low tide gave us the same scare as before, but we got ashore safely about 8:30 A.M. To the south we could see a strip of beach that curved to the horizon. The chart showed fifteen miles of unobstructed shore line, broken only by a few river mouths. We drove as fast as twenty miles per hour on the hard sand near the water's edge, until we came to the first river. Its mouth was a wide, shallow fan of brown water, choppy from the meeting of river current and ocean swells.

By the time we were across the river the tide was in, and there wasn't enough beach to drive on. We parked La Tortuga with her front wheels awash, and took protection from the sun under her rear overhang. When the tide receded, we continued along the beach, getting stuck occasionally in the mud of river mouths. At dusk we reached another river and made camp.

That night a young fisherman came by—the first person we had seen since leaving Dominical. Squatting on the sand in the moonlight, he described the coast line ahead. He could not understand how we had got so far, but he said that what lay ahead was worse. The next morning, as we were about to cross the river, he returned and asked to see our chart.

Running a calloused finger over it, he said, "Up this river fifteen kilometers there is a United Fruit Company plantation. When I worked there five years ago, there was a road to a little town called Piedras Blancas, where the Rio Esquinas flows down to the Golfo Dulce."

He traced a course that would cut off 100 miles of sea and beach travel around the Peninsula de Osa. Officials of the United Fruit Company in San José had said there were no roads. The fisherman swore he had seen one. Unnerved by what had happened to us at sea, we were ready to grasp at any straw. So we changed our plans again, slid into the river and headed upstream toward the banana plantation.

On either side, mangrove trees sat on their spindly roots, their branches filled with black-faced monkeys. Overhead, parrots filled the air with their raucous cries. Eventually the jungle gave way to an expanse of banana palms. A small launch drew alongside, with four plantation workers aboard. After they had asked where we came from, one of them tossed me a can of beer from an insulated box. All this and cold beer too! But none of the men knew anything about a road to Piedras Blancas. They suggested that we ask at plantation headquarters.

At Puerto Cortés, an outpost of the plantation, we charged at the bank with all wheels driving and the propeller engaged. The jeep buried its wheels in soft clay. I secured our new steel cable to a big palm tree and engaged the winch. The jeep moved a little deeper into the mud, and with a loud twang the cable snapped. Doubling the cable, I tried again. A loud clatter came from the winch housing. Something had sheared—and I had no spare parts for the winch.

One of the men phoned plantation headquarters, a few miles away. In a half hour the granddaddy of all tractors rumbled into view. It extended a long crane, picked up La Tortuga and set her on the bank. From there we drove on a gravel road through forests of banana palms to Palmar Sur plantation headquarters.

Covered with river mud, unshaven, I walked up a flower-lined path to the home of George Newell, general superintendent. He greeted me at the door. I made my story as brief as possible, and asked about the road.

"There is a road, but it goes only twelve miles," he said. "And even if you could get to Piedras Blancas, the Rio Esquinas which you plan to navigate is just a rapid-filled, rocky stream. Good for fishing, but that's all."

Mr. Newell suggested that we put up at the Palmar Sur guest house for the night and talk again about it after dinner.

Palmar Sur was an example of what good organization could do. The United Fruit Company had turned a jungle wilderness into a model community of neat houses, parks and gardens. In the stilt-elevated guest house overlooking the golf course, Helen and I had hot showers, and cool ones, and made repeated trips to the refrigerator for ice water. Later that evening, looking more presentable, we sat in the Newells' living room. Mr. and Mrs. Newell suggested that we put La Tortuga on a flatcar on the United Fruit Company railroad.

"It will take you to Corredores, fifty miles away. From there a bulldozed trail leads over the mountains to Volcán, Panama, where you can catch the Pan American Highway."

I thought of Southern Mexico, and what we had done to avoid taking the train. "Thank you, but we can't do that," I said. "We'll go back down the river and continue along the coast."

"Why don't you think about it? Tomorrow's a holiday, Good Friday. We couldn't load you on a flatcar until Saturday anyway—Good Friday is the one day in the year the trains don't run. The Pacific will wait for you. Think it over."

I was thinking, all right. *That was big talk about going back to the beach. With a useless winch, what would I do if we got stuck in the sand again and the tide rolled in? Good Friday. The only day in the year that trains don't run.*

"Mr. Newell, would it be possible to drive over the railroad bed to Corredores? If it's only fifty miles, we could do it in one day."

Mr. Newell thought a moment. "The company would never give permission. Anyway, the tracks are unballasted. Your jeep would be pounded to pieces."

"I'm sure the jeep could take it, and we promise to be off the tracks before the trains start running again."

Still not convinced, Mr. Newell made a telephone call. When he rang off, he said, "The head office will not give permission, but they will not prohibit you from trying, provided you're off the tracks by midnight." He brought out a map of the railroad. "For the first fifteen miles you can take a dirt road, so that leaves only thirty-five miles on the railroad bed. Now, I think you had better get a good night's sleep."

The next morning we checked over the jeep, drained the water from the differentials, and left Palmar Sur along a road that paralleled the tracks. The Costa Rican police garrison for some reason insisted on sending a soldier along with us. Poor Humberto, he was about to have a rough ride!

When we left that Good Friday morning, natives were hanging an effigy of Judas Iscariot. We followed the Newells' car to the end of the road, where a flat area gave access to the narrow-gauge tracks. Mr. and Mrs. Newell waved good-by as we bounced off toward Corredores.

It was a rough roadbed built on a fill, with steep drops on either side. The ties were set twelve to eighteen inches apart, and had no gravel ballast between them. La Tortuga bounced along like a marble on a washboard. The jeep's wheelbase was of such a length that all four wheels dropped between ties at the same time. The narrow gauge compelled us to ride with two wheels outside one of the rails. There were trestles over rocky chasms where we crept along with tires riding the ends of the ties.

The inside of the jeep became a shambles as the contents of the storage cabinets showered to the floor. After a few miles the drum of gas topside cut its lashing. We jettisoned it beside the tracks. I had the steering wheel to cling to, but Helen, Humberto and Dinah were hitting their heads on the ceiling and being slammed against the sides.

When we stopped for switches, the wheels lodged between the ties, the hull clanged against the rails, and it was only with low range, four-wheel drive—and Helen and Humberto pushing—that we could rock free. At one spot we slipped sideways and hung over the edge of the fill. I maneuvered an inch at a time for over an hour, obeying Helen's frantic signals, before we were back on the tracks.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, when we had covered only ten miles, all four shock absorbers failed. After that the jeep kept pitching sideways; once it came down diagonally across the rails. We maneuvered the two left wheels up on the rail so that at least half the jeep rode smoothly. As long as the track was straight or curved to the left, I could keep the wheels on the rail. At spurs, switches or right curves, the jeep slid off. The clutch began to slip a little, and a queer click came from the transmission.

At dusk we were still moving ahead slowly, the headlights boring holes in the mist that crept down from the mountains. We had covered another ten miles when the right front tire blew out. The right rear tire was in tatters, and the left rear had a big piece torn from it. They could

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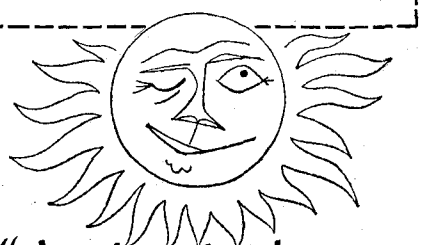

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never last the remaining fifteen miles to Corredores.

We had only four hours left; at midnight the trains would start to run again, and another blowout would make it impossible to get off the tracks. I thought of reversing the tires, but I knew I was kidding myself. At the first wide spot in the right of way we turned around and limped back a half mile to a plantation camp, where we phoned Mr. Newell. That night, a little after twelve, the first train rushed by.

The next morning we left Humberto beside the tracks with the battered jeep while Helen, Dinah and I climbed aboard a train for Palmar Sur. Mr. Newell met us as we came sadly up the walk.

"I'm sorry, Frank," he said. "I thought you'd make it."

Orders had come from the head office that we couldn't continue on the ties. Since we couldn't go back to sea with the jeep full of holes, I asked Mr. Newell to make arrangements for a flatcar.

On Easter Sunday, we rode in a rail auto to where La Tortuga sat. The UFC railroad had already built a ramp of old ties, and a flatcar was waiting. With the whole crew pushing, La Tortuga was finally rolled aboard and lashed in place with her own winch cable.

A train hooked onto the flatcar later that day and took us a few miles, to Coto Junction, where we spent the night. Another train picked us up the next morning and carried us to Corredores. I adjusted the clutch and patched our tires. Avoiding the use of the second gear—it made an ominous noise—we headed for Volcán, Panama.

The mountain trail over which we drove had been bulldozed by the Army engineers during World War II. In stretches it was maintained by a colony of Italian immigrants. Elsewhere it was nothing more than a narrow dirt path, clawing along the sides of the mountains and dipping into unbridged streams. It took us two days to drive the seventy-five miles from Corredores to Volcán. Another two days over the Pan American Highway brought us to Panama City.

We left La Tortuga at the Ford agency and taxied to a hotel recommended by a friend in San José. The place was run down, but it suited our pocketbook, which had taken a beating from the railroad charges.

When we called at the United States Information Service office in Panama City, we met Mr. Casler and Mr. Rambo, who were expecting us—they'd had word from San José. On a large wall map I traced our proposed route from Panama. Mountains and the impenetrable Darien jungle lie between Panama and Colombia. We would have to make another detour by sea.

"So far," I said, "this is only a theory. In the Pacific, an eighteen-foot tide and heavy surf caused most of our difficulty. That's one reason we have chosen the Caribbean side, with its foot-and-a-half tide, to reach Colombia. Also, it's the shortest route. At Turbo, Colombia, there is a connecting road to the Pan American Highway. If there are protected coves not more than twenty miles apart, we should be able to make it."

Mr. Casler shook his head. "That part of the Caribbean has some of the worst water in the world. It's thick with coral reefs, the San Blas Indians are reputed to prohibit white men from spending a night on their islands, and storms come without warning. How seaworthy is your jeep?"

"Well, right now it's not seaworthy at all, after the beating it took on the railroad. But I can get spare parts at the Willys agency. I'm looking for a place where I can work on it."

Mr. Casler lifted the phone and explained our problem to the public-relations officer at Albrook Air Force Base. We were granted permission to work on La Tortuga in a vehicle-maintenance shop at the air force base. This was the first of many wonderful things that the armed forces did for us during our stay in Panama.

The next day we found an old friend waiting in our hotel lobby. It was Lee Slick, with whom I had worked in Alaska. An electrical engineer and a bachelor, he was now working for the Panama Canal Company.

"I picked up the paper this morning," he said, "and saw you two staring from the front page. How about moving in with me while you're in Panama?"

"We'll be in Panama quite a while," I said, "and two extra people and a dog would be a crowd in a small apartment."

"That's all right," Lee said, "I like dogs. I'll be down to move you in at six o'clock Monday morning."

And that was that.

Another surprise came when we went up to our hotel room. A scrap of paper was lying on the floor, and on it was scrawled a telephone number.

When I called the number, I heard: "Commandant's office. Captain Green speaking.... Oh, yes, Mr. Schreider. The commandant has invited you and Mrs. Schreider to a party this afternoon. A car will pick you up at five o'clock."

It was 4:30 then. A helpful chambermaid dug up an iron, and Helen frantically pressed her one party dress and my wrinkled suit. We were ready when a gray sedan with the two stars of a rear admiral stopped in front of the hotel.

As the car pulled into the drive of a palm-ringed home in the Canal Zone, the sound of marimbas came from the open windows. We were met at the door by a tanned, vigorous naval officer.

"You must be Helen and Frank," he smiled. "I'm Admiral Miles. Come in and take off that coat. We don't stand on formality here."

That was our introduction to Rear Admiral Milton E. Miles, commandant of the 15th Naval District, an officer and a gentleman by much more than an act of Congress. We were led into a spacious living room where a cocktail party was in progress in honor of the officers of a Colombian destroyer.

At seven o'clock, after everyone else had left, Admiral Miles brought out a bundle of charts.

"I hear that you plan to navigate an amphibious jeep through the Caribbean to Colombia. I must warn you that this is a very dangerous stretch of water."

He spread the charts on the floor and pointed out the hazards. From a book of sailing directions he read to us of the winds, currents and stormy seasons.

"Officially, I must advise you against this." He smiled. "But I can't stop you, so we'll help all we can. Now, let's go over these charts again."

In the weeks that followed, I worked every day on the jeep. In addition to new shock absorbers and tires and tubes, I installed a new clutch and new rubber seals in the bottom of the hull. I overhauled the winch, transmission, carburetor and generator, and ground the valves. It took a welder a full day to repair the holes in the battered hull. I bought a fifteen-horsepower outboard motor for emergency power, and mounted it in the cab's rear overhang.

It was suggested that since La Tortuga had been through everything else, she really should go through the canal too. Accordingly, Captain Green made arrangements with his friend, Captain Abe Lincoln, the Balboa port captain.

A complete transit of the Panama Canal from the Pacific to the Caribbean was not practical. The low speed of La Tortuga would tie up traffic. Besides, the canal authorities didn't think she could take the turbulence that results when water floods the locks to raise ships from sea level to Gatun Lake. But there was no such turbulence in going from Gatun Lake to the Pacific, so it was decided that we would make only a partial transit, and in the wrong direction.

The canal authorities gave us the full treatment. Like a regular ship, La Tortuga was admeasured for her Panama Canal tonnage certificate and charged at the official rate of seventy-two cents per ton. After paying her toll of $1.44, we were introduced to our canal pilot, Capt. R. G. Rennie. Since our craft was substandard, we were required to sign a release from indemnity. This document solemnly recited La Tortuga's deficiencies: no Plimsoll mark, inadequate chocks and bits, vessel probably overloaded, excessive drag (the understatement of the year), and the first mate had no Coast Guard certificate.

At 2:38 P.M., on May 11, 1955, MS La Tortuga chugged into the Pedro Miguel Locks, alongside the tanker Cristobal. For lack of a bridge, Captain Rennie sat on top of the cabin. Since this was the first commercial transit of an amphibious jeep, children were let out of school to witness the performance. Near the end of the locks, Captain Rennie gave the command, "Back full." We waited while the 400-ton gates swung shut. Water roared out through huge culverts. In less than ten minutes we dropped thirty-one feet to the level of Miraflores Lake. The heavy gates swung open, and the jeep chugged into the lake and around to the landing of the Pedro Miguel Boat Club.

Brig. Gen. J. S. Seybold, governor of the Canal Zone, headed a welcoming committee. Later that day, we were made honorary members of two yacht clubs. But there were endless jokes about our wrong-way passage. "If they don't even know which way the Caribbean is, how do they hope to navigate hundreds of miles in it?"

The problem of navigating the Caribbean was serious. Helen and I knew now that coastal charts didn't show all the dangers, so we checked the coast line in a low-flying airplane. An ugly barrier of brown coral reef lined the shore, and the water was dotted for 100 miles with the islands of the San Blas Indians. The flight showed us that we could count on no beach driving. The entire trip would have to be by sea, although there appeared to be places where we could thread our way through the reefs to get to shore.

To reduce our draft, we shipped home some of our belongings, and decided not to carry extra fuel, beyond our regular forty-six gallons and the six gallons in the outboard-motor tank. For the rest of the 100 gallons we would need, we would rely on small trading boats that plied the coast.

After five weeks in the Canal Zone, we were ready to leave. On our last Sunday we attended services in the Base Chapel, where Chaplain Cyril Best gave us a copy of the Armed Forces Prayer Book. He said, "I've marked the Navy Hymn. There might come a time when you would like to refer to it."

Before leaving, Admiral Miles asked us to leave a copy of our day-by-day itinerary at Coco Solo Naval Air Station. "We want to know where you plan to be at all times," the admiral said. "The communications officer will lend you a small two-way radio. In case of emergency, you can communicate with patrol flights in the area."

At Coco Solo we were checked out on the radio, a handie-talkie with a range of about six miles. The Navy's call was "Angel"; we answered to "Turtle."

On Wednesday morning, May eighteenth, MS La Tortuga was provisioned with a month's supply of Army C-rations, a case of canned dog food for Dinah and a supply of soap and cigarettes as peace offering to the Indians. One of our last visitors was Lieutenant Commander Bookhammer. He pressed a small box into Helen's hand.

With a wink, he said, "Every ship should have an extra compass."

At Maria Chiquita, the end of a dirt road ten miles east of Colón, we drove into the Caribbean. Navy people had given us last-minute warnings about the violent storms called *chocosanos*, due at any time. Everyone had wished us well, and there were even one or two who thought we might make it.

"Now I'll show you what I meant by its being shockproof."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Editors' Note—The third article in this series will appear next week.

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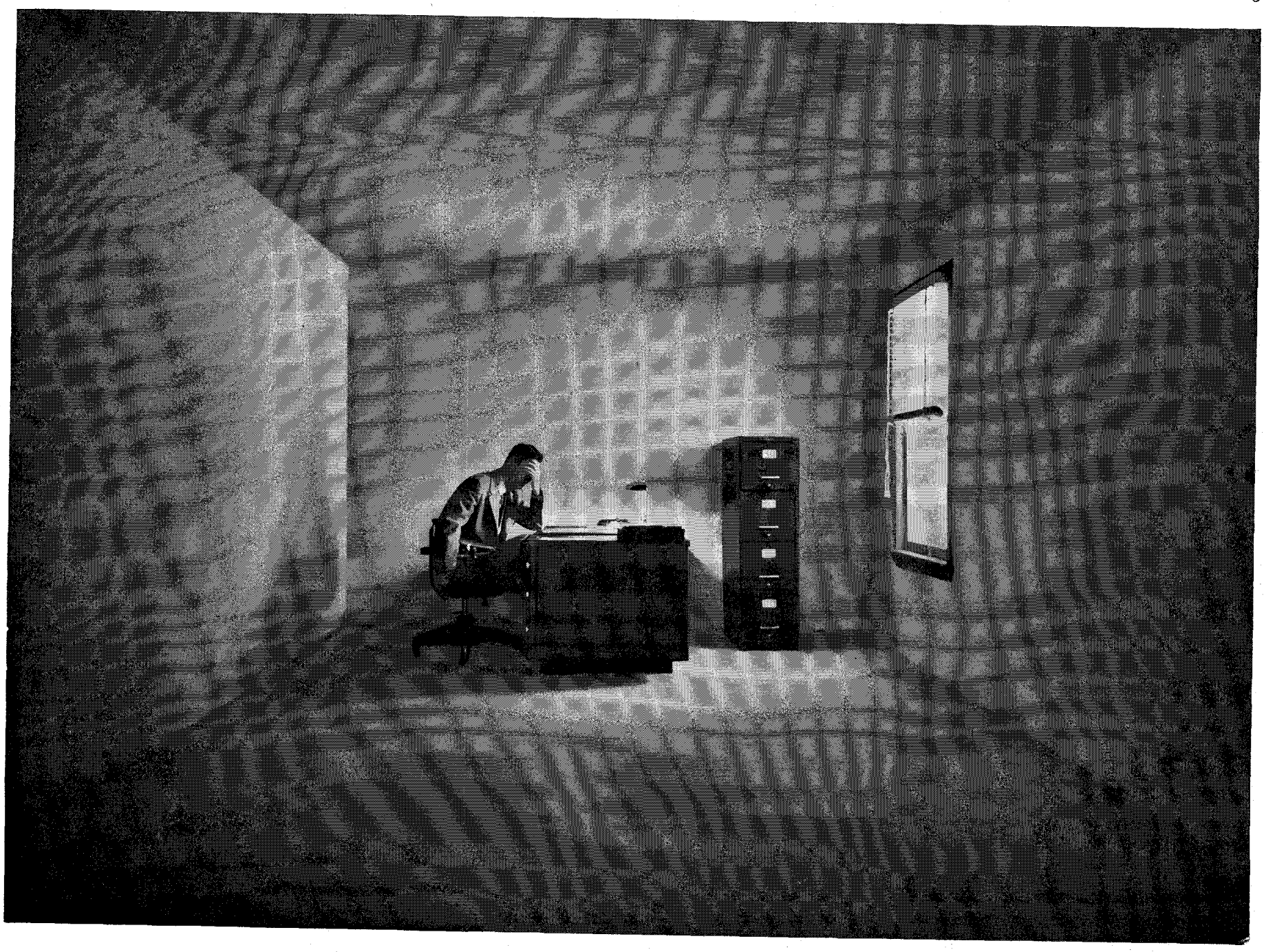
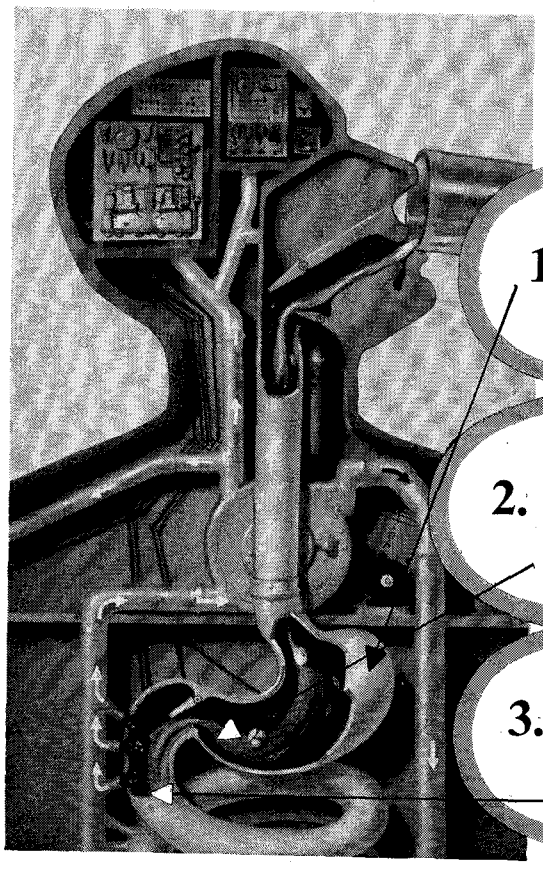


Headache? Cold Miseries? Muscular Aches?



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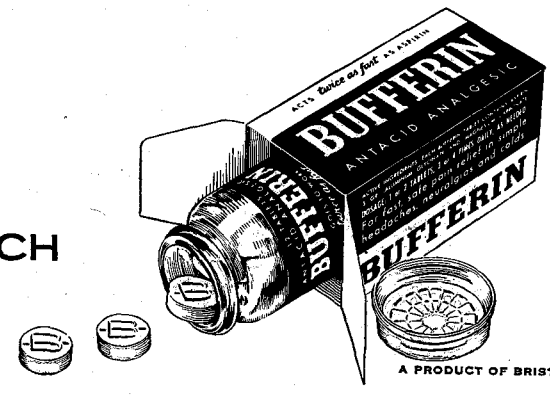

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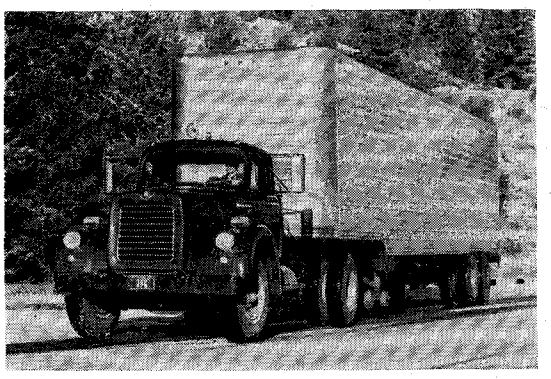

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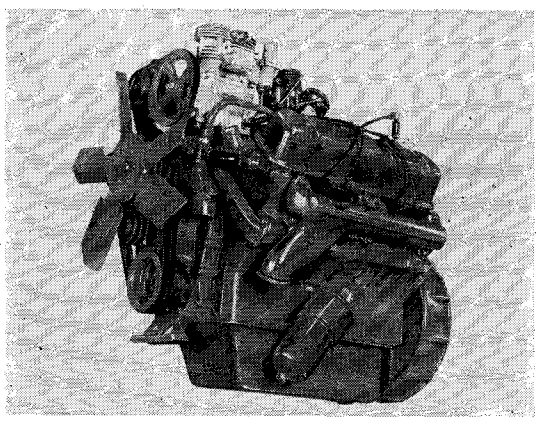

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Paris (Continued from Page 27)

to inform you that 60 per cent of today's 5,000,000 Parisians came from the provinces. But then for any Frenchman, whether born in Toulouse or Tahiti, his first arrival in Paris must be a most moving experience. Standing in this city, amid the ancient and modern testaments of eternal French values—valor, virility, artistic creation, wit, civilizing force, the idea of liberty—every son of France is strongly tempted to beat his chest and thumb his nose at the universe. Many of them gladly yield to the temptation.

What is left for us outsiders? The answer is plenty, if we are only polite enough to act as invited guests, sitting in the wings watching what is probably the most animated show on earth. On the stage are the Parisians themselves, born actors, each with his special mask, his special accent, an elaborately defined role with its own costume. It is a troupe of organized anarchists. Each actor writes his own dialogue, and most try to give a special twist to the general plot. In the audience is the entire French nation, now applauding, now hooting and whistling, sometimes threatening to march on the theater. Balzac devoted many of his eighty novels to describing this endless play, hitting upon the happy and inevitable title, The Human Comedy.

Between this city and its citizens, between Paris and the Parisians, there is a love affair that has been going on for more than 2000 years, since Lutetia, the city of mud, became Paris, the city of light. Paris is a creation of its citizens, and at the same time, generation after generation, it creates its citizens, like a mint turning out bright new coins, all heads-up. Paris was and is an inspiration of the Parisians, and in turn the city never ceases to inspire them—artists, actors, musicians, writers, sculptors, scientists, thinkers—creatures of a Paris very old, creating a Paris that is always new.

There is no pose that has not been struck, at some time or other, on some Paris barricade. The first time it is authentic, the second time Grand Guignol puppetry. Whenever some aspiring statesman tries to assume a new posture, others cut him down by asking whom he's mocking up this time. Jacques de Molay, Étienne Marcel, Henri IV, Richelieu, Robespierre, Napoleon, Clemenceau—all have walked the Paris stage, leaving behind their masks for the men of the present to play with. About three years ago, Pierre Mendès-France struck a classic Dantonesque pose in the National Assembly to announce, "Citizens, we are in the year 1788." Today his political opponents taunt him with the reminder that on his own calendar he should be preparing his party and his neck for the guillotine. Paris is a city of infinite historical allusions, all of them dangerous.

Jean Cocteau has written of how a Spaniard will curse himself, but never Spain, whereas Frenchmen will revile themselves, and each other, and even France—but never Paris. French citizens have a national penchant for despising each other, or at least each other's ideas, and in Paris today, as always, the lower classes loathe the upper classes and vice versa, while both mock the middle classes—who really run the city. But all Frenchmen unite in praise of "our Paris." In the provinces of France there are murmurs against Paris as the seat of government but not against Paris the spiritual capital.

Big-city people always develop a special affection for the city which houses them but in Paris this affection mounts to a grand passion. The cockney loves his "dear, dreary London." Like the Parisian, the Berliner has a special language with which to praise his capital, while admitting its baroque buildings are a heavy calamity. The Roman has the Parisian pride, plus even more ancient monuments and lovelier fountains. But Rome is not the only great city of Italy, nor, with the Papacy, is it an Italian city only. New York? New Yorkers are always telling the rest of us how much they love their megalopolis, and yet whenever one overhears three New Yorkers talking together, they always seem to be planning a little Manhattan-in-exile, usually in Connecticut—or a trip to Paris.

Paris has imitators, Paris has business competitors, but Paris has no serious rivals to dispute its supremacy as the Queen of Cities. In this series, other cities have had much of this or that to offer, and many pay Paris the flattery of imitation. Once-beautiful Dresden was known as the Paris of the Elbe, Budapest was called the Paris of the Balkans—once for beauty, now for a nobler reason—Beirut is the Paris of the Levant, Kyoto is the Paris of Japan, Peking the Paris of Old China, and most South Americans, except Argentines, speak of Rio as their Paris. But like the label in a Balenciaga dress or on a bottle of Guerlain perfume, the authentic product must read "Paris, France."

Clearly we are dealing not only with a splendid city but with the "idea of a city" and all the ideas that city inspires. It is idealism in the purest meaning of that word. In ancient Athens, the one city that Paris archly imitates, Socrates and Plato stood around the market place debating the nature of reality. Is it the wood in the table that makes it a table or is not the reality the idea of a table? Paris is a city on a river, an aggregate of buildings drenched in history, a collection of people living above the catacombs of millions of their Parisian ancestors. But, most of all, Paris is an idea—an idea embracing all that has ever happened here. Paris is a triumph for Plato's idea.

Take a most simple example of this idealization—the many thousands of songs written about Paris. It is summertime and we are sitting in the restaurant Le Bossu, on the Île St. Louis, a little Venice in the center of the Seine. The light program of the Paris radio is on, and the theme melodies about Paris follow one another in rapid and gay succession. Soon there is a song about the Seine, there always is, and one walks to the edge of the *quai* to observe the river. Despite watery reflections of true beauty and the small island bridges, the plain truth is that this Seine is a rather desultory and turgid river, as brown as an overripe oyster. But the singer sings on, and slowly one realizes he is not really singing about the Seine at all, but about Paris and his dream of Paris.

Turn to a perhaps more subtle example of the same phenomenon. All visitors to Paris are soon enchanted by a most peculiar shimmery quality in the light. Sometimes, in the gloaming or again just before the first burst of dawn, it seems sharp, almost stereoscopic. But at high noon of a summer's day, filtering down dappled through plane and linden trees, it prisms out into all the colors of a pastel rainbow. There have been many attempts to explain this fascinating light and its diffusion. Some say it is peculiar to the luminous sky above the city. Others insist it bounces as a reflection off the limestone of many Paris buildings or again that it blends with the tint from purplish roof tiles.

Several painters, however, offer a more artful explanation. They insist that there never was anything special about Paris light—never until the creative moment when the Impressionists captured it, when Manet, Renoir and their school discovered the technique of putting paint on canvas in such a way as to reveal light as a color. All of us are thus aware of this light by the power of suggestion; we see it today only through the eyes of the artists who saw it first. An extreme statement of this truth is that this school of painters created Paris light and all the talk about it. Oscar Wilde, a Parisian by adoption, was hinting at this when he proclaimed that nature is always imitating art.

What surely is true is that many a painter, in his middle age, has walked down the street to meet live Parisians who seem to have walked out of the canvases of his youth—nature imitating art, and usually one generation later. Many a French family goes boating Sunday morning at Argenteuil because Manet once painted just such a scene. Many young girls have become ballerinas because of Degas' backstage opera oils, and the models in today's *apéritif* ads were inspired by Toulouse-Lautrec.

It is the artists of Paris, who have now painted everything from a Nude in a Rosy Scarf to a skinned sheep's head in Les Halles, who have best captured the pictorial idea of Paris. But it is not only the painting artists. The long-haired denizens of the Latin Quarter act the way they do because Puccini once wrote La Bohème. Americans in Montparnasse often tip their hats to the statue of Marshal Ney because they have heard that the young Ernest Hemingway once did. It is almost impossible today to stand before the rose window of Notre Dame and see it as the medieval Cathedral of Our Lady. The moviemakers have had Quasimodo chasing poor Esmeralda all round those upper towers so often that one thinks first of Victor Hugo and then of poet Paul Valéry slyly remarking, "Hugo was our greatest poet—alas!"

If, to Parisians, Paris is a city of a million overtones, and cannot be anything else, even for the newcomer it is impossible to arrive here without a bright bundle of preimpressions—Paris the City of Light, Paris in the spring, Gay Paree and all that. And a first day in Paris, for a sensitive human being from any country in the world, is one of those rare days when the charm of the city not only lives up to high expectations but surpasses them. A newcomer begins, as if by instinct, in the center of the modern city, strolling down the Champs-Élysées, once the grandest avenue in the world and still a great bustle, toward the vast space of the Place de la Concorde, across the Seine, past the Parliament which calls itself the National Assembly, and down the bookstalled *quais*. Still by instinct, he moves toward the two islands in the Seine that are the cradle of Paris, the place where the city was born. It is a walk that should last for hours in a city that was built for walking.

Already the new arrival is wrestling with a happy problem which will last forever. For nobody has ever come up with a complete answer to: What makes Paris Paris? What accounts for the exultant humanism of this city? Is it the people you pass on the sidewalks wider than a good many streets in New York? The Latinity of city planning that conceals the

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

After tipsy Sonny wrecked three of his father's cars and cost him plenty in damages, the harried father decided it would be cheaper to buy Sonny a car of his own. Sonny, then in his mid-twenties, promptly whisked the car out on a road test and crashed into another automobile. The collision victim this time sued not only Sonny but his father.

"There's no law against buying a car for a son who drinks," the father argued. "And besides, I thought he might have straightened out."

"It was like putting a loaded gun into the hands of a baby," Sonny's victim countered. "You loosed a menace on the community, and you should pay."

If you were the judge, would you make dad pay?

• •

The father did not have to pay. The court said that if a father were held liable for damage done by a car given to his grown son, then by the same principle dealers could be held responsible for selling cars or even gasoline to reckless drivers. And that, the court added, would be going too far.

Based upon a 1955 Tennessee decision.

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plan? The startling perspectives and vistas? The tumult of living, children rolling hoops toward the tomorrows that sing? The hundreds of beckoning cafés and restaurants? The exuberance of life, giving the lie to all silly whisperings of French decadence? It is all a mighty downtown sonata to joy that is equaled nowhere, except in Beethoven's Seventh Symphony.

The American art critic Bernard Berenson once succeeded in putting his finger on what sets Paris off from all other great modern cities—"Paris is so much more beautiful because Paris is the only great city still on the human scale." And there is indeed a law against man-dwarfing skyscrapers, against any building more than seven stories high. We continue that first walk and almost agree completely with Berenson, heading back toward the center of the city, through the lovely gardens of the Tuileries, past small fry riding in goat carts, past a philatelists' mart, until suddenly we come upon two most ugly buildings, right smack in the center of the city. The Grand Palais and the Petit Palais, vintage 1900, are monsters of bad taste in the very heart of the city where taste is supposed to reign supreme.

What we have here stumbled upon is the very kind of gay paradox that so delights the Parisians, eye deceptions proving that things are not always as they seem. The whole civilized world has bought the propaganda myth that Paris is an architectural masterpiece, a symphony in stone. Parisians know this is high nonsense. What is most curious about visible Paris is that there are so remarkably few structures that are absolute masterpieces of their kind—some dozen perhaps, far less than, say, in Florence, Italy. Nor does Paris have the period-piece charm of Toledo, in Spain; Munich or Dublin. Each Parisian generation has had a merry fling at tearing up the streets, casting statues of its own heroes and face-lifting the façade of the past.

True lovers of Paris, moreover, revel in the irony that, like the mole that is supposed to be on the face of a really beautiful woman, most of the famous Paris buildings are marred by some patent, major flaw. Despite the many startling triumphs in perspective and proportion that have been pulled off by the planners of Paris, the central fact remains that Paris architects, exultant anarchists, have managed to get away with violating the most fundamental law of geometry. Paris, the whole Paris, is greater—and by far—than the sum of all its parts.

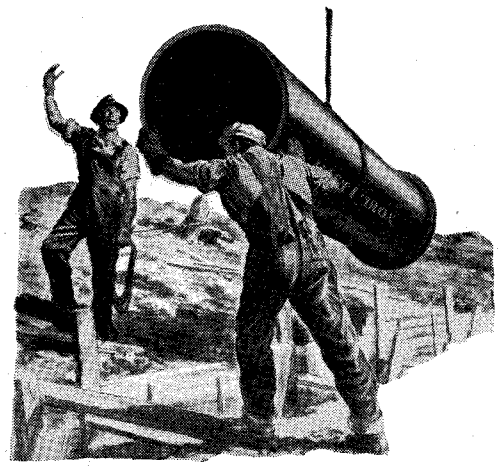
The Louvre, the largest palace in the world, furnishes one clue as to why this is so. Six centuries of architects have dabbled about on this rambling structure, many of them fine ones. But none could resist the temptation to make some stony comment, some embellishment to scoff at his predecessor. The result is not architecture but a history of architecture—today the Louvre really looks as if it had been built by French kings imitating Bavarian kings imitating French kings. The glory of the Louvre is inside, including a famous lady with no arms.

Even more dubious is the Madeleine. In the mid-eighteenth century somebody had the idea of building a replica of the Parthenon, "with improvements," to be used as a Roman Catholic Church. Came the Revolution. The Madeleine was proclaimed a Temple of Reason, and the Jacobins, drunk with Plutarch and filched altar wine, exalted a notorious actress, the mistress of one of them, up onto the altar and proclaimed this silly strumpet the Goddess of Liberty. Napoleon came along to end that nonsense and start some of his own. He considered making the Madeleine a mint, an arsenal or a museum. Today it is a church again, used for pompous society nuptials.

A similar awful fate overtook the Panthéon, begun as the Church of Sainte Geneviève, the patron saint of Paris, a crazy blend of Gothic and Palladian. In the nineteenth century this building also fell into the hands of the politicians, who dedicated it "to the Great Men of France from a Grateful Nation" and then filled it with memorials to themselves. Even the Opera House here, the largest in the world and rather depressing for that reason in spite of its raspberry-velvet boxes, would be more at home in *Frankfurt am Main.*

It may strike some people, particularly those who collect calendar art, as sacrilege to cock a skeptical eye at the Arc de Triomphe. Here is the odd case of a replica more famous than its original, the Arch of Titus, in Rome. In origin, this arch was Napoleon's grandiose conception of how to do a Corsican repeat on Roman grandeur. But it is too high, too bulky and top-heavy, betraying its inspirer as a man who was born too short, on an island that was too small. The Arch is saved by three things. Its litany of 172 battles is a reminder that the Grande Armée may have invaded every country in Europe, but it left behind banners on which were inscribed "liberty, equality and fraternity." Its location is superb, at the center and summit of a long sloping hill, a hub from which the twelve grand avenues fan out. And it is honored by an eternal flame, under the Arch, and above the body of the greatest soldier France ever had, the Unknown Soldier.

Paris is an eloquent product of its own history, and (*Continued on Page 71*)



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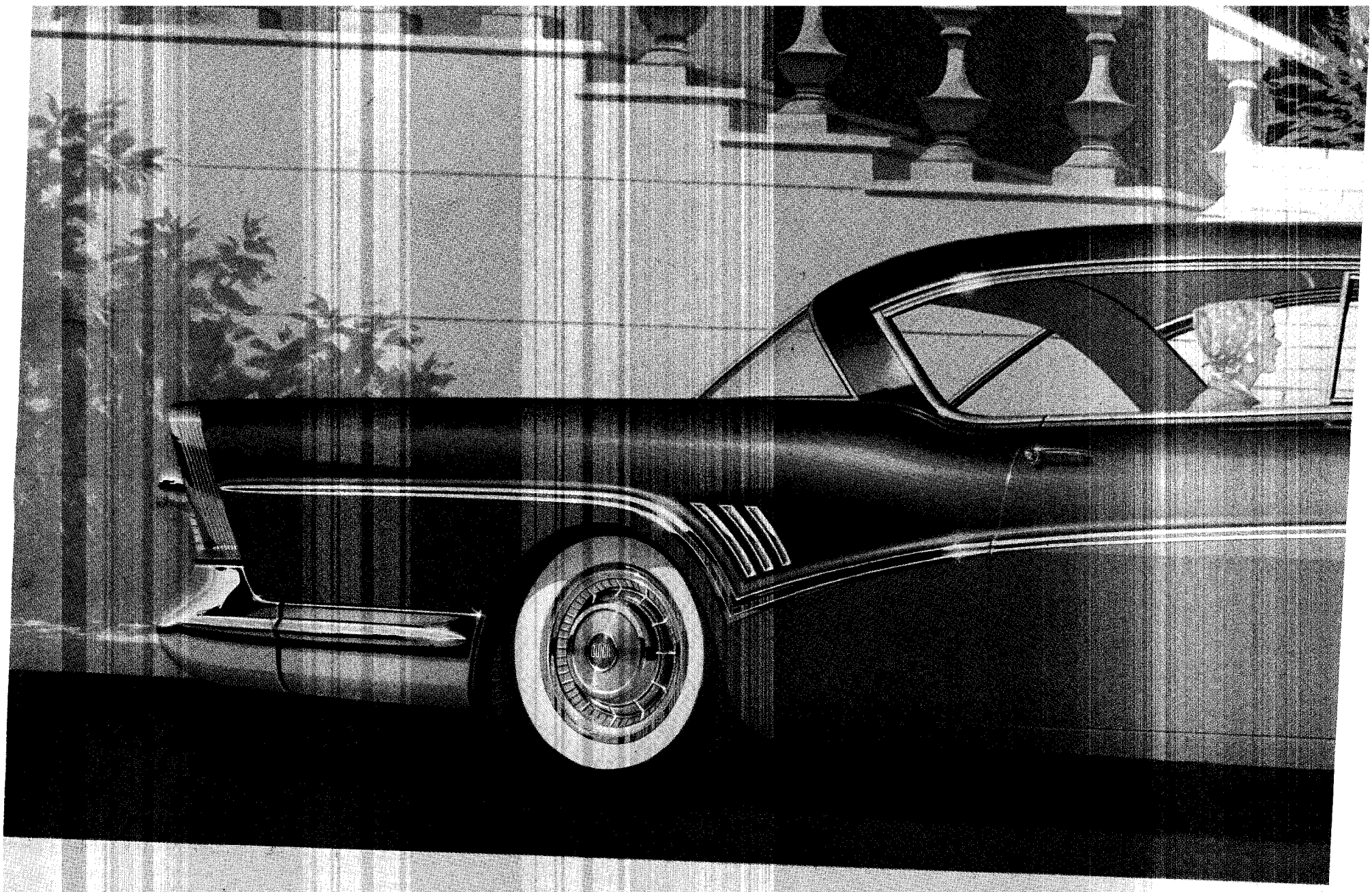

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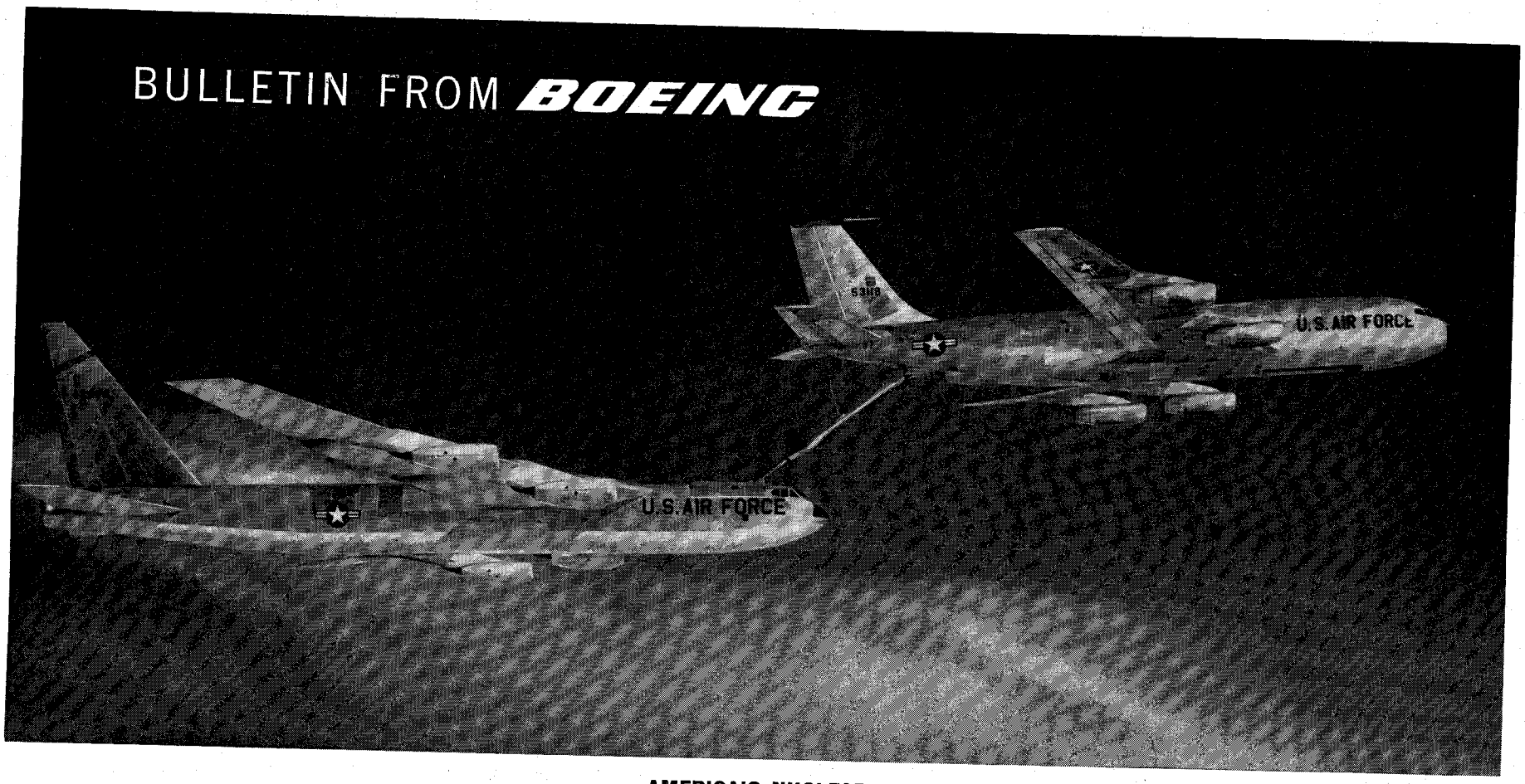

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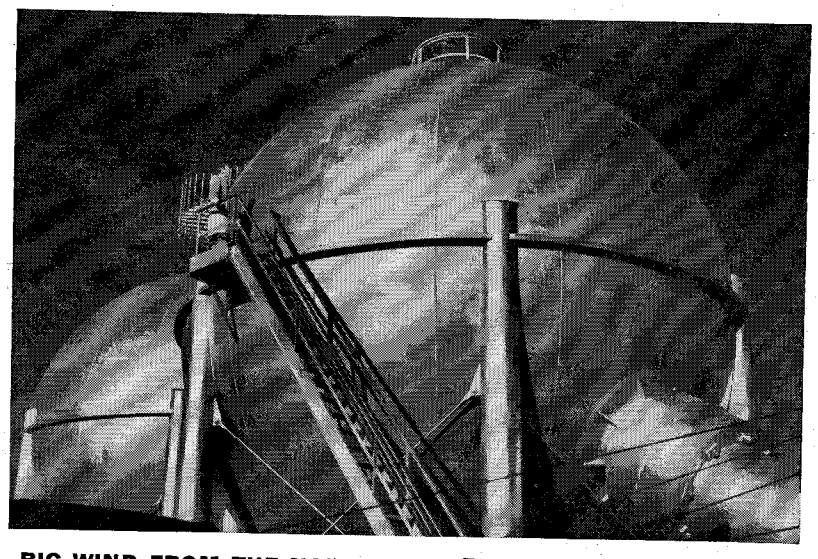

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(*Continued from Page 67*) behind even the most serene façade lurks some half-forgotten fanaticism. This is a vibrant city of argument, tumult, destruction, always growing, changing, perfecting, and then rejecting with violence, invoking any old stigma to beat down a dogma. The royalists inscribed "the last argument of kings" on the mouth of Bourbon cannon now adorning the public parks. And the last argument of regicide rationalists was the guillotine in the Place de la Concorde, the most ironic place name in the world. Every generation of Parisians has had a go at tipping from their pedestals the statues erected by the previous generation—"pull the rascals down." There is much black humor in the fact that these murderous Parisian wags have planted the president of the republic ("Elect the stupidest," said Clemenceau) in a palace first built for a royal mistress, that the National Assembly meets in the windowless, fake-façaded Palais Bourbon, the Bank of France is in the church where Napoleon married Josephine, and the Comédie Française performs in the haunts of Cardinal Richelieu.

Paris is its own history book and the Parisians are always turning the color-plate pages back and forth. The young Parisian learns by heart the romantic stories of how Paris was once the Roman Lutetia, and is taken to see the second-century arena that still exists. He learns about Clovis, Charlemagne and how the vikings came up the Seine in 885 A.D. He sees himself as a chevalier setting out with Saint Louis for the Holy Land, bringing back the Crown of Thorns from Constantinople, to put it in the Sainte Chapelle.

As he grows older, the seamier side of Paris attracts him. He learns about Saint Bartholomew's Night, the Terror and the Commune, that François Villon was a cutpurse, and what was really sad about the love affair of Héloïse and Abelard. As he passes the Louvre he remembers how his history books taught him that Henri II was the husband of Catherine de Médici, but he notes "H loves D" carved into the grill-work, and discovers the King's mistress was Diana of Poitiers.

The Paris student is a notorious rebel in his salad days. Then he graduates from the Polytechnique, gets a good job in a bank across the river, joins the Radical Socialist Party because he knows they are all rogues but in favor of sound money, keeps a mistress who is a model in the Avenue Matignon. He spends naughty weekends with her in the country, but would be furious if his wife neglected to take the children to church on Sunday morning.

This Parisian's conceit is that he is the real authentic Parisian, while other Parisians recognize him as a pale copy of characters out of yellow-backed novels of the Belle Epoque. His hunting grounds are still the Tour d'Argent, the Folies-Bergère, gypsy-fiddling Right-Bank night clubs, and places that sell American cigarettes only. He is a stock character of the *chansonniers* whom he patronizes. He is a Parisian in love with Paris, but perhaps less so than the flower woman who can tell you all about the history of the Pont Neuf; the communist workers in St. Denis who can tell you that Saint Denis was an Athenian and the first bishop of Paris; the thief in Montmartre who insists he is a traditionalist because the first building here was a Temple of Mercury, the God of Thieves.

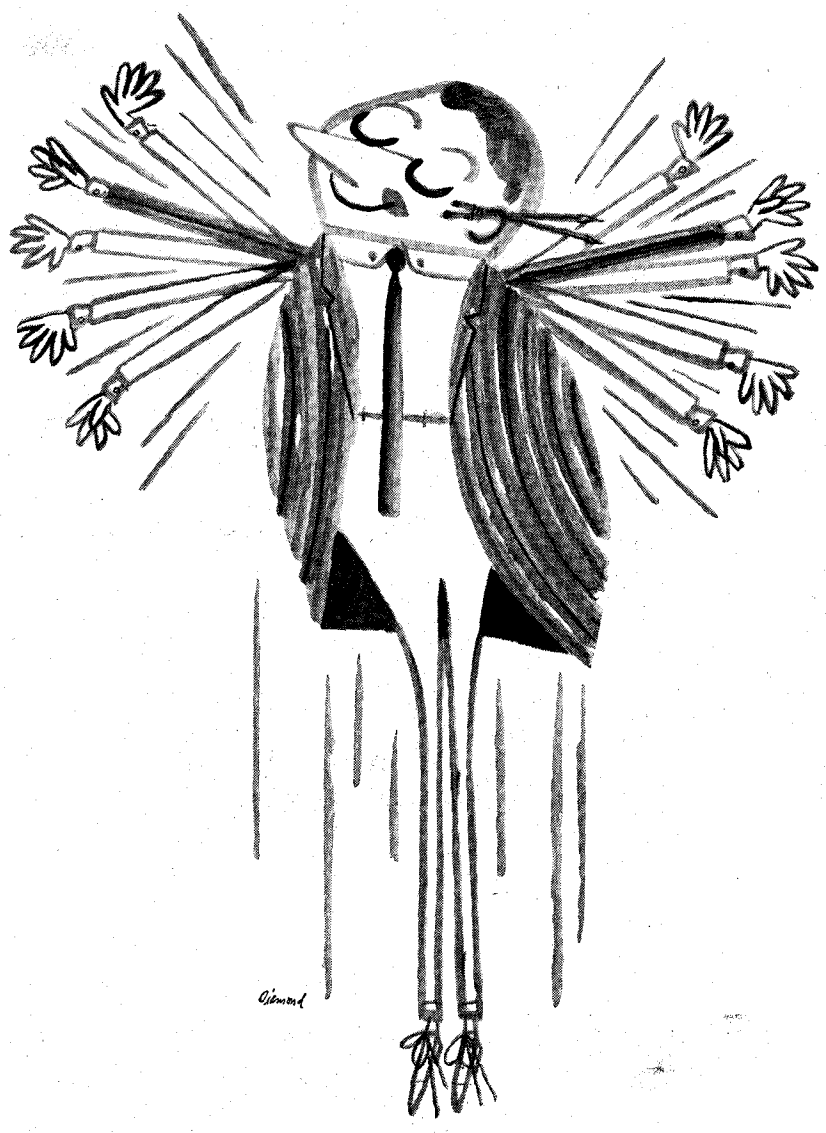
I know a clerk in a Paris store whose hobby is collecting playing cards used in the Jacobin revolutionary clubs—kings and queens suppressed in favor of knaves—and a journalist who has spent ten years prowling the Bibliothèque Nationale compiling a life of Julian the Apostate, the last pagan Roman emperor and one of the first admirers of Paris. In Paris, one can pick up a copy of the mass-circulation Figaro any day and read, front page under the fold no less, a long editorial on the Letters of Madame de Sévigné (1626–1696), or a critique of symbolism based on one line in a poem by Mallarmé. What is most astonishing is that half the bartenders of Paris will have read this before the evening crowd arrives, and be ready to have an opinion, usually against. The butchers like Figaro, too; it makes the best wrapping paper.

Conversation in Paris is not only one of the great mediums for conveying and keeping alive the idea of Paris, it is warfare carried on by other means. Several journals carry a special column entitled Defense of the French Language, which needs about as much defense as Mont Blanc. Every Parisian is bon-motivated, and the native Parisian specializes in the retort proper, the kind of thing the rest of us think of only on the staircase. Moreover, the Parisian is always putting himself on the trigger end of some famous *boutades*, as these sharp back-hands from the net are called. He is the nobleman answering the king, who asked who had made him a count, with "Who made thee king?" He is the Huguenot Henry IV, coolly deciding that "Paris is worth a Mass"—and later calling it "a nest of cuckolds." He is the thief, being hanged bright and early one Monday morning, and whose last words were "A week that commences badly may end very well." He is Napoleon, calling Talleyrand a sack of fertilizer in a silken sock, and he is

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I hope this answers your question."

How to make the most of your engineering career



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Talleyrand replying that in politics there are things worse than crimes, there are blunders.

Our Parisian is the famous deputy, who, coming to life when a dreary bill was being read in the chamber, with one clause stressing that there is a fundamental difference between men and women, jumped gallantly to his feet and shouted, "*Vive la différence!*" He is somebody remarking that Victor Hugo was a madman who was convinced he was Victor Hugo. He is Clemenceau, insisting he was against all governments, "especially my own"—or greeting Woodrow Wilson's Fourteen Points with the retort that even God the Father had only Ten.

Paris is, first and last, a city of artists, the creation, the inspiration, the delight of every artist living or dead who has worked here. And all Parisians are either artists, critics, critics of critics or models—often unconscious models—from the painter with his easel on the Seine, or poet who walks by and thinks of the painter, or the musicians, from Gounod to Gershwin, who have strolled by and put Paris to music, or the dramatists bringing into the theater Parisian plots that are always in the shape of a triangle. The ballet, the opera, the *chansonniers*, all keep alive the idea of Paris—and so keep alive the Parisians.

This is why Paris is and has always been the capital of style, taste and the thousand classy products known as "*articles de Paris.*" It is the inspiration of the dress designers, the hat and glove makers, the jewelers and perfumers—craftsmen who work in an ambiance of creative art and pick up the commercial reflections. Paris lives by selling Paris as a product, a city where the artisan has met the artist, and the result is quality. Paris is the world capital of gastronomy for a thousand reasons, but mostly, I think, because to please the epicurean palate of the Parisian, chefs here have had to hump it or go bankrupt, and nobody laughs when a great chef calls himself an artist, because, in his chosen *métier*, he is.

And finally, to turn to one idea born in Paris, an idea that used to be in every schoolbook in the world, but which seemed to many of us to have been a bit tarnished of late, the idea of liberal democracy—of liberty, equality and fraternity. Paris is famous for the rapidity of its changing moods, from Gay Paris to Paris *la Colère*. When I began this report, a happy Paris was enjoying the autumnal sun along the Seine, somebody was up in court on a cute swindle to procure "miniature whales" for the Trocadéro aquarium, and half the intellectuals of the Faubourg St. Germain were trying to convince the other half that the cold war was an invention of the Americans. Today, as I write these lines, the news has been coming in from Budapest. Paris workers, who have voted communist all their lives, are burning l'Humanité, the communist newspaper, in the streets because of what Soviet tanks are doing to Hungarian humanity on the banks of the Danube. And, as they burn, they see machine guns against barricades, patriots carrying the tricolor, storming many Bastilles, singing the Marseillaise.

These terrible Hungarian scenes are a reminder to every Parisian of what his own patriotic monuments are really about—not only the *Grande Revolution* but the Revolution of 1848, when a spark ignited in Paris in February jumped to Budapest in June. There the Hungarian patriot Kossuth proclaimed the message, translated from the French, of the rights of man, while here in Paris the poet Lamartine gave a famous speech from the steps of the Hôtel de Ville. One of the elected leaders of the revolt, he rejected the red flag, the ancient symbol of the Paris proletariat, preferred by the Communards:

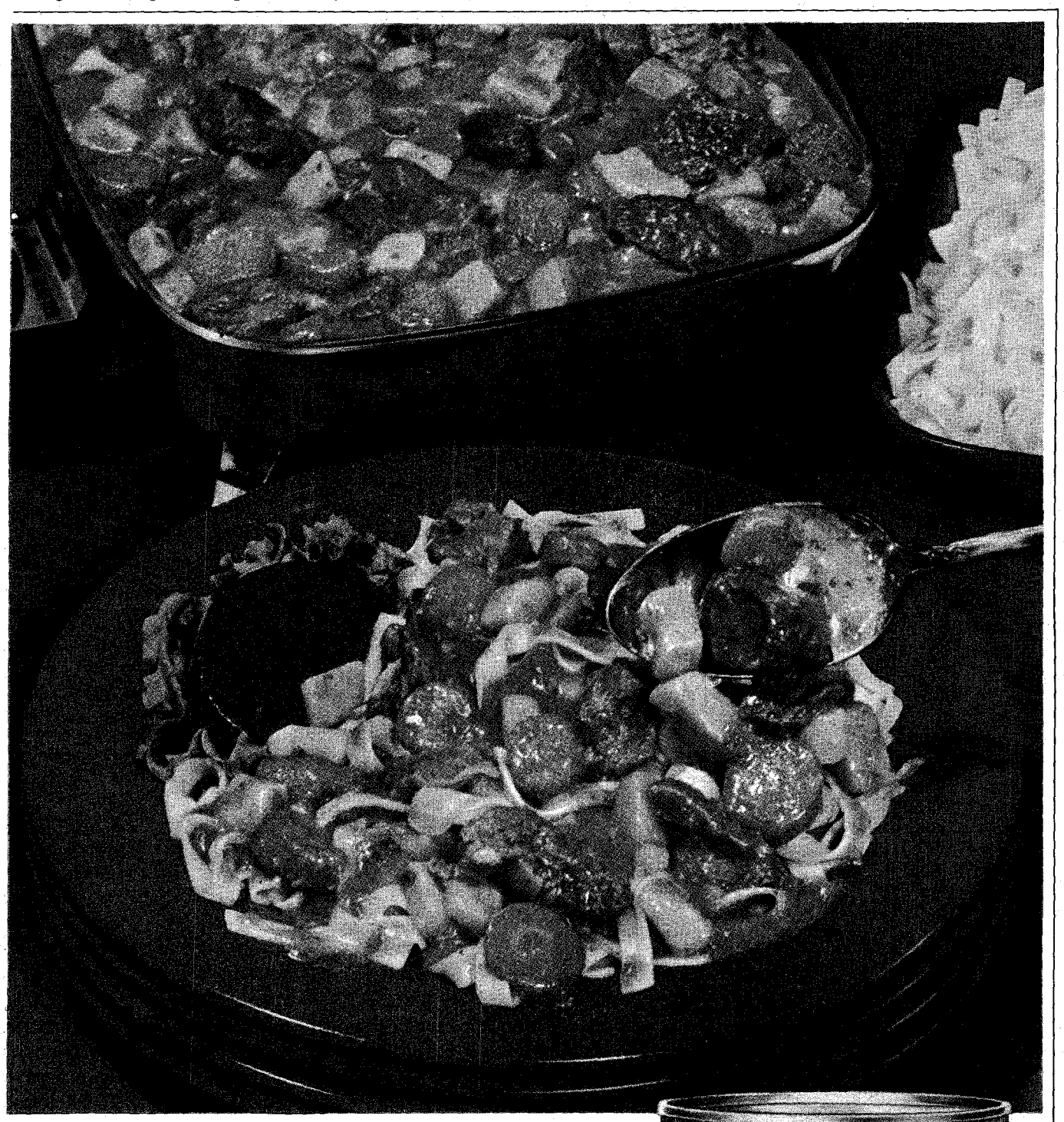
"Your bloody red flag inspires nothing but a reign of terror; it is soaked in the blood of citizens slaughtered on the Champ-de-Mars in 1793. Our flag is the tricolor, the red-white-and-blue that has made the tour of Europe."

With the eternal message—liberty, equality and fraternity. In this city of Paris, all is symbol, red flag and tricolor, and one day a young man named Lenin came here, to a Paris always kind to exiles. He lived up in Montparnasse, drank *vin rosé* in the Closerie-des-Lilas, worried about growing bald, listened to the Appassionata Sonata, and was kind to the children he met in the Parc de Montsouris. But he plunged into the history of the French Revolution, came up clutching the red flag, and the idea of the Bolshevik revolution was born. For liberty, he substituted a gargoyle. Surely Lenin missed the true idea of Paris, and if this city has any meaning, it is that the ideals of Lamartine will burn brightly here, long after the creed of Lenin has burned itself out on some distant steppe.

THE END

Ice skating is often just the opposite of setting-up exercises.

DAN BENNETT



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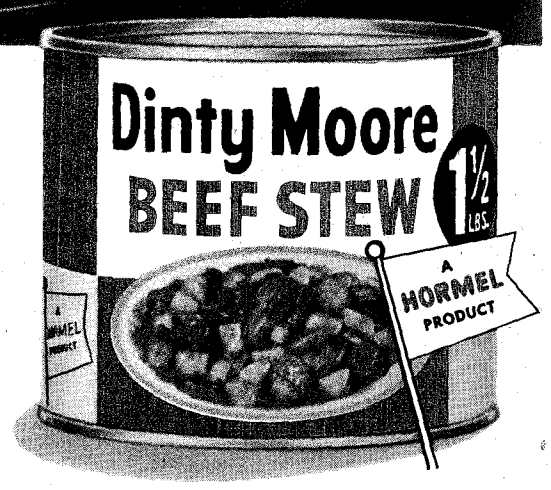

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What Ike Will Do (Continued from Page 31)

rigorous control over his temper. During the recent Middle East crisis, for example, the President, after an initial outburst of anger over the British-French-Israeli invasion of Egypt, seemed downright diligent about keeping his emotions in check. Under the watchful eye of his personal physician and friend, Maj. Gen. Howard McC. Snyder, he rests after lunch every day, lives on a low-fat diet, and regularly takes anticoagulants to reduce the danger of blood clotting. But on all evidence he is in excellent health—an inspiration to every heart patient in the world.

By the end of his second term Mr. Eisenhower will be, at seventy, the oldest President in American history. In the classical tradition, at least, his next four years fall in that period of a man's life when he is richest in wisdom and virtue. Happily, he will have great freedom to do as he chooses. No one has any political claims on him. Since the Twenty-second Amendment bars him from a third term, his every action from now on can be taken without thought of his own political future. Thus Inauguration Day, 1957, presents not only a spectacle of world crisis but a personal drama in some ways unique in the annals of the Presidency.

After forty-odd years of public service, Mr. Eisenhower might have retired, feeling sure of his place in history. Nothing that happens hereafter can alter the final estimate of his role as the victorious leader of Allied forces in Europe in World War II. But the estimate that history will make of Dwight D. Eisenhower as the thirty-fourth President of the United States is thrown back into the balance. In the long view, his second term probably will count for more than his first; his hardest decisions are still ahead of him.

To a greater extent than ever before, the second term will test President Eisenhower as a peacemaker, as the protector of vital American interests, and as leader of the anti-Communist coalition. Shouldering these burdens, he must at the same time perfect an enduring domestic program in the face of potentially formidable opposition in the new Congress.

If his health remains vigorous—an assumption upon which all calculations must depend—what will be the features of Mr. Eisenhower's second term?

His approach to his office has been undergoing changes for a long time. In the next four years he will be more assertive, at times more demanding. His resounding personal victory in November magnified his prestige and authority. Convinced that he has an unmistakable mandate, he will take his case to the people by fireside chats and other means, if Congress should try to block his major aims.

He will, without in any sense attempting to displace the Secretary of State, play a greater personal role in the diplomacy of the United States. When John Foster Dulles was about to depart for a London conference on the Suez Canal crisis—this was before the military blows fell in Egypt and Hungary—he asked the President for a letter stating the American position. Mr. Eisenhower replied that the Secretary of State had complete authority to speak for him.

"But, Mr. President," the Secretary said, "around the conference table your voice commands a respect that cannot be matched by any other."

Mr. Dulles' stated opinion explains in part why the President will devote more of his time and energy in the second term to fundamental foreign policy. Indeed, he will concentrate more on high policy in all spheres, leaving details to those men, like Sherman Adams, whom he has learned to trust. This tireless Assistant to the President, whose influence penetrated deeply into the Executive Branch of the Government in the first term, will exert even greater authority in the second. Mr. Adams' participation in recent decisions in the Middle East crisis suggests that his particular concern with domestic affairs will broaden increasingly to embrace foreign affairs also.

In his second term, the President will be more controversial and less inhibited by the views of Old Guard factions in the Republican Party. After breakfast one Sunday last October, Mr. Eisenhower's attention was called to a front-page editorial in The Baltimore Sun, supporting him for re-election. One of the passages read:

> What the Eisenhower administration did was to flip a page of history—bring an era to an end. It did so against the will of an important element of the Republican Party that wanted to flip the pages back the other way to 1929 and before. . . .
>
> There is no longer any question who is boss, no longer any question that it is the Eisenhower kind of Republicanism, not that of the Old Guard, or of Senator McCarthy, which prevails.

The President liked this so well that he wrote a letter to the editor of the Sun, commending him on the editorial.

Speaking of Senator McCarthy, nothing would suit Mr. Eisenhower better than the retirement of the junior senator from Wisconsin when his term ends two years hence. But the President will not go into Wisconsin in 1958 to try to defeat him. He is relying on the opinion of his political advisers that, if the White House ostensibly keeps hands off, Senator McCarthy is likely to lose in the Republican primary. This policy, however, would not necessarily deter the White House from intervening indirectly by building up a rival Republican candidate. Some of the President's advisers are urging such intervention, not only against Senator McCarthy in Wisconsin, but against Senator William E. Jenner, the extreme right-wing Republican from Indiana whose term also expires in two years.

Mr. Eisenhower will demand in the next four years—"incessantly," he has said—that the Republican Party go forward instead of backward. One of the reasons he ran for a second term, as he has related privately, was to lead the party away from the obstructionist spirit of the '30's and '40's. Last September, as he was leaving a television studio in Washington after a major campaign speech, the President said to a close personal friend, "If I am elected, I am going to run this party."

After his victory had become apparent on election night, he asserted that the returns bespoke the triumph of "modern Republicanism." This was not just a casual phrase. Mr. Eisenhower was serving notice on Republicans in Congress and the party organization that his brand of Republicanism was going to prevail. Here was an implicit warning that if Republicans hoped to win in the future, they had better commit themselves to a program of betterment for all the people, and for peace—not through isolationism, but through collective security and the United Nations.

Midway in the campaign, Mr. Eisenhower said that the cardinal issue before the American people in the four years ahead was the management of domestic affairs. This was still his view on October twenty-ninth, when he campaigned in the South.

That afternoon he made a speech at the airport in Jacksonville, Florida, in which he painted a sparkling picture of prosperity at home and rapped Adlai E. Stevenson for harping on the danger of disaster abroad. Then, with a wave to the crowd, he started back to his plane.

It was a cheerless, gray day. A cool wind tugged at the President's single-breasted suit. Still smiling, he paused at the ramp leading up to the Columbine III. The time was 3:12 P.M. His press secretary, James C. Hagerty, handed him a slip of paper. As he read it, the President's smile faded, his lips pressed tightly together. Jotted on the paper was an Associated Press bulletin reporting that Israel had invaded Egypt. Domestic affairs were the main issue no longer.

The world that President Eisenhower would face in his second term was changing rapidly. After the October uprising in Budapest, the Soviet Union had withdrawn its troops from Hungary. In a broadcast from the White House on October thirty-first the President, though skeptical of Soviet intentions, remarked, "In Eastern Europe there is the dawning of a new day."

The day was tragically brief. In Philadelphia the next night Mr. Eisenhower was obliged to say: "We are—only today—troubled by news of a new Soviet effort to suppress the people of Hungary by force. If this be true, this is a black day of sorrow." It was true, as ghastly events in Budapest soon proved.

For weeks after the invasion of Egypt the President took personal charge of foreign policy, often to the exclusion of other business. The fact that Secretary Dulles underwent surgery early in the crisis added to the load the President had to carry. Sometimes he would arise as early as five-thirty in the morning and scribble drafts of cables to Anthony Eden or Guy Mollet or David Ben-Gurion. On other occasions he worked late into the night with his advisers in his second-floor study.

Of all decisions taken in such meetings, the President believes that the most far-reaching was the decision to oppose the British and French invasion of Egypt on the same moral grounds that we opposed the Soviet reconquest of Hungary.

If it was wrong for our enemy to impose his will by force, it was wrong for our friends also. The moral law must apply to friend and foe alike. Otherwise there is no moral law, and without it there can be no lasting peace. This was the essence of the American stand.

I know it was a sobering step for the President to take one fork of the road while our principal allies were setting out on the other, and even now the consequences cannot be fully measured. The tensions which have resulted pose one of the large problems of the President's second term. On the other hand, the decision has strengthened this country's standing with the neutralist nations, like India, whose role in the struggle against communism is of incalculable importance.

As Mr. Eisenhower and his advisers view the Middle East situation, the task of trying to turn disaster into some ultimate good falls into three phases.

The first phase was to get a U.N. cease-fire in Egypt, and to have the British, French and Israeli troops withdraw as U.N. police troops took over. The second phase is the clearing of the Suez Canal, and shipment of oil from the Western Hemisphere to relieve the shortage in Europe. Big Three talks on the whole issue will be held in Washington. Phase No. 3, upon which these talks will bear, will be a supreme attempt to achieve a permanent settlement. Difficult as this will be, the President became confident in

Next Week...

Lament for a Long-Gone Past
Story of Their Own Childhood
By Joseph and Stewart Alsop

So You'd Like to Win a Contest!
How a Housewife Has Won Mountains of Merchandise

A Young Couple's Dangerous Voyage
Crossing the Caribbean in a Jeep

In Color
Bonnets and Broadbrims
A Picture Story of the Quaint Pennsylvania Amish

In Color
Fisherman's Wharf
The Water Front of Old Monterey

Doctor's Assignment
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And
Other Exciting Stories

The Meaning of the '56 Election by SAMUEL LUBELL

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December that war would be averted in the Middle East.

The President is willing to go far in extending American aid to facilitate a settlement which will include aid to Israel and financial assistance in resettling Arab refugees from Israeli lands. Mr. Eisenhower is eager to revive the Jordan River project on which Eric A. Johnston has been working to bring life-giving waters to the desert, for the benefit of Arab and Israeli alike.

To insure future stability, we may agree to guarantee whatever border is finally agreed upon by Egypt and Israel. If President Gamal Abdel Nasser will enter into a fair settlement of the Suez Canal question and other pressing issues, there is a distinct possibility that the United States will renew its offer of a loan for the Aswan High Dam on the Nile River.

Probably the greatest single task before the second Eisenhower Administration will be the restoration of NATO as a deterrent to Soviet aggression. NATO's effectiveness began to decline as fear of war subsided following Stalin's death. It was brought to its lowest state by divisions among the big partners over Middle East policy.

"It is our firm purpose," Secretary Dulles said on his arrival at the recent NATO Council meeting in Paris, "to find the way to bury past discords in a future of peaceful and fruitful co-operation."

As the Manchester Guardian observed recently, only the President can hope to provide the leadership necessary to reinvigorate NATO. In discussing this problem of the Atlantic alliance with his closest associates, Mr. Eisenhower has voiced a strong hope that, before he leaves office, the nonmilitary functions of NATO will be developed much further. He is thinking among other things of the strengthening of political ties among the members.

If conditions should permit, the President would like to travel abroad in his second term as a unique American ambassador of good will. He has a hankering to revisit old wartime haunts in Britain and France. His brother, Dr. Milton S. Eisenhower, has aroused his interest in seeing Latin America. He would like to go to Hawaii, particularly if statehood is voted, and he has remarked privately many times how much he would like to visit India.

The recent visit here of Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru strengthened the President's hope that in his second term he can help bring about a new order in the Far East, one that may point the way to a satisfactory solution of the China problem. He is waiting to see what the Chinese Communists will do about the ten American prisoners still in their hands. Release of the prisoners could be the signal that Red China is ready for further negotiation of differences with the United States.

Mr. Eisenhower has long been troubled by doubts about the wisdom of endless nonrecognition of Red China. Time and again, he has sat at his desk and insisted that it is shortsighted to look at only one side of this question. Obviously, Chinese belligerence has made recognition impossible up to now. But times change, the President argues; witness the revolution in our attitude toward Germany in the last decade.

Is it not at least worth considering, the President asks, whether the policy of nonrecognition, if continued indefinitely, might defeat the long-range interests of the United States? The point he makes is that permanent nonrecognition may encourage China in clinging to her alliance with Moscow, whereas recognition might have the eventual effect of helping to loosen this tie.

The President is far from convinced, I am certain, that the Soviet-Chinese alliance is a natural one, or inevitably enduring. Because of this attitude, the possibility of a material change in relations between Red China and the United States will lurk in the background of the second term. But the burden of proof is on China. Unless Peiping's behavior changes radically, it is unthinkable that Mr. Eisenhower would extend recognition, especially in view of the hardened opposition of party officials like Senator William F. Knowland, of California, the Senate Republican leader.

In any case, Mr. Eisenhower feels that India's co-operation will be essential to effect any improvement of conditions in the Far East. As he did in their recent talks, the President is going to use all his powers of persuasion to win Nehru's understanding of American objectives as a foundation for new efforts to create stability in Asia.

When the President took office four years ago, the basic American foreign policy for the postwar world had been evolved by the Truman Administration. While making numerous modifications, Mr. Eisenhower followed the general lines of that policy. Now, however, the postwar world is giving way to another era. In the Middle East, for example, the Tripartite Declaration of 1950, which preserved a precarious peace between Israel and the Arab states for six years, is dead. Something new must take its place.

The President's second term, therefore, will require a blazing of new trails. New ideas will have to replace the old. Perhaps the quality that will be most on trial in the next four years of the Eisenhower Administration will be its creativeness.

While foreign policy is in a state of flux, the outlines of domestic policy are well established. The program the President is submitting to the eighty-fifth Congress consists largely of measures which he has proposed before, but which failed to pass.

Among these are Hawaiian statehood, Federal health reinsurance to bring hospitalization plans within the reach of more people, and revision of the Taft-Hartley law. The President approved a pledge in the Republican platform last August that the administration would overhaul the Taft-Hartley law, and Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell is making a genuine reappraisal of the act. The President will resubmit the dozen or so amendments he proposed without success last year, providing for such things as secret strike ballots and the anticommunist oath by management as well as labor. Depending on the outcome of current studies, he may ask for other changes too.

The President is once more asking for civil-rights legislation. He wants a Civil Rights Division established in the Justice Department, and a bipartisan mission to investigate violation of civil rights.

Mr. Eisenhower also is making another effort to get the McCarran-Walter immigration law liberalized, increasing the annual immigration quotas to 219,000—a rise of 65,000. More important, perhaps, is his recommendation that unused quotas for one area be made available to persons in other areas where quotas have been exhausted. Separately, the President is asking Congress to grant permanent residence to many of the Hungarian refugees who are being admitted to the United States.

Throughout the President's second term, mutual-security appropriations will pose a critical problem. There are clear signs, including the Vice-President's notable speech in New York recently, urging financial assistance to Britain, that the administration is not going to let the Atlantic alliance go downhill.

The President has been quoted by an associate as having said, after overcoming his irritation at the invasion of Egypt, that he would rather lose his right arm than allow the alliance to founder. The long-term aspects of financial aid are under serious study. But it does appear that steps such as the recent extension of up to $1,300,000,000 in credit to London by the International Monetary Fund will at least postpone demands on Congress for heavy additional appropriations.

Another recommendation is the proposed constitutional amendment to lower the voting age to eighteen. In his efforts to build the Republican Party up to a point where it can win without him in 1960, Mr. Eisenhower is placing emphasis on the votes of younger people. His zeal for this amendment is all the greater as a result of the stunning Republican victory in Kentucky, where eighteen-year-olds were eligible to vote last November for the first time.

The domestic legislation the President feels most strongly about is the school bill. During its first two years in power, the administration was slow to grasp the urgent need of Federal aid to education. Last year, Mr. Eisenhower proposed a $2,000,000,000 program of Federal grants and other assistance to the states for school construction. Congress let the measure fall by the wayside. The program was to cover a five-year period. To make up for ground lost last year, the President is now asking that the same job be done in four. He is prepared to put up a real fight to get this bill through.

The commanding attitude that Presidents Roosevelt and Truman often took toward Congress is still repugnant to Mr. Eisenhower, but he is more determined than formerly to be insistent. He will employ his prestige in exerting pressure on Congress by means of public statements and speeches, even by taking his case to the people by television. Such pressure might prove hard for individual congressmen to resist. Certainly the President is more disposed than ever before to talk turkey to Republican members of Congress.

Next to the President, the central figure in the second term will be Vice-President Nixon. It appears that Mr. Nixon has the best chance to be nominated for the Presidency in 1960. Still, Mr. Eisenhower recently indicated at a press conference that he expects to have a powerful voice in the selection of his successor. Will he decide to throw his mantle over the youthful Vice-President? This is one of the biggest questions of the next four years—an element that lends fascination to the future Eisenhower-Nixon relationship.

Mr. Nixon has already worked his way high into Mr. Eisenhower's esteem. In the next four years he will discreetly endeavor to convince the President that he has the stature for the office, the desire to perpetuate the Eisenhower philosophy, and the ability to win the election. Mr. Nixon has a running start, and he is not the kind of man to botch this job.

The distance Mr. Eisenhower's experience has carried him between inaugurations can be measured in various ways. One that occurs to me is this: The day after his inauguration in 1953, he received a telephone call from his old comrade, General of the Army Omar N. Bradley. When their conversation was ended, Mr. Eisenhower remarked almost incredulously to an associate, "He called me *Mr. President!*"

Today Mr. Eisenhower would not be surprised.

Winningest Basketball Coach (Continued from Page 36)

26,000. Even in comparatively lean seasons such as last year, when they won sixteen and lost twelve, Diddle's boys can knock over almost anybody.

Western Kentucky under Ed Diddle was one of the first small institutions to demonstrate that, while big-time football might be out of their reach, it was entirely feasible for them to make money and win national attention in basketball. This can be done with just a few first-class players. Western Kentucky has the recruiting know-how and the necessary scholarships to land its share of talented boys. For those with no great interest in book learning, there is a big physical-education department.

Many schools have taken similar paths to basketball prominence. What sets Western Kentucky apart is the distinctive character of its coach. For example, when Ed Diddle made that hopeful forecast for this season, the statement was remarkable not because of its uncoachly optimism, but because Uncle Ed delivered it without getting any of the words mixed up.

His penchant for tangling phrases and expressions has become legendary. To him, a certain tree in his back yard is a "pussyfoot willow." When asked how tall some player is, he may put his hand about eight inches above his head and say, "Oh, he comes up to here on me."

These malapropisms are no act. Neither, in the beginning, was Diddle's now-famous practice of ecstatically heaving a towel high toward the rafters from the bench after an especially noteworthy basket by his team. When this spontaneous stunt proved a crowd pleaser, Diddle embellished it to the extent of always using a big red bath towel, instead of just picking up whatever towel was handy in the dressing room. Essentially, though, the towel tossing is Diddle's way of letting off steam.

It comes as naturally as the pregame prayers Charley Moran used to conduct for his Centre College football teams in the days when Diddle was the No. 1 blocking back and Bo McMillin was the ace runner.

The towel routine had its origin in the fact that the excitement of a game made the palms of Ed's hands perspire. He began keeping a towel with him to wipe his hands.

Today the towel is in almost continuous use. Diddle is forever stuffing it in his mouth, or burying his head in it, or twisting and waving it wildly as his team goes in to score. Opponents have even joined in the ritual. The fans at archrival Murray State once unloosed a shower of 1000 towels from the stands.

Diddle remains a perpetual-emotion machine despite a heart attack which

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side-lined him for part of the 1952–53 season. But with all his eccentricities—he insists on being the last person to leave the dressing room before a game and between halves—nobody who knows Ed Diddle thinks of him as a clown. To the people of Bowling Green, this easygoing, sad-eyed man with the dead-center hair part and the country walk is a formidable citizen. To opposing coaches, he's one of the ablest tacticians and shrewdest operators in the game.

Western plays a fast-break, firehouse type of basketball. "Attack is our stock in trade," Diddle says, "and there are three ways to attack: down one side of the floor, down the middle and down the other side. And you don't even need a play if you get a half-step start on the opposing team.

"When the fast break isn't working for us, we try a single-post offense—if I have the big, agile boy who can play it. If this tall boy is nifty, I don't believe in rotating players on the post. Why waste a good, big boy in the outcourt if you can get him under the basket right off the reel?"

In recent years, when Western had no truly outstanding tall player, Diddle used a "whirl" offense—the name originated with the students and townspeople—in which every boy on the Hilltoppers' team was able to play the post, or pivot.

Ed says that his Western Kentucky basketball teams "just sorta play by ear," which is a modest understatement. However, he does believe that talented players "who get along together" are more important than any system or technique. He also feels that it is more dangerous to have too many good boys than too few.

"With a small squad, everybody gets to play and everybody's happy," Diddle says. "On a large squad, those not playing almost always cause dissension."

If a freshman has natural form and can hit the basket, Diddle never tries to change his shooting style no matter how peculiar it may be. "The more different it is, the more baffling it will be to the defense," Ed reasons. Harry Saddler, the Hilltoppers' scoring leader in 1936–37, made most of his baskets by holding the ball high over his head, jumping about four feet in the air and letting it go. However, if an unorthodox shooter is ineffective, Diddle and his valued long-time assistant, Ted Hornback, who's also director of physical education, will work to change the boy's form.

On defense, Diddle prefers the man-to-man style. He allows his two guards to switch men when circumstances indicate, but Western's forwards and center stay with their men no matter where they go. This may mean running into screens set up by the opposing team, but Ed doesn't mind that.

"What we want to avoid," he explains, "is our big player being switched off on a little man, and the little man getting around him, or our little man having to try and guard the opposition's big man. Defense can be taught easily," Diddle continues. "What we want are boys with an eye for the basket, boys who can shoot. We tell our players to fire away. We play the fast break because it makes people come to our gymnasium. They like to see scoring. We give them what they like."

This is a characteristically frank statement of the basketball philosophy at Western Kentucky, where at least six of the ten home games this season will draw standing-room-only crowds to the 4500-seat gymnasium. The colorful Hilltoppers also have box-office appeal on the road, as evidenced by their bookings this season against Seton Hall at Madison Square Garden, in New York; against DePaul at the Chicago Stadium; and in the Orange Bowl tournament at Miami. Over the years, Western has played in more National Invitation Tournaments at Madison Square Garden—eight—than any other school outside the New York area.

In the 1942 tournament, Western Kentucky gained the semifinals by beating City College of New York. Then Diddle, who revels in the role of the wide-eyed country bumpkin who in the end outsmarts the city slickers, came up with something unconventional for the next opponent, Creighton University, of Omaha. Creighton was seeded No. 1 and had a potent, fast-breaking offense. Diddle decided to sacrifice some of his own offensive strength in favor of getting back on defense. Whenever Western shot, only three of its players battled under the boards for rebounds, the guards dropping back the instant the ball was released. Creighton never was able to get ahead of the Hilltopper defense, and lost, 49–36. In the finals, Western just missed out against West Virginia, 47 to 45.

Diddle's faculty for coping with a situation was still in evidence last winter when his subpar team faced the University of Louisville, the eventual National Invitation champion, in the Kentucky Invitation tournament at Louisville. Diddle devised a special defense for the opposition's big gun, Charlie Tyra. It wasn't a new idea, but it was well conceived and well executed. Diddle modified his usual man-to-man defense by having a guard drop off and join Montroe Holland, Western's center, in double-teaming Tyra. He was held to eleven points, and Louisville was upset, 86 to 77.

Western Kentucky is a member of the Ohio Valley Conference. It can't get games with Southeastern Conference and Big Ten teams—for them it's a case of lots-to-lose, little-to-gain. What Western alumni crave most is an annual series with the University of Kentucky, pitting Diddle against the flamboyant Wildcat coach, Baron Adolph Rupp.

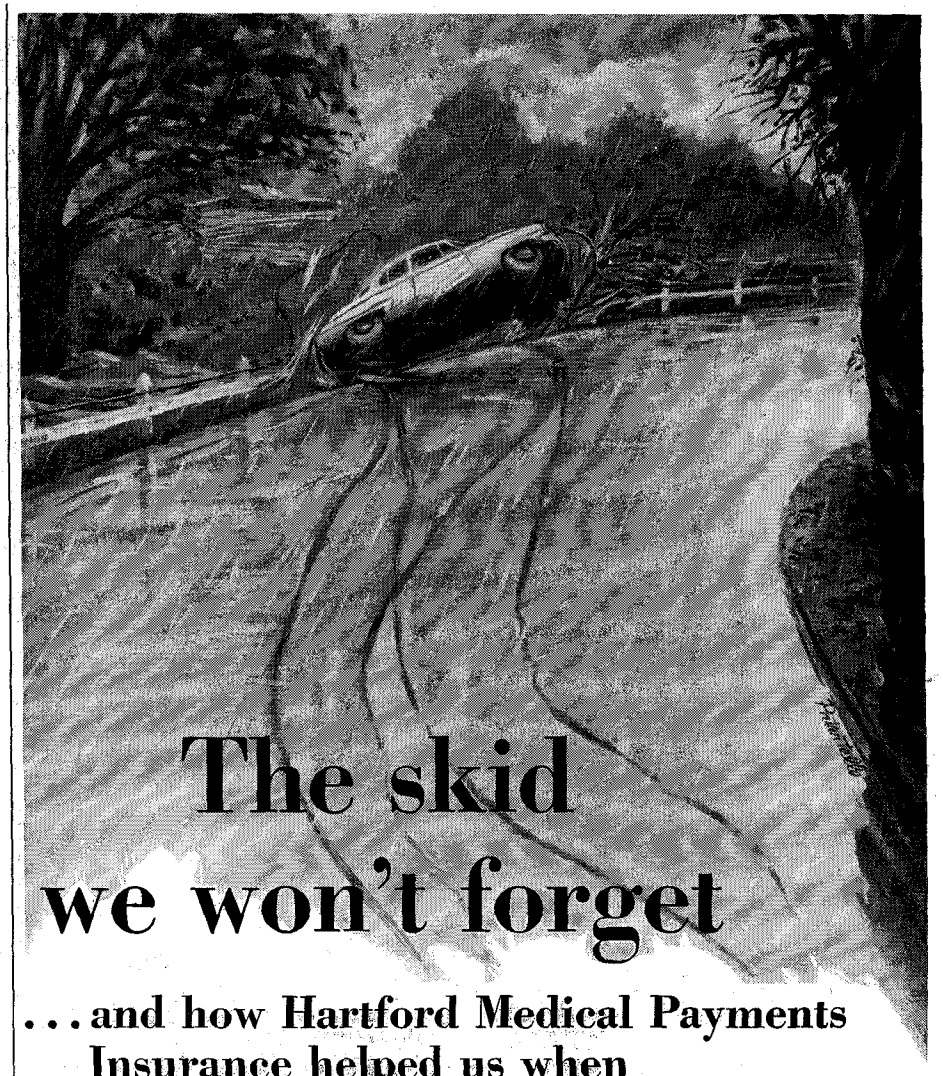
"I've never pushed Kentucky to play us," Ed comments. "We don't have to beg anybody, and we have no trouble filling our schedule. But with this new State Fairgrounds Coliseum at Louisville, seating 18,000, two games a year there with sure sellout crowds would net Kentucky and us at least $25,000 apiece. I wonder if we aren't being crazy, not playing?"

Western this year possesses what Diddle calls "the finest pair of guards in the country" in juniors Owen Lawson and Eric Back. Both are from Middletown, Ohio—only half the varsity squad of fourteen are native Kentuckians. In addition to Lawson and Back, top players include Bob Daniels, six-foot-six-inch senior from Tutor Key, Kentucky, who is sought as a pitcher by many major-league baseball clubs; the veteran Montroe Holland, six feet, seven inches, and sophomore center Ralph Crosthwaite, six feet, eight-and-a-half inches. (*Continued on Page 78*)

Conspirators

By Pauline Havard

A snowflake by itself is frail
And lighter than a feather;
But unified, how strong they are!
Thus snowflakes get together;
Besiege the traffic and town's folk
Who find their plans laid low;
Caught in the surreptitious, white
Conspiracy of snow!



The skid we won't forget

. . . and how Hartford Medical Payments Insurance helped us when we couldn't help ourselves

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Rain kept me from telling that the road ahead had just been oiled.

When I stepped on the brake, we skidded crazily across the road, crashed through the fence. Both my wife and I were thrown out as the car overturned. Luckily, the police got us to a hospital fast.

From my Hartford Automobile Insurance Service Card they got the name of my agent back home and wired him. The very next morning, a claim representative from the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company was at my bedside.

What that man did for us! He saw that our every need was taken care of. More than once, he went out of his way to do little, friendly things for us.

Kay was unconscious 36 hours. It was 10 days before she could be moved from the hospital. Meanwhile, the Hartford man had arranged for an ambulance and a registered nurse—to take us 460 miles back home!

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We got wonderful treatment from the Hartford. Take my word for it, their service can't be beat.

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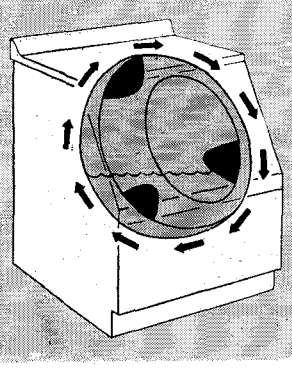
Dramatic Sand Test Proves *washes cleaner, rinses*

Actual scene, from live television Sand Test on Westinghouse "Studio One", Monday, November 12th.

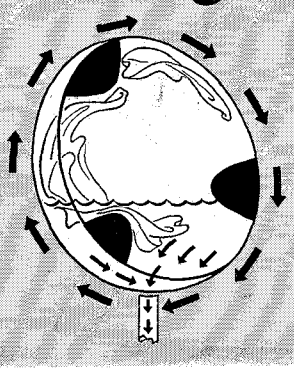
Here's why the Revolving Agitator Laundromat is best



BETTER WASHING!

Westinghouse removed the center-post entirely. Clothes go *inside* the agitator which lifts, turns, plunges them 50 times a minute . . . washes *all* the clothes, *all* the time.

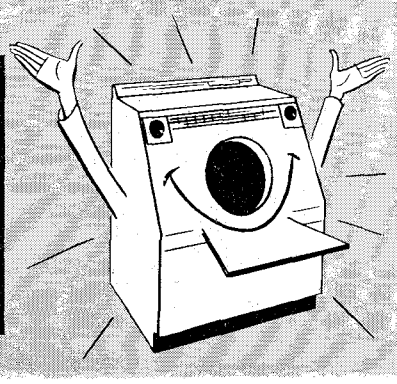
THE SAND TEST PROVES IT!



BETTER RINSING!

The patented Revolving Agitator lifts clothes so the dirty wash water and heavy soil drain AWAY, never THROUGH them. The center-post agitator machines strain it all back through clothes.

THE SAND TEST PROVES IT!



CLEANS ITSELF!

Patented design m
Laundromat self-
—automatically!
All soil, sand, lint
and scum go out
bottom of the
Revolving Agitat
down the drain.

THE SAND TEST PR

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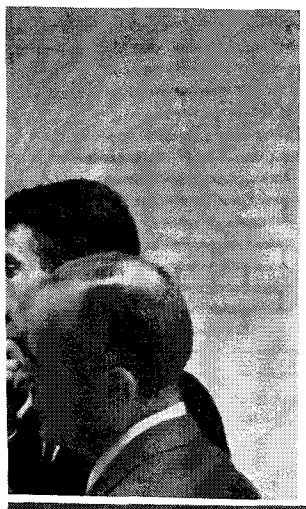
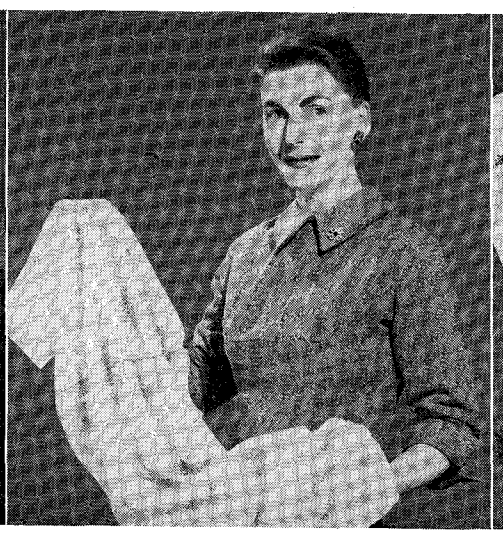
Westinghouse Laundromat®
better, even cleans itself!



Big news in the home laundry field was made by Westinghouse when live comparison tests on TV proved the Laundromat's superiority. When the first test brought a flurry of letters from watchers who "couldn't believe there was that much difference," Westinghouse invited them to New York to do the test themselves. In a CBS studio, before a TV audience of 22 million, the doubters did the wash. Three were assigned to different brands of center-post agitator washers. The fourth used a Westinghouse Laundromat with patented Revolving Agitator action. Four towels and two cups of sand went into each washer and all machines completed their full wash, rinse and spin cycles. What were the results? Just look below!

hed by center-post agitator X, operated Mr. Albert W. Schmidt of Cedar Rapids, a. Towel is still full of dirty sand. So the machine that did the wash.



Washed by center-post agitator Y, operated by Mrs. Robert George Davey of Indianapolis, Indiana. Towel is still loaded with dirty sand. Machine needed special clean-up.

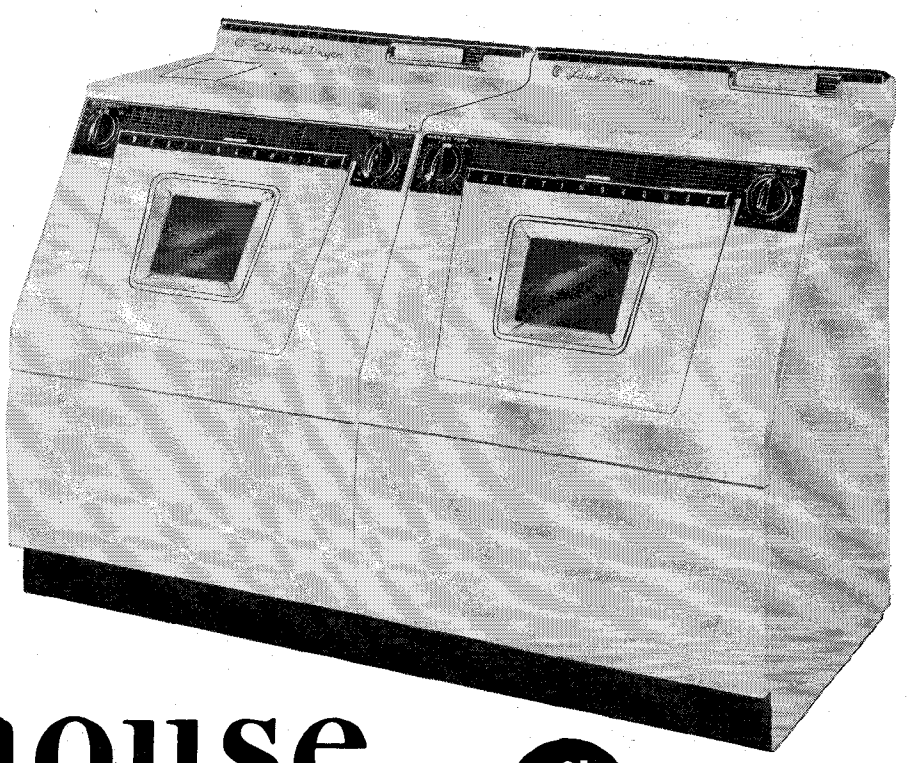
Washed by center-post agitator Z, operated by Mrs. Robert J. Begasse of New Milford, Connecticut. Towel is heavy with dirt, sand. The machine was sandy, too.

Washed by Revolving Agitator Laundromat operated by Mrs. Ben R. Gilbert of Canton, Ohio. Towel was brilliantly clean. Not a grain of sand remained in towels or machine.

This Sand Test is your proof

that the Laundromat washes cleaner, rinses better, even cleans itself! The sand in this test represents heavy soil in your clothes. It might be insoluble dirt, or sand from play-clothes. It shows how the Laundromat does a more thorough rinsing job—not only for sand, but for heavy soil, everyday soil, any soil. Saves work, too, because it's self-cleaning, needs none of the after-wash clean-up other machines require.

Deluxe Laundry Twins with new picture window styling. Model L-100 Laundromat with Revolving Agitator and Model D-100 Electric Dryer with Direct Air Flow. In White and Confection Colors. See these Picture Window Twins and many other models, including the revolutionary Space-Mates and combination Wash 'n Dry Laundromat, at your Westinghouse Dealer.



YOU CAN BE SURE...IF IT'S

Westinghouse

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

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(*Continued from Page 75*) Crosthwaite was a freshman sensation two years ago. He's back in school following a year's disciplinary absence. Coach Diddle was called to sit in on the three-hour parley in college president Kelly Thompson's office that decided Crosthwaite's fate. After the verdict was reached, Diddle tearfully faced President Thompson and said, "You've wrecked my team, but I was never prouder of you in my life."

There's a strange dignity about Ed Diddle. To the faculty as well as to students and his own players, he's "Mr. Diddle"—always.

"He's so natural and is such a lovable bundle of paradoxes that he fascinates those who surround him," says President Thompson. "Greatness comes in many ways. Mr. Diddle is an unusual type, but there is no question in my mind about his having it."

President Thompson can remember vividly the time when a freshman fullback from Lebanon, Kentucky, enrolled at Western in 1928 and broke his collarbone in the very first week of practice. The boy hardly knew Mr. Diddle, who also coached football then, but in the hospital he received a letter from the coach saying how much the team missed him.

When the boy got out of the hospital, he was through as a football player. He failed in efforts to obtain a job. Low on money, hungry and behind in his schoolwork, he decided to go back home. Walking to the bus station, carrying his bag, he met Coach Diddle. Ed quickly learned the boy's plight, took him to the bank and arranged a twenty-five-dollar loan for him by signing his note. Next he got the boy a job in a grocery store, and that afternoon telephoned Bruce Dudley, then sports editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, and talked him into hiring the young man as a correspondent covering college and high-school sports in that section.

As a student this boy became field representative for the college, and after graduation was named its public-relations director. In 1946 he became assistant to the college president, Dr. Paul L. Garrett. After Garrett's death he was chosen in October of 1955 to succeed him. This boy whom Diddle once befriended is, of course, the man who today tells the story—Western Kentucky's president, Kelly Thompson.

The college is celebrating its golden anniversary this term, having been established by the state legislature in 1906 as Western Kentucky State Normal and Teachers College. It has a present enrollment of 2261, with approximately 55 per cent male students. Although no longer called a "Normal and Teachers" college, it continues to specialize in the training of teachers, coaches and school administrators. However, there's also a liberal-arts program featuring preprofessional courses, and the department of agriculture includes a 550-acre farm.

When Ed Diddle came to Western Kentucky in September, 1922, as the coach of all sports, there were only a handful of students and three old buildings. Diddle had been a basketball pioneer in Kentucky from outdoor-court days, playing—and coaching—this new game at Columbia High School, in Adair County. Columbia was eight miles from his birthplace, Gradyville, where his father was a farmer, lumberman and livestock trader.

In his youth Ed's heart was set on going to Vanderbilt University, in Nashville, Tennessee, where Dan McGugin was the reigning Southern football coach. A visit from his cousin, Paul Hughes, and Dr. William Canfield, the new president of little Centre College, at Danville, Kentucky, changed his mind. In the fall of 1915 he entered Centre, which was in the process of building a national powerhouse in football. Diddle became a football regular and basketball captain, with time out for Navy service in World War I.

During the summers he worked for the White & Myers Chautauqua with his All-American football teammates, Bo McMillin, Red Roberts and Red Weaver. Chautauquas used to be standard summer fare in many parts of the United States—traveling tent shows that offered cultural lectures, music and other refined entertainment.

In 1921 Diddle took a two-month job as basketball coach at the high school in Monticello, Kentucky, and led his team to the finals in the state tournament, losing to du Pont Manual, of Louisville, 20 to 19. Late that summer, back with the Chautauqua in Colorado and with the season about to end, Ed received a telegram offering him the high-school coaching job at Greenville, Kentucky. He took it.

The next spring his Greenville team played in the state regional tournament at Bowling Green, home of Western Kentucky. The Greenville team was so spirited, and its coach so imbued with new ideas—such as bringing the back guard up the floor for a five-on-five offense, instead of four-on-five—that Dr. H. H. Cherry, president of Western, sought out Diddle. He hired him for the next fall, enabling L. T. Smith, then athletic director, to give his full time to industrial arts.

> Every college student should take a course in English—so he'll have a language other than his own.
>
> FLOYD R. MILLER

Diddle coached everything, including girls' basketball. One member of the team was Margaret Louise Monin, whom he had met at a fraternity dance at Centre, when she was a student at Ward-Belmont college in Nashville. After meeting again at Western Kentucky, they married a year later, during the Christmas holidays. When alumni and supporters complain nowadays about being snubbed by the affluent University of Kentucky, Ed reminds them of one Western team that did play Kentucky—the girls' basketball squad his wife starred on, which beat the Kentucky coeds.

In 1923 Diddle booked a football game with Centenary College of Louisiana, which was coached by his old pal, Bo McMillin, and boasted one of football's most powerful tackles of all time, big Cal Hubbard. After Western Kentucky had been smashed, 75 to 6, McMillin counseled his friend, "Ed, you don't know the first fundamental of becoming a successful coach. The first fundamental is to find boys who can play."

To this day, Bo's advice remains Diddle's cardinal principle. "Besides size and speed, we look for players who have quick hands," he explains. "The quickest, most sensitive hands I ever saw belonged to Tom Marshall, from Nashville, who in four seasons"—ending in 1954—"scored 1909 points for us, averaging 19.1 points a game. He could do more with his hands than that Goose Tatum who was with the Globetrotters. How Tom could dribble! Right there's the biggest change in basketball in the past thirty-five years. It used to be that if a boy dribbled the length of the floor, you would take him out because you thought he was selfish. Now you take a boy out if he can't dribble the length of the floor."

Diddle has brought in good boys consistently enough to win a total of twenty-seven conference and tournament championships at Western Kentucky. He has always found player recruiting a pleasant-enough task, and he used to travel far and wide in search of material. Today many prospects are sent or brought to him by the hundreds of Western Kentucky alumni who are teaching and coaching.

There's no tuition at Western, and the athletic scholarship under Ohio Valley Conference rules provides for room, board and books. It's permissible for athletes to obtain part-time jobs to earn laundry money and "spending money." Around Bowling Green they say that Western Kentucky basketball players never want for a thing.

Western has excellent music courses, which sometimes interest a prospect's high-school sweetheart in going to the college herself. With the athletes, the most popular courses are education and physical education. Those who plan to coach actually study basketball. There are classes available in such subjects as folk dancing, tumbling and personal hygiene.

On the other hand, Ralph Crosthwaite, who hopes to follow former Hilltopper stars like Tom Marshall, Forest Able, Art Spoelstra, Odie Spears, Bob Lavoy, Rip Gish and Jack Turner into professional basketball, is studying algebra, English, botany, mechanical drawing and general shop. There have been players who took trigonometry, physics, Latin and organic chemistry.

Diddle probably spends as much time these days turning down offers of material as he does bringing it in. At reunions such as the gymnasium party three years ago celebrating Diddle's 601st victory, when star players from the teams which won for him his 100th, 200th, 300th, 400th, 500th and 600th games came back to participate in the tribute, Ed has to fight off the dozens who want him to give an athletic scholarship to their own particular discovery.

"They allow me only nineteen scholarships," the coach says, defending himself to old players. "You see, I can take only four or five freshmen each year." And then he lapses into a Diddleism: "If you can't understand that, it's just lack of ignorance on your part."

An important postwar development in Western Kentucky's basketball operations was the establishment of what's known as Diddle Dorm. At Ed's request, the school turned over to him after World War II a two-story stone house at 1519 State Street, once the music department, to which a twelve-room rear annex had been added for Air Force trainees. He and Mrs. Diddle sold their suburban home and moved into the front apartment of this building, where they look after the basketball boys in a way that stops just a little this side of outright adoption. Despite the fact that the boys have to perform their own janitorial work, life in Diddle Dorm is so pleasant that even the three married players on the squad come there to do their studying.

During the day the thunder of Size 10 to 14 feet can be heard throughout this structure, with its ten-foot ceilings and seven-foot beds. On the annual High School Seniors Day, when prospective students visit the Western Kentucky campus with their parents, Diddle Dorm is a prime point of interest, especially to mothers and fathers of athletes.

The players eat in the college cafeteria at three special basketball tables. At the dorm or in Coach Diddle's gymnasium office, there's usually a box of apples or oranges or pears, for he's a strong believer in the health-giving qualities of fruit. Freshmen are required to be in their rooms by 8:30 o'clock each night and varsity players by 9:30—except on Fridays, Saturdays, Sundays and, of course, game nights.

The few players who might dislike such close supervision can't stay mad long at Coach Diddle. He's funnier accidentally than many comedians are on purpose, as when he was drilling one of his sophomores over and over on a certain technique in going up for rebounds. "All right, all right," he spluttered, his patience exhausted, "keep doing it all afternoon. You'll either do it the way I tell you, or you'll do it right."

Another time the whole student body, it seemed, turned out to help Mr. Diddle search for his Irish setter, Rex, which had not been seen since morning. A flat tire prompted Mr. Diddle to open the trunk of his automobile to get a jack—and there was the dog, just where his master had put him that morning. "Rex," Mr. Diddle asked the dog, "where have you been?"

Ed is a sort of basketball scoutmaster with his boys' problems. Throughout the school year, he holds brief meetings of the Diddle Dorm residents every Monday. One boy he may tell to get a haircut; another he may ask, "When have you written home?" Diddle says he feels a moral obligation to try to improve "his boys" in every way.

The Diddle living room is always open, and Mrs. Diddle is handy with a needle and thread, or to fill in at a game of bridge. The Diddles' only daughter, Mary Jo, resided in the house until her marriage to Jim Phillips, a jet pilot—they are now stationed in Prestwick, Scotland. The only son, tall Ed Diddle, Jr., who played basketball for his father, lived in one of the rooms in the dorm annex just like all the others when he was a varsity player.

Ed, Jr., recently was named head basketball coach at Middle Tennessee State College, at Murfreesboro. Like Western Kentucky, it is a member of the Ohio Valley Conference—and one of the Hilltoppers' main rivals. Their home-and-home games this season—on January thirtieth and March second—will present a father vs. son coaching conflict unprecedented in college basketball.

"Eddie will be trying to scratch my eyes out, just like that Johnny Oldham," Mr. Diddle says. Oldham, a star Western Kentucky guard ten years ago, and one of Ed's favorite pupils, now coaches his alma mater's perennial rival, Tennessee Tech, at Cookeville. Western took two out of three games between the teams last season.

Diddle's fame in the area remains undimmed. Not long ago state route No. 80, from Edmonton to Columbia, was christened Ed Diddle Highway. There are whispers that the big acreage on the south edge of the Western Kentucky campus is being saved for the erection someday of Ed Diddle Field House.

"Mr. Diddle has meant much to this school," states President Thompson, "but his full impact will be measured only when future campus history settles in clear perspective all of the magnificent leadership and accomplishments he has given to so many."

Does Mr. Diddle plan to retire any time soon?

"No, sir," he replies, emphatically. "I'm going to die with my feet on."

THE END

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The Girl From the Mimosa Club

(Continued from Page 20)

know? I thought this was your first time too."

She was still amused. "Well, it was. But my—I mean, I've seen a lot of movies and trials on television. I don't mean you weren't wonderful. You were."

"That's better. But it's not what we're talking about. I don't think my first client just says 'Thanks' and walks off. I think she at least buys me a cup of coffee."

"Then you'd better see Solly. He's your client, not me. But I doubt if he's free, unless he got an awful lot of bail awful quick."

"Objection sustained. But it wasn't Solly I lent my coat to and furnished transportation home. . . . Just how long would it take you to get some of that gunk scraped off, Miss Reeves, get a shower and get sufficiently dressed to go somewhere and eat?"

She shook her head. "You take your duties too seriously. It's a bad precedent to establish—feeding your clients' hired help."

"It's myself I want to feed. There's no cook at the Braytons' till nine on Sundays. For getting rid of Anselo for you, you owe me something. I'm offering to settle for one cup of coffee. I'll even buy it."

"No. If I owe it to you, I'll make it for you." She pressed down the door handle. "But I need more than a shower. Give me half an hour. And maybe you can find some cream, if you want it. And a paper. Then come straight through to One-B."

"We could go to the Belvedere or the Stafford. I don't want to shock your landlady either."

"It's all right. And don't get out, will you? I'll just dash while the street's clear."

She got out quickly. She'd managed to loop her long skirt up so that at any distance she merely looked like a girl in a red dress and red shoes with a light jacket round her shoulders. And she had nice long legs—in fact, very nice, Johnny Brayton observed as she went gracefully up the steps and through the white-louvered summer doors.

As Johnny Brayton looked at the clock on the dash, a disquieting realization of what he'd done came sharply into his mind. It was twenty minutes past ten. Half an hour—just when the streets would be full of people on their way to church—including members of his own family from his home in Mt. Vernon Place, just a couple of blocks away. It occurred to him that hunting a bottle of cream through the Sunday streets in shirtsleeves was in itself unfitting. Not to mention that waiting half an hour to see a girl he'd just got out of jail didn't add much to his prestige and dignity as a fledgling member of the bar. Furthermore, somebody was sure to see him.

He could hear his mother's voice suddenly from one of the most vivid of disciplinary moments, when, aged thirteen, he was caught at a movie for adults only, as baffling as it had been dull. *You're always seen, love. It's an immutable truth. Usually by the least likely, most righteous and most poisonous person you know. You can be perfectly innocent, but they'll never think so. The skating rink and a knock-kneed cousin were my downfall. I had to write "You're always seen" a hundred times. You write it once, in your little head, Johnny. It'll save you endless trouble, love.*

Of course, it wasn't that he was ashamed to be seen with the girl, exactly, but at the same time there was no doubt it would be a little difficult to explain to family or friends. *You better get your coat and beat it home, Johnny, my friend. Better still, go home and send Horace around for it.*

His mother was having a lot of people in to lunch, anyway. But when he turned left to get to Howard Street, to avoid the church people on Cathedral, and saw a dingy shop with a pile of Sunday papers on a box in front, he pulled over to the curb. After all, it had been his idea, not hers. No point in being rude just because the girl had been in jail. He'd hand her the paper, collect his coat, and that would be that. Simple, no complications. Quick and easy.

Then, when he was paying for the paper, he heard himself saying, "You don't happen to have any cream, do you?"

The man went to the soft-drink machine and took out a bottle. "Watch it," he said. "The cap's loose."

"Stick it in a bag, will you?"

Johnny Brayton got back into his car and drove back to her house. He parked across from the white marble steps, picked up the bag with the bottle of cream in it, got out, holding the cream carefully, backed against the door to close it, and heard the sudden screech of scorching rubber as a car braked to a surprised stop, virtually against his chest.

"Johnny! Why, for heaven's sakes! Of all people! What on earth are you —— Where's your coat? I thought you were in court this morning!"

Oh, no! It couldn't be. But, yes, it was. The immutable truth right there in front of his face. If Camilla Anne, his sister-in-law, wife of his elder brother, Pug, was not the most righteous person he knew, she was certainly the most poisonous. Just a nice, ordinary girl, marriage had turned her into one of the most managing, most ambitious little snobs in Baltimore. And there she was, her eagerly smiling face leaning brightly across the front seat, John Brayton backed against the furnace heat of his car and with an almost overpowering desire to use the cream bottle as a blunt instrument.

"We were so glad for you, dear! Weren't you lucky all the important members of your firm were out of town? You must have been terribly excited!"

"It was purely routine," Johnny said stiffly. "And you'd better move on, Camilla Anne. You're blocking things."

Cars were edging around her, too polite to sound their horns.

"Oh, I can get in here a second. I want to hear all about it."

She swerved her car in to the curb in front of him, got out and swooped back. "We nearly died laughing when we heard it. Imagine you with all those dreadful women! I bet it was awful, wasn't it?"

"No, it wasn't. They were ——"

"Why, Johnny! Don't tell me! You haven't fallen for one of those —— Oh, Johnny, wouldn't that be a scream! I'm going to tell Daddy Brayton! He'll —— Oh, look! What's that!"

She stuck a forefinger out, her happy face screwed up with alarm. "Johnny! You're dripping! All over your shoes! What is it? It looks like cream or something!"

It did, and it was. The blasted bottle would have to tip and spring a leak, the way his hands were throttling it instead of Camilla Anne.

"It is cream," he said calmly. "Cream for coffee."

"Why, Johnny!" Her face lighted teasingly. "Why, John Brayton. It is one of

The Perfect Squelch

A lone American was dining at a very good Frankfort restaurant one evening when two young German women entered. They began canvassing the place aggressively for funds to rebuild the local opera house, which had been partly destroyed by World War II bombings.

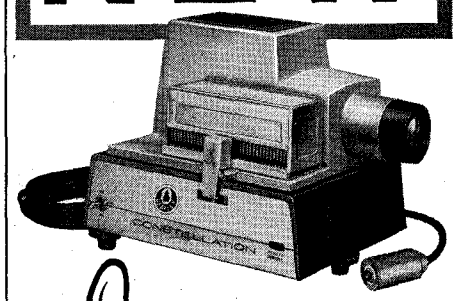
Halting at the American's table, one of the women pushed her collection bowl at him. The other said in halting English, but in a critical tone which carried far and wide, "*You* should give."

When the American dropped in only one Deutschemark, about twenty-five cents, one of the women held it up between her fingers for everyone to see. The other remarked in German, "Strange, some Americans can be generous."

At that the man stood up. In fluent German, he said pleasantly, "*Fräulein*, you must remember that I am still paying for having had your opera house torn down."

Harry L. Benson

NEW



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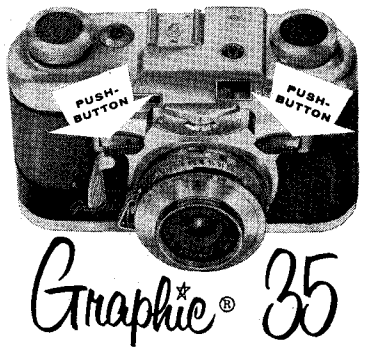

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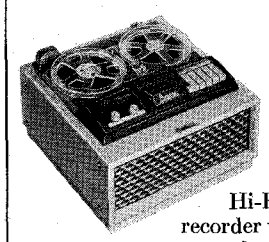

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those girls! That's where your coat is! Why, you wolf in lawyer's clothing! I'm gonna tell! I'm gonna tell on you!"

"Look, Camilla Anne. Someday somebody's going to put a bullet hole right through your offensive little skull. Now shut up, will you? What I do is my business, not yours."

"Well, it is my business!" Camilla Anne said hotly. "Look at you! Sunday morning! Disgracing yourself and disgracing the Family! And you needn't think I won't tell! I'm plenty broad-minded, but I'm not going to let you walk out of the arms of a woman like that and sit down at mother's luncheon table with all her guests."

"That's enough, Cam." His voice was dangerously quiet. "You've got a filthy mind and a foul mouth. Go scrub both of 'em. And tell my mother to count me out for lunch. Any reason you care to give is fine with me."

He walked abruptly away, across the street and up the steps into the vestibule, leaving her there, staring avid-eyed. Let her stand. Let her stare. Let her take down the house number and hot-foot it to his father and the Family. The Family was always capitalized, the way Camilla Anne said it.

He heard her then, door slam, engine roar, gears grate. *The hell with you, Camilla Anne. How in heaven's name ma puts up with her, I'll never know.*

With the thought of his mother, he was conscious for an instant of the vague anxiety, formless, a sort of hollow sensation in the pit of his stomach, that he'd been aware of lately whenever he thought of her. It disappeared as he looked down at the bank of brass mailboxes on the wall, hunting for Miss Reeves, of 1-B. But there was no Miss Reeves. In the slot for 1-B the card said, "Miss Kerry O'Keefe." She probably shared an apartment. He pressed the bell and waited, and heard a door click open at the back end of the hall.

The house was a typical three-story Baltimore row house with a hallway running back to a garden area on a walled alley. The floors and stairs were waxed and polished, a bowl of pink zinnias sat under a gilt mirror on a mahogany table against the wall. In back, the door to 1-B was standing a few inches ajar. At least she hadn't felt she needed to use the one-way seeing-eye contraption set in it so she could see callers without being seen by them—a wise precaution in a business like hers, no doubt. He knocked and waited.

"Come in!"

He stepped into a tiny foyer. The wall was pale peach, hanging on it a mellowed panel of a deeper peach Chinese brocade. Luxury he hadn't expected. He revised that idea when he stopped in an archway looking into what had been a glassed-in veranda and was now a living room. It was almost Spartan, the only furniture a sofa, a dropleaf table, some chairs and an old cherrywood chest of drawers. But in the lined drapes and the slip covers on the sofa and the one armchair there was a spring riot of color, in the chintz with great yellow and pink hyacinths and jade-green leaves on a dusty-blue background the color of the walls. Through the tilted slats of the blue Venetian blinds at the end of the room he could see into a small city garden, a feathery tree in the center, with a pair of yellow canvas deck chairs and a white iron table under it in the shade.

"Sorry; just a minute." Her voice came from across the room where a section of the former porch had been partitioned off. "I'm scrambling eggs. You know these servantless houses."

It was so blithe a mimicry of so many of John Brayton's aunts, cousins and friends that he grinned as he put the paper on the sofa. There was no sign of a second person present.

"I've got the cream, slightly spilled," he said, and then she was there in the kitchen door.

There was a long moment when his heart was still. He stood looking at her, not actually surprised, as if someway he'd known he would see her fresh, clean and clear as sunlight. And she was no longer the calmly unself-conscious young lady in the car. The sensitive face was faintly flushed, the long black lashes, shiny as silk, drooped under his gaze, shading the defensive blue of her wide-set eyes. He wouldn't have thought she'd be shy or that she was so young. Her hair, darker because it was still damp from washing, was sleeked, rippling back into a pony tail, showing the fine lines of her heart-shaped face and delicate head above her slender body in a simple white cotton dress, as soft and cool as snow.

"It isn't Miss Reeves. It's Kerry—Kerry O'Keefe." Johnny Brayton spoke her name gently.

She nodded, her lashes drooping again. "I should have told you."

"Kerry. You're so lovely, Kerry. Why—do you do it?"

In an instant her eyes darkened. "Do what? But let me guess. Work for Solly. Well, perhaps it's for the same reason you do. Or don't you call it working for him, representing him in court? He wouldn't be in business five minutes if he didn't have a smart lawyer on his payroll."

"Sorry," Johnny said. "The mistake's mine."

She laughed and took the cream bottle. "Just so we get things straight is all. No big pots calling little kettles black. And anyway, I've quit, you haven't. So let's skip it, shall we? I've put the coffee outside. You go on; I'll bring the eggs and stuff."

He stood a moment, looking around him. "Who's the decorator?" he asked, as she came back with a tray with bacon and scrambled eggs on it.

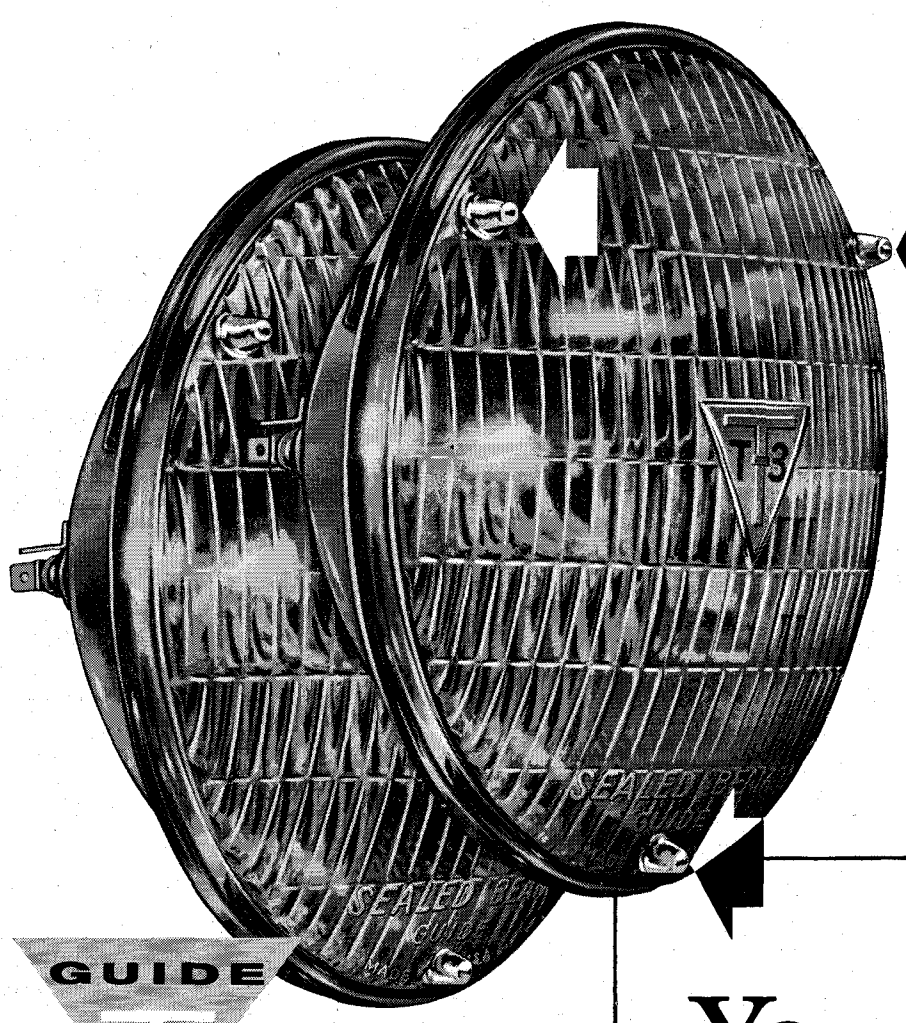
"O'Keefe." Her eyes lighted with amusement. "Nothing a girl can't do when she gets two rooms, bath, kitchen and a garden cheap if she'll take it from scratch because the landlady's run out of money remodeling the rest of an old house. And I'm proud of my garden. I never expected to have a tree all of my own."

She'd plugged the coffeepot and toaster in from a kitchen outlet down to the table under the window. And afterward, when they'd pushed the dishes back through the screen into the sink, they sat in the yellow deck chairs under the tree, the golden hours weaving a gossamer web. Johnny Brayton watched her gravely, aware that something profoundly important in his life was happening to him there in the summer stillness.

At what point he knew he had fallen in love with a girl he knew nothing about, he couldn't have told, but he did know it, and know the same magic was moving in her heart as deeply as his own. Only once he touched her, just the snowy fold of her skirt, awkwardly, as he'd never touched a girl before. And only once he asked her a question—where she was born.

"That's odd, you know," she said lightly. "It was twenty-two years ago. I've told so many people so many places, from Nome to Puerto Cabello, I've even got myself mixed up. But I know where you were born. Right here in North Baltimore. Nobody could miss that."

"Stuffy, you mean?"



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"No, I don't. Just nice and casual. Sort of civilized, I guess."

"I was afraid you'd think I was a heel, pushing my way in. You didn't want me to come, did you?"

"Not very much. For lots of reasons."

"But you're not sorry, are you?"

She shook her head. "Glad, really."

"Look, Kerry. You've got to quit——"

"We said we'd skip that, didn't we?" she said evenly. "Let's talk about you, not me."

"There's not much. I passed the bar and got a job three weeks ago. Apprentice lawyer. I'd starve if I didn't live at home—just around in Mt. Vernon Place. There are four of us—a brother and sister married, and my favorite kid sister, nineteen, about to be. When the lad gets out of the Army. He's O.K., very old Baltimore, or his family is. Stuffy, I guess."

He grinned at her, but she shook her head, laughing. "It wasn't me that said it."

"I guess family ties are stronger here than most places," Johnny Brayton said. "And maybe it's a mold you get set in. Some people call it a code. It's hard to explain."

And why am I trying? What is it I'm doing? Whistling in the dark? The picture of his regal and uncompromising grandmother, Mrs. John Summerfield, came into his mind, with a companion piece entitled Camilla Anne Informs the Family.

"Isn't your father a doctor? A very well-known one?"

"Not to his children. The family stuff means ma, in ours. She's the old Baltimorean, the one that stuck us on a horse and taught us to shoot and hunt and not to tell lies and make excuses for ourselves. Father we see at dinner, if he happens to be at home." He gave her a wry smile. "You can see this isn't an area of deep devotion."

"You don't like him much, do you?"

"We've never had the chance. I don't mean he isn't a very charming, sophisticated, distinguished guy. He is. But his children amuse him. We're experimental mammals. Higher than laboratory rats, but not much. Why he married and had a family we've never figured out. Except that ma's father was a great internist and his chief, so it didn't hurt his career. As for ma, she's a dreamy gal. For her, you could tear any one of us in a thousand pieces."

Kerry saw his smile fade. "You're worried about her," she said gently. "She isn't—ill, is she?"

"She'd never let us know it if she was." He shook his head. "I don't know what it is. She's one of those very serene, casual people. Lots of fun—sails, shoots, rides, that sort of thing. This is the first summer we haven't gone to Gibson Island. Father always stayed in town, but we didn't. But it's O.K., because he spends most of his time with a patient of his. A Mrs. Ristwich—Mrs. Richwitch, we call her. She's an oil widow from Texas, very loaded. She came to him to get diagnosed last spring and she's been underfoot ever since."

"Does your mother mind?"

"I can't imagine it. There's always been some dame on his trail. This one's just richer and more persistent. Anyway, the ordinary passions don't move him. His interest in dames is prying them loose from a couple of million bucks for medical education. And he's too cagey to——"

The phone had rung half a dozen times when they were having coffee, but she'd shaken her head when he stopped talking, waiting for her to go to answer it, and it had rung only one ring. It rang twice now, and a third time as she got to her feet.

He stood watching her run up the steps and through the Dutch door out of sight, and in a moment saw her come back, watched her in the golden glow of a new passion, strangely unreal, strangely tender. He watched her gravely, knowing it wasn't going to be an easy thing and that all the ties he'd been telling her about weren't simple strands to be brushed aside at his convenience. But not knowing, mercifully not, that there'd be a time when he would stand in that same door, torn with agony, saying, "I wish I'd rotted in hell before the day I ever met you"—a time deep behind the sable wings of the rain-cold night when he would have to choose between this girl and his mother, and the words he'd so lightly spoken—"For her, you could tear any one of us in a thousand pieces"—were the bitterest of gall and burning pain.

She came part way toward him, her face a little pale. "Johnny, you've got to go now," she said quickly. "I'm sorry, but I've—got to get downtown. About a—a job."

The golden glow shattering, the tenderness freezing in a sudden sick despair, made Johnny Brayton's voice harsher than he meant it, his words more brutal.

"You mean, the female sitter goes back for——"

"That's right!" Her eyes flashed cobalt fire and her chin went up. "And I'd like you to leave, and leave at once!" She ran back up the steps into the house.

"Oh, Kerry." He followed her, sicker with himself than he was with her. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean it. It's just that something's happened to me today I didn't know could happen—not like this."

"I—didn't either. And I—I'm sorry."

"Not sorry, Kerry."

"I didn't mean that. I mean, about this morning—and about now. But it can't be helped, Johnny. So just go away. You've had your coffee, and here's your coat. The rest was just—just midsummer madness."

He shook his head. "This is for keeps, Kerry. My family'll——"

"Your family'll think you're stark, raving mad. So please go." She thrust his coat into his hands. "And thanks, so much! I don't know what I'd have done." She went quickly through the arch to the door and opened it.

"Listen to me, Kerry."

"I can't, Johnny. I've got to hurry. Really."

... ...

January Fog

By Jennie M. Palen

Fog ballooning down the street
Billows round our muffled feet;
Softens with a silver fringe
Grimy feel and sooty tinge;
Masks within a silken hush
Roofs too frescoed, lines too lush;
Blithely, in ephemeral power,
Mummifies the mighty tower;
Softly as a skylark's wing
Speaks of spring.

... ...

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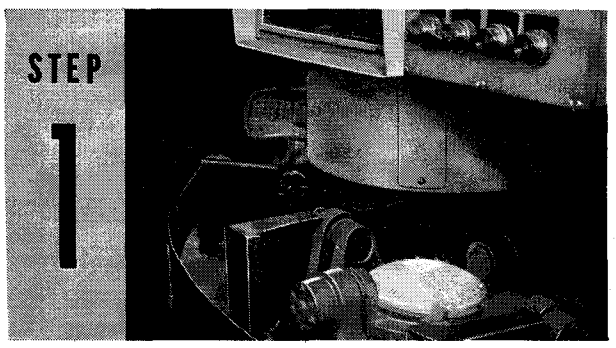

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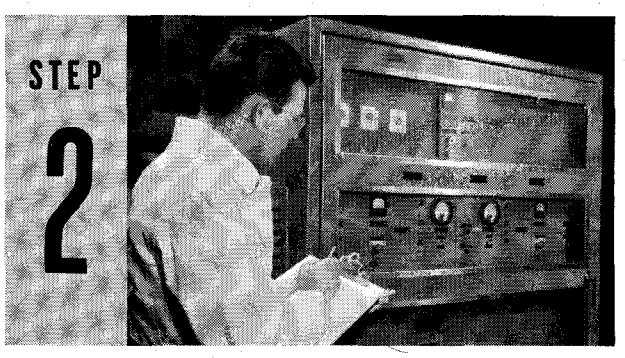

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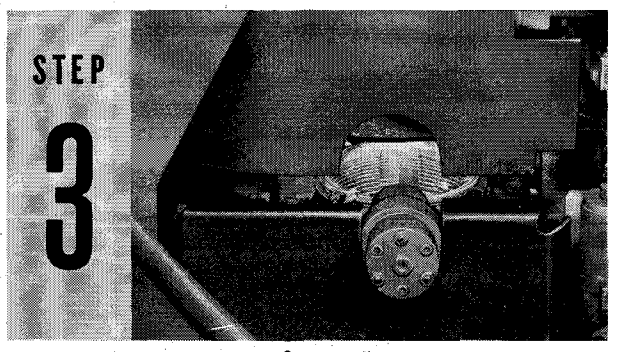

. . . automatic grinder takes "Guide Points" down to proper height with gem-like precision. When grinding is complete, lamps can then be aimed with amazing precision.

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That is the whole point and purpose of the gem- ound "Guide Points" on the face of every ıide T-3 Headlamp.
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"When'll you be back?"

"I don't know."

"Then what's your phone number?"

She hesitated. "I'm not always here. But you—you could leave a message." She gave him the number. "Good-by, Johnny."

As he turned back, she closed the door quickly. There was nothing he could do but stand there looking helplessly at it, the mirrored disk a sightless eye as cold as it was blind.

He was moving blindly himself as he went down the steps, almost colliding with the man in tan slacks and brown linen coat there who half grunted an apology and moved off down the street. It wasn't until Johnny was waiting for the traffic light at the corner that a sudden memory flashed into his mind, and Kerry's pallor and frantic hurry, her taut voice and clenched fists, focused suddenly, their meaning plain. The sweat broke out, clammy cold, on the palms of his hands as he swung around to look back.

Sergeant Trumper, of the Rackets Division, had turned and was walking slowly up toward her house.

"This fellow Trumper." Johnny could hear Mr. Grimes, his first week at the office. "Coming in here at three o'clock. Rackets Division. I want you all to take a good look at him. He's a cool cooky. Don't let him get you in any casual conversation at a bar."

Watching him now in the side-view mirror, Johnny saw him reach the house, slowing down as he passed it. The light changed to orange. Johnny shot through it and turned left, cursing himself for a fool as he remembered that Cathedral was a one-way street and he had two extra blocks to go before he could get back to her. He was sick with apprehension, and sicker when he got around in Park again. The detective was gone. Kerry O'Keefe was gone too.

If he's taken her back to Pine Street—— But he hadn't. Barging over there, he found that out, his relief turning clammy cold again as the desk sergeant said, "By the way, mister, aren't you the lawyer Solly Herman had over here this morning?" His voice had taken on a different tone. "Why don't you go down to Central Headquarters? That's where she'd be if they've taken her in for questioning. If you all are so worried about her."

I'm just tying her tighter to Solly Herman. He was surer about that as he glanced back, going out, and saw the desk sergeant quietly picking up the telephone. *I'd better call Mr. Grimes. No, I hadn't. I'd better leave it lay. I'd better go on home and sit tight.*

He put his car in the old carriage house in Peabody Alley behind the house in Mt. Vernon Place and sat, his elbows on the wheel, his head in his hands. When he closed his eyes, her face was there. It was her face as it had been, fresh and clear, the silken lashes drooped, her cheeks warm, when he first saw her coming out of the kitchen, and changing then as it had changed, lighted with laughter or grave, as it had been as she listened to him under the tree, the ache that was pain but not pain, growing inside him, profoundly new and incredibly lovely. *I guess I never knew what love was all about before.*

He got out of the car, started across the garden to the back door, remembered Camilla Anne and turned back, through the carriage house into the alley and along it to Cathedral Street and up toward Mt. Vernon Place. Then, as he was about to cross it, he stopped, his jaw hardening. *The hell with Camilla Anne.* He turned right toward his home, halfway along the block.

It was the farther side of a large double brownstone house flush with the sidewalk, the service entrance through Peabody Alley behind the gardens in the rear. In Baltimore it wasn't called a double house. It was two units in the row-house tradition that holds, grim or handsome, for mansion and tenement. Without space between for even a wayward ailanthus seedling, their only rear access through the alley in back, the pair were set between the Barton Jacobs and Walters houses, in the solid, unbroken façade of brick, brownstone and granite forming the once-sacrosanct, still-distinguished block on the south side of the plaza that sets off at the Charles Street intersection the magnificent column that was the nation's first monument to its first President.

Halfway along, Johnny saw the familiar figure that brought the familiar clutch that always stopped him. He braced himself, resisting the instant impulse to turn back. It was instinctive, common to all four of the Brayton children, what the sight of their father always did to them, a mechanism to protect them from the uncanny perception, the amused, faintly mocking smile that seemed to comment on nothing but their baser traits, reducing to absurdity all their pathetic attempts at self-respect.

Just clinical, Johnny thought as he saw him now, a tall, slender man, immaculately elegant in a gray raw-silk suit, a Panama hat in his hand, coming down the brownstone steps toward a shining limousine standing at the curb, a uniformed chauffeur holding the door open.

Johnny felt the flush at the back of his neck. He knew he'd been seen. When his father got over to the car he'd stop and wait for him. And the reason Doctor Brayton had not already stopped was apparent. It was what Johnny's grandmother, Mrs. Summerfield, called That Woman Next Door. His father was pretending not to see the neighbor whose side of the house was divided from theirs by a single but fortunately thick and soundproof wall. She was coming down her own brownstone steps, nearer to Johnny, between him and his father. And Mrs. Inga Remstad was not an easy woman not to see.

It wouldn't hurt him to speak to her. You can't be that choosy about your neighbors. Not any more, you can't. But Johnny felt better. It was an effect Mrs. Remstad always had on him. There was a kind of warm earthiness about her that was partly flesh and partly spirit. She was a handsome woman, voluptuous even, but there was something else, a responsive gaiety that twinkled in her eyes, as Scandinavian blue as her hair was yellow. If she didn't move in the Braytons' rarefied circles, at least she and Johnny were friends, and had been since he was ten and his baseball went through her conservatory window, second-floor back. And if she rented the first and third floors of her house, she wasn't the only householder on Mt. Vernon Place who did so.

"Hi, Mrs. Remstad."

"Hi, Johnny." She smiled at him.

"That's a very fancy new car you've got, doctor." Her voice was low and throaty, husky in a spine-warming way. But what astonished Johnny was the impish malice in her smile as she stood there, forcing his father to look around. "The sick business must be looking up, these days."

"Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Remsen. It's not my car——"

"'Course not. I see it's got a Texas license. And the name's Remstad, doctor." She winked at Johnny and went along.

He's angry. It was only a spark, instantly vanished, but for Johnny Brayton a revelation. His father wasn't wholly exempt from human passions. For the first time in his life Johnny faced his father without fear and without awe.

"Well, Johnny." The ironically dissecting eyes were on him once more. "I'm told you had your—baptism of fire today." Doctor Brayton paused, faintly amused. "In court, I mean."

Johnny raised his own brows slightly. "Hearsay evidence is never trustworthy, sir," he said easily. "As for court, it was routine."

He saw the flicker of surprise, even interest, in his father's eyes—another spark instantly vanished, because Mrs. Remstad was returning. She was there as the Texas car left the curb and Johnny reached the bottom step.

"It's just too hot," she said. "We're in for a storm, I guess."

She glanced up at the sulphur murkiness of the sky and along the street at the car. "That was real mean of me." She was apparently upset about it. "I just don't know what got into me."

"I wouldn't worry." Johnny grinned at her.

"I'm not worrying." Her pink-and-white face, usually smiling, was set, stubbornly resentful. "But I just get tired of being treated like I wasn't here. Like I was dirt. I've lived next door to you people twenty-six, going on twenty-seven years, under the same roof, nothing but a brick wall between your house and mine—and you're the only one ever speaks to me on the street."

"Oh, Mrs. Remstad. My mother——"

"Your mother's a perfect lady. I have to give her that. It's your father that's got so high and mighty. Specially now he's got this fancy car and shoffer."

"Well, he doesn't——"

But Mrs. Remstad was really wound up. "I'm not in his class. I don't pretend to be. But I got feelings, like anybody else. You people don't know I'm on earth. But you'd be surprised what I know about you. Watching you go out and come in all these years. Like you kids out skating. I'd see you duck behind the bushes when he came home. And that Texas car here all the time. I'd get pretty sick of it if I was you. But here comes your grandmother's car."

She recognized it before Johnny did. There was something disturbing about such watchful interest. *She must be horribly lonely over there,* he thought uncomfortably. That the day would come when the watch Mrs. Inga Remstad kept would have a shattering significance in their lives was an idea as fantastic as it was remote to him then.

"Johnny, ask madam if she's ready, will you?" Occam, his grandmother's driver and general custodian for forty-odd withered years, was leaning over the front seat. "Tell her we have two more parties and a storm's coming up."

"Well, so long, Johnny." Mrs. Remstad moved on.

Johnny went up the Brayton steps and opened the front door. "Hi, gran," he said. He remembered Camilla Anne again and stiffened for the attack direct.

"Hello, dear." His grandmother, Mrs. Summerfield, was sailing through the double doors of the gold-and-white front parlor, a handsome old Turk with a glint in her eye and a handsome smell of fine old bourbon on her breath. "That woman, Johnny—what did she say to your father?"

He looked at her blankly, not having expected that. "Why, nothing, actually. Just that——"

"He looked as if he smelled a polecat." Mrs. Summerfield was highly amused. "His own fault. He should have bought that side of the house when he bought this side. Both were for sale, and in '29 they were giving them away. If he doesn't like a trollop through the wall——"

"You don't know she's a trollop, gran."

"I know your grandfather's eye used to light up when he saw her. A showgirl of some kind. You'd know more about that than I would, I expect."

Johnny's jaw hardened. He'd expected a frontal assault, not a surreptitious smash with a blunt instrument from ambush behind Mrs. Remstad. Then he saw the reason. (*Continued on Page 84*)

"If there's one song I hate, it's 'Tiger Rag.'"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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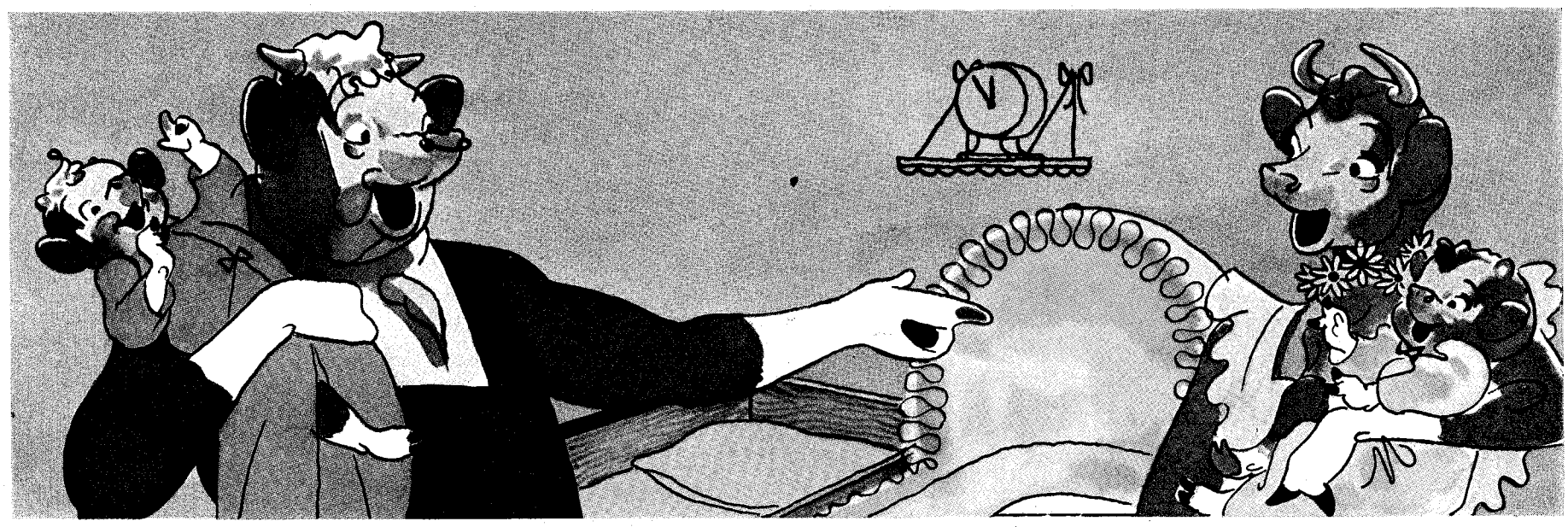
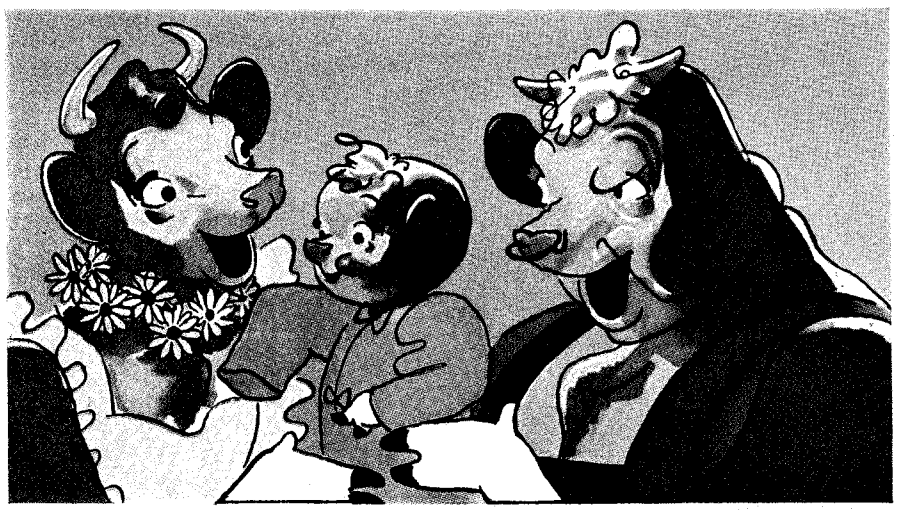
"I know folks want to see our new twins" said Elsie, the Borden Cow



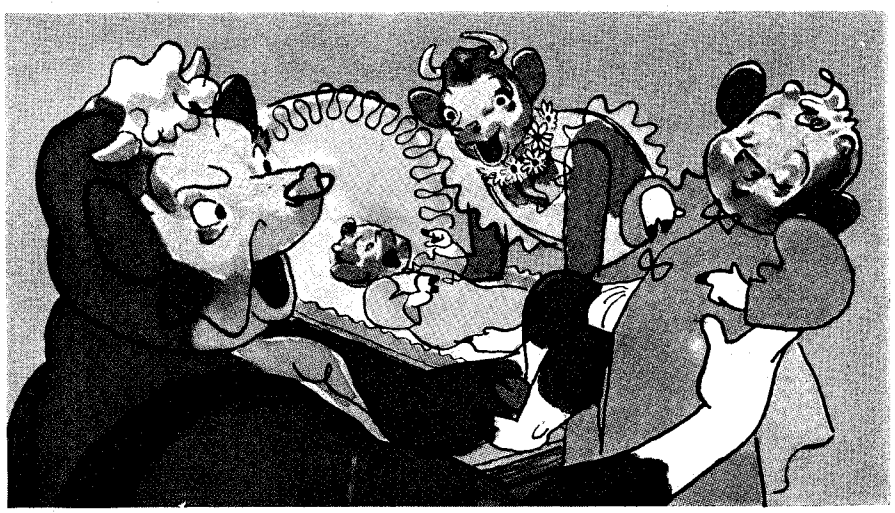
Elmer: Hand me the other one... I'm taking them down to the corner to show the boys.

Elsie: Elmer! You are doing no such thing. They're not old enough! Besides, it's time for their feeding.



Elmer: This little guy needs some he-man food. When do babies outgrow that bottle-of-milk business?

Elsie: A baby outgrows his *bottle*, Elmer. But he needs *milk* every single day as long as he lives. Milk contains all the nutrients the body needs. Nobody ever outgrows the need for milk...



Elmer: HOLD ON THERE my ever-Borden-loving wife! How about the need to *talk* about milk? Will you ever outgrow that?

Elsie: Oh, I hope not, dear. I love to tell how Borden's Milk makes children strong and healthy... how it gives folks energy and resistance and preserves the characteristics of youth...

Elmer: No matter where we start, we always end up talking about Borden's Milk.

Elsie: But, Elmer, I haven't ended at all... I was just going to say that *more mothers give their children Borden's Homogenized Milk than any other brand.* Isn't it wonderful, Elmer! Mothers have depended on the purity of Borden's Milk since 'way back in 1857.

For 100 years folks have been saying,
"If it's Borden's, it's got to be good!"

Borden's

Milk • Fine Cheeses
Ice Cream • Starlac

Watch for details of the Contest to name Elsie's twins...

Enjoy Borden's TV shows, "The People's Choice" and "Queen For a Day" over NBC

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(*Continued from Page 82*) His mother was in the parlor doors. His heart plummeted. Her face was white, her dark eyes as drained as the flesh around her lips.

"Mother, Occam's waiting. . . . Help gran down the steps, Johnny, please."

"I don't need any help, but I'd enjoy an escort."

She took his arm and marched through the door and down to the sidewalk. The attack direct came then.

"Disgracing the Family, eh?" Mrs. Summerfield was still amused. "Occam, Johnny's disgracing us. With a stripper. Or a sitter. Which is it, Johnny?" She patted the old man's arm. "But don't you worry. I'll give him the money to buy her off. A rake in the family."

"Not a rake, gran." He managed to speak quietly. "And it isn't funny."

Her eyes bored into his, an angry flush darkening her cheeks.

"And not a damned fool either—or are you?" She got into the car. "Shut the door. If you have to fall in love, do it with somebody of your own kind. Your sister's engaged to be married. Do you want an open scandal to ruin that? Her brother running with jailbirds? And your mother looks like death on a pale horse as it is, with this Richwitch woman always here. If you have to be a fool, don't you dare to let her know it. I'm ashamed of you, Johnny. . . . Go on, Occam."

As Johnny went back up the steps, aware of Mrs. Remstad looking down at him as she closed her upstairs windows, his anger drained out of him. *What did you expect? You knew it was coming.* The hall was empty, suddenly darkening, still with the ominous stillness that comes before the storm breaks. "Ma?"

"She's gone upstairs, Johnny." Old Horace was coming out to turn on the lights and close the windows. "She isn't feeling so well, I expect. She doesn't want to be disturbed."

He went up the marble staircase curving handsomely to the second floor toward the side of the house next to Mrs. Remstad's.

His mother's sitting room was across the hall on the other side. He put his hand on the doorknob, hesitating, as if in some way he'd forfeited his right to walk in through the door that was so warmly, with so much love and affection, always open to him and his brother and sisters. It was her face, down there in the hall, the drained eyes and white flesh around her lips. He raised his hand and knocked on the ivory panel. *The first time I've ever knocked. It's father. He's the only one who always knocks.* That came up out of his mind without his ever having been consciously aware of it before.

She's probably in her bedroom. He turned the doorknob, opened the door quietly, in case she was resting, and saw her then at her desk, the pen in her hand racing across the blue notepaper in front of her. He opened the door wider and stepped onto the pale eggshell cotton carpet. Before he could speak, she was up like an arrow, as swift and as straight, whirling around at him, the fires of all hell blazing in her dark eyes.

In the stunned instant that Johnny Brayton stood there, unbelievably staring, he saw her hand relax on the back of the chair, her eyes close. She let herself down into the chair again, her pallor softening as she moved her hand across her forehead.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Johnny," she whispered. She opened her eyes. "You startled me, love," she said lightly. "And I certainly must have startled you. But please, darling." She smiled and got up. "Forgive me. It's been a difficult day. Would you mind if we don't ——"

"Look, ma." He was still too dazed to sound as he'd planned—casual and adult in explaining what had happened, explaining Kerry, matter of fact in reassuring her that there'd be no open scandal to ruin anybody's life and plans. "I want to tell you why ——"

"Oh, don't, love. It was quite all right. Camilla Anne told me you'd met an old school friend." There wasn't a shadow in her eyes, dark with a translucent depth like the brown-black water of a cypress garden, as she looked at him with a tranquil smile. "There was nothing world-shaking about the luncheon, sweet. A few visiting doctors and an assortment of your sister's future in-laws—charming people, if somewhat unbending for my taste. But she adores them. I don't think they approve of her trekking off for weekends at Army camps. Nor do I. But Camilla Anne assured us it's entirely correct these days."

She smiled at him. "But I wish it were over. The child's so happy. It's the first time in her life she's really been confident of herself. It would break my heart if anything happened to hurt her."

She took his face between her hands, cool on his burning cheeks, bending it down to kiss his forehead. "I love you, Johnny." She smiled at him, her eyes swimming with sudden tears, but her voice serenely steady. "There's chicken in the icebox and I told Bessie to save you at least half a pecan pie. Good night, my lamb."

"Good night, ma."

She closed the door. He heard the latch click, and then the bolt as she locked it quietly.

TO BE CONTINUED

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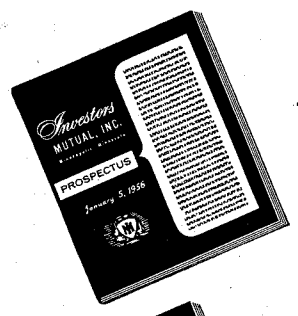
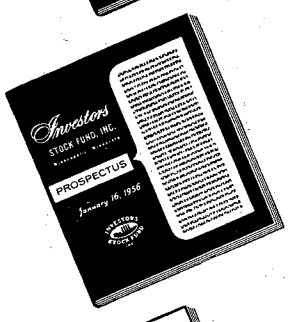
MUTUAL FUNDS?



A balanced fund, for instance?

Investors Mutual, Inc., is a balanced fund with objectives of reasonable return, preservation of capital and long-term appreciation possibilities through diversified holdings of more than 500 common and preferred stocks and investment quality bonds.



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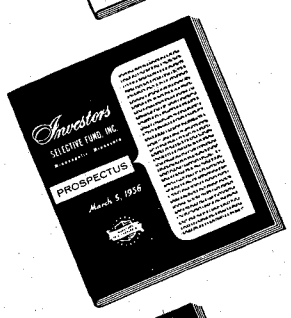

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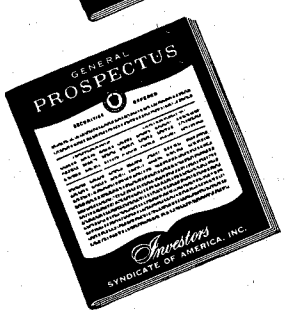

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The Stubbornest Man (Continued from Page 30)

he slid open the gate, and then the soft, silken sound of heavy bodies, warm, becoming restless in their stalls. He turned the lights on, the cows began lowing in earnest, rubbing their flanks against the stalls, eager, their udders heavy. He picked up the bucket and the stool from against the wall and shuffled over to Cymbeline, his favorite, a middle-aged Holstein with a pained expression. He talked to her a moment, soothing her, and then he set the stool in place and painfully eased himself on it. Then he took the rough, solid teats and lost himself in the sharp ring of the jet of milk against the steel bucket, forgetting the pain in his knuckles and wrists, watching the milk foam up in the bucket.

It took an hour and a half to finish them all and to get the milk into the cans and then to the cooler, where it would stay until after the morning's milking.

When he got back to the house, Dorothy was not listening to her radio, as she usually did when he was out, and he knew that he had guessed right. She did have something on her mind. He took off his jacket inside the door, and hung it on the nail that also held the telephone book. Then he walked into the bedroom, eased his heavy, great-boned frame into the rocker, put his feet, in their weathered high-top black shoes, on the footstool and said, "All right, what is it?"

She came to the bedroom door and stood there watching him for a minute. Then she said, not smiling now, "A letter from Bill, Fred."

"From William." But he was pleased with her, that she had said it out, not hedging around and building up; pleased that that had always been her way, not like that of many women, of apologizing, of being always diplomatic. "What does he want?"

"He's coming home for the weekend."

"Sit down, Dorothy." He watched her walk over to the bed and ease herself down on the coverlet. Then he said, "He remembers what I told him, doesn't he?" And when she didn't answer, "To stay at the university and do his farming in his back yard—to stay out of my hair?"

"I imagine he remembers." She was being too firm, and he didn't like it. He could feel the old, complex fury beginning to work at him. The impotent fury he had felt so intensely that last summer when William had come home, with his master's degree in agriculture and his sky-blue station wagon, fresh from his first year of teaching at the university, and had tried to tell him—him!—how to plan his next year's crops. Had told him that he should give up raising chickens, that he should turn the west thirty into pasture for cattle, should buy a new kind of hay rake, buy a television set, build a bathroom, get an automatic electric milker. And showing him magazines, with pictures of farmhouses with flagstone terraces, barbecue ovens, wrought-iron furniture, and damfool "modern farm families" sipping lemonade and watching TV.

She was still looking at him, waiting to hear what he had to say. He turned his face to the book again. "Doesn't he know it's spring? Doesn't he know I've got my hands full in spring?"

She smiled just a little. "Now you're hedging, Fred. You've got to wait for another rain. The ground isn't ready yet. You think I don't know that, after forty years with you?"

"All right, I'm hedging. But I don't want him here. And he knows that. Why doesn't he go to John's house and spend the weekend with them, if he wants to see the farm? John's his brother; they can watch the TV and talk about crop rotation and Building Better Farm Communities."

"You're still hedging," she said. "And you're not being fair to John. He keeps up his half of the farm, even if he does have a TV set."

"All right. All right. But what's he coming for?"

She was still smiling. "There's a girl, Fred. He wants us to meet her."

"My Lord! And you know what she'll be like? Like a movie star, like some kind of wax doll with sawdust in her head and a bunch of women's magazines under her arm. I know William. She'll look like Ava Gardner."

Dorothy was looking at him over the tops of her glasses again. "That's bad?" she asked.

She looked more like a youthful Loretta Young, but the effect was the same. Smooth make-up, short hair, long throat, easy smile, bright cotton dress. But she'd had enough in her head to know to wear flat heels to the farm, and her nails—thank the Lord—weren't painted. The station wagon was still sky blue, but it showed a little age, and had some honest dust on it this time. Bill was being careful, and Fred was surprised at the way he was able to handle the girl's bag; the car doors; Orsino, who was barking his fool head off to see him; and the introductions. He acted, of course, as if he'd entirely forgotten that his father had stood on about the same spot less than a year before and had told him with every Shakespearean epithet in his awe-inspiring vocabulary to go back to his crew-cut college boys and stay with them.

Her name was Emily and she was, surprisingly, carrying a book. It was a good touch, and anybody but William would have told her to carry one. But William was like his mother, short on diplomacy. The book's dust jacket was gone, and he couldn't make out the title.

It was midafternoon when they came, and Dorothy took over smoothly, setting the Wedgwood tea things out and asking Emily if she would like to pour. The girl took the shock of it quite well and poured while Dorothy served as if she had handled afternoon tea all her life, but making, of course, the expected gesture of astonishment with finding such a genteel practice at a farmhouse. Dorothy followed this with her usual, chatty little piece about their being the "radicals" of the neighborhood, about Fred's preacher-schoolteacher-actor-farmer father who wrote blank verse, kept a four-hundred-and-fifty-acre farm, and had bought an original Corot to hang in his church. The girl let Dorothy do most of the talking, was poised, interested, and didn't rattle her teacup. And then, when Dorothy told about the Corot, the girl made an astonishing comment.

She smiled, surprised, and said, "How odd! But what a wonderful painter to buy."

It was the only time in his memory that anyone had made an intelligent remark after that particular family anecdote. He glanced wonderingly at William, who was too intent on watching the girl's face to be aware of anything, and then said, "You like Corot, then?" and she said that she did, and asked him if he had seen any of Cézanne's still lifes, and he told her no, only in reproduction, and that he wasn't certain he understood them.

Her eyes lit up a little—he could not help noticing how large they were, dark brown—and she said, "Well, the next time you're in town to see Bill, let me take you by the Arts Building. They have a Cézanne there, a little one, but it's very fine."

He turned his face away. "I don't come into town very often." And then, "Are you in the university?"

"Sort of," she smiled. "I'm a graduate assistant in English. That means I grade papers."

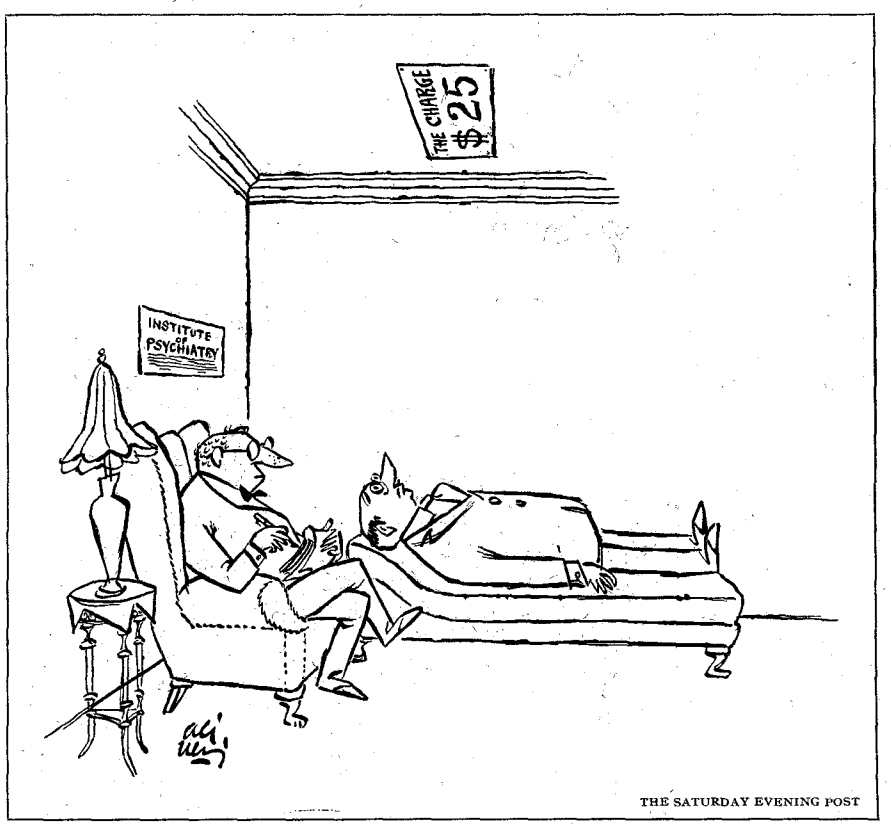
"English?" he said, glancing at William again. *What hath God wrought?* "Literature?"

"Of course," she said, looking amusedly at him over her teacup. "What else?"

For a minute he was quiet, thinking about this astonishing fact. William—William, who had revolted loudly and strongly, in his early adolescence, against the nightly Shakespeare readings—coming home with this light, bright thing, this intelligent, literary girl, who held her teacup so expertly and talked so well.

Then the girl set her cup on the arm of her chair, still smiling, looked at him and said, as though it were the most ordinary thing in the world to ask, "Do you have a television set?"

He blinked, caught by surprise. "No."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Oh," she said, and her voice showed disappointment.

He stared at her. "Why do you ask?" He hardly noticed the automatic sarcasm creeping into his voice.

"Well—there's a program I wanted to see very much."

"I see." He knew he must be scowling, but she didn't seem to notice. "Then you like television, do you?"

"I like this program."

He had been fooled, and he didn't like it. She was like all the rest of them, the young people. Like Dorothy too—his wife. TV and milking machines.

He turned his face away and said bitterly, "Why don't you read your book?"

William must have been listening more than he had thought. He spoke up suddenly, and Fred was surprised by the strength, the anger, in his son's voice. "Dad," he said, "Emily wants to see this particular show. So do I. Is that bad?"

Astonished at the directness—so much like his own—he could say nothing but, "You know I never had any use for television."

William was silent for a minute; then he said evenly, "I know. I know quite a lot of things you never had any use for." He paused for a moment, and the room seemed very silent. "Emily and I'll go to John's to see the program. It starts at eight. We won't be gone long."

Fred was still looking away. "Stay as long as you like," he said.

He did not want to talk about it any more; he was at a disadvantage—the disappointment with this girl, and this firmness, this new behavior of William's. And his hands. The anger, the upset were making his hands tremble, the pain shooting through his fingers, his wrists, strongly. He kept them resting on the arms of the rocker, trying not to move them, not to clench them, feeling as if the trembling old fingers would never bend, would crack and snap first.

They ate supper in virtual silence. Afterward, in the parlor, Dorothy and the girl talked, while he and William sat silent, not looking at each other. He kept his hands in his lap and once he caught the girl looking at them strangely, but she said nothing.

Then it was almost dark, and Dorothy said gently, "What about the cows, Fred?" and he said nothing, but knowing he couldn't put it off any longer, he got out of his chair as easily as he could, although he knew well he was moving very slowly and painfully, and left the room. He picked the pails up on the back porch, but had to carry them in the crooks of his elbows.

In the barn, he started with Cymbeline. At the first try to make something like a fist, he knew he wouldn't be able to do it. But he tried again, making all the effort he could, and then, failing, sat on his milking stool and cursed—cursing the pain in his hands, cursing his body's age and impotence. Then, silent, he remained seated for twenty minutes, until the worried restlessness of the cows, their soft, plaintive bellows, drove him from the barn. He would have to do something.

As he was setting the pails back on the floor of the porch the kitchen door opened and Emily came in. Seeing him, she was startled, and gave a quick glance at the pails, empty, at his feet.

"Oh," she said, "I was just coming out to see the cows."

He looked at her, wondering what she had on her mind. Then he said, passing by her—rudely, he knew—and opening the kitchen door, "You'll miss your television show."

Before he closed the door he heard her say, her voice calm, "It doesn't start for half an hour." (*Continued on Page 88*)

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When people meet you at a party,
they don't see very much of you

90% of what they see
is your clothes!

Dress Right - you

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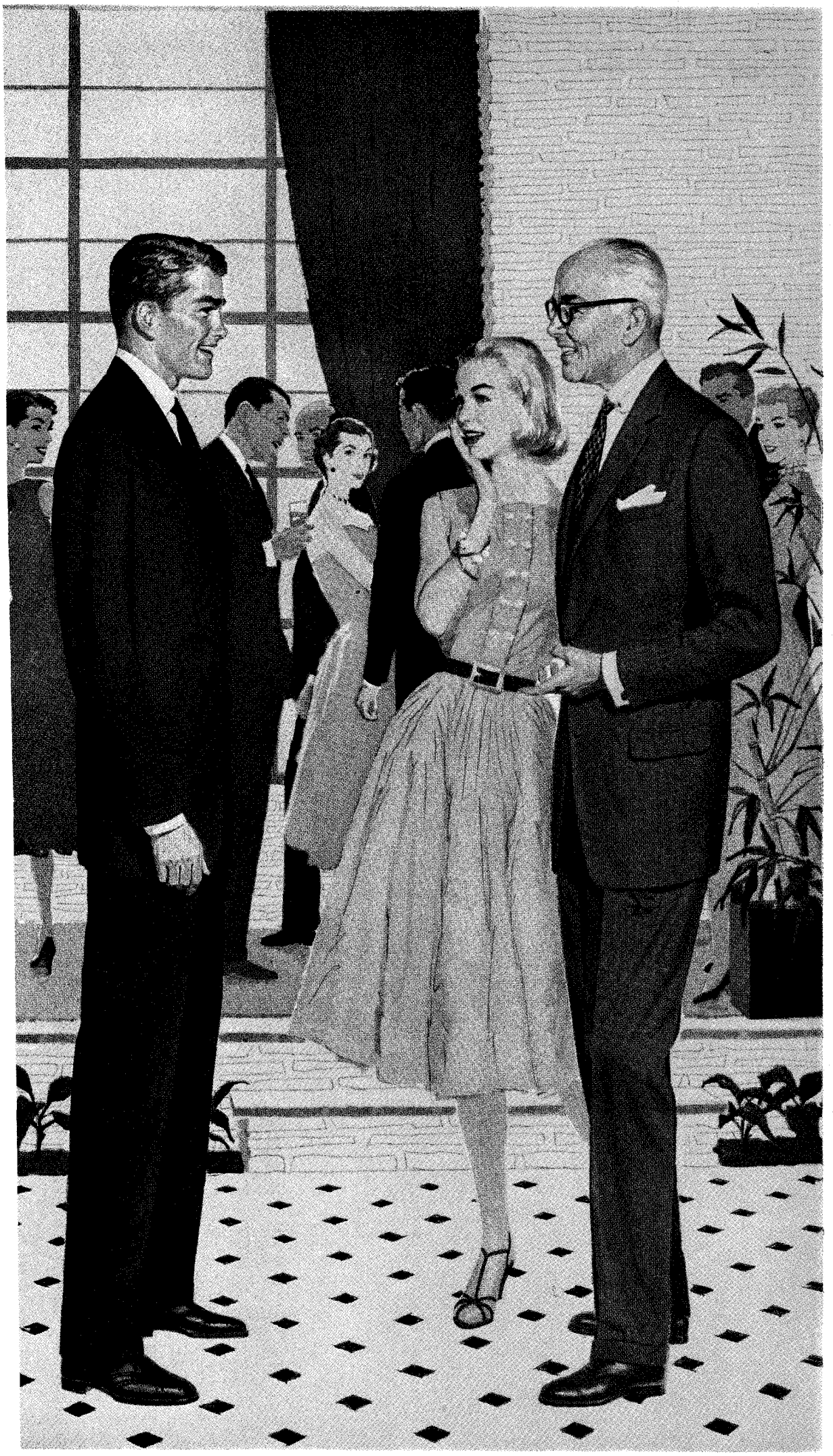


How to **Dress Right** morning, noon and night

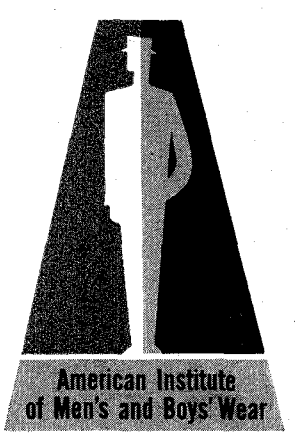
It's as easy as 1-2-3! Anyone can learn to Dress Right. Just check the all-important details! Do your socks go with your tie...are your shoes shined...is your hat well brushed? Does ½" of your shirt cuff show below your jacket sleeve? Make sure your coat hugs the back of your neck and shows ½" of shirt collar. Small potatoes? Maybe, but they add up to the neat look of success you want.

1. Color. *Color's making news—and it certainly makes dressing right more fun. You splash it on in sports clothes, of course. But color has hit shirts and suits, ties and topcoats, too. Even evening clothes are being cornered by color. Enjoy your male prerogative with a little peacock plumage.*

2. Choice. What to wear where . . . that's the heart of dressing right. Whether you put on a suit or sport jacket, shirt and tie or open-neck sport shirt, depends on where you're headed. If you have *enough* clothes, the right outfit every time is no problem.

3. Style. Designers are constantly developing changes in style to make what you wear more becoming, more comfortable, better suited to the life you lead. Styles vary from region to region or from younger men to older men—"Ivy League Look" for younger figures, or the softer-tailored, skillfully fitted look that compliments the middle-aged figure—hats are wide-brim or narrow; jackets are cut high, or low and casual. What's best for you? Ask the salesman in any store that displays the Dress Right emblem—he has expert information on what's new and advice on what looks best on you.

can't afford not to!



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(*Continued from Page 85*) In the kitchen, he got the keys to the truck from the nail over the sink, went through the hallway to the side door, outside and to the shed. He was barely able to get the key into the ignition lock, but he made it, managed the gear shift and steering wheel, and pulled out of the shed and onto the driveway. He had to open two gates before he made it to the road, and at each one he thought something must break in his hands or forearms, but nothing did. Once on the road, he was all right, and he had no trouble driving the mile and a half to the little ranch-style house on the other end of the farm, where his older son, John, lived.

He turned off the lights and pulled the truck off the road a few hundred yards above the house. He could see the pale light from the television set through one of the windows, and knew that John would have done his milking at least an hour ago.

The tool shed was a good distance from the house, and unlocked. He had no trouble getting into it and finding what he wanted. There was some difficulty in carrying it back to the truck but he managed, and in ten minutes was driving on down the road, with a portable electric milking machine beside him on the seat. He took the long way around the farm, so that he wouldn't meet the others on his way back.

He thought at first that he had forgotten and had left the light on in the barn himself, but just as he opened the door he heard the ringing, metallic sound of milk jetting against the side of a pail; and then, with the door open, he saw the milking stool with Emily on it, her back to him. The cow was Rosalind. He glanced quickly at Cymbeline in her stall. She seemed relaxed. The girl must have come in right after he left. He stood where he was, watching.

After a moment, she turned her head around and looked at him over her shoulder. Some of her hair had fallen over her forehead and she was smiling.

"You'd better hide that," she said, looking at the milking machine that hung, awkwardly, from the crook of his arm. "Somebody might see you."

"But ——" he said, knowing he must be staring at her.

She knew what he meant, and laughed lightly. "You're not the only farmer in the country," she said. "My father has three hundred acres in Ohio." She smiled and turned back to what she was doing.

He stood there for what seemed a very long time, listening to the rhythmic sound of her milking, his astonishment wearing off, a great many confused feelings taking its place. He watched her, the firm way she handled the cow, the calm, amused tone of her voice still echoing in his mind.

Finally, when she had finished with the cow and was preparing to move to another stall, he said, grinning in spite of himself, "As long as I've got this thing, we might as well use it." He set the machine on the ground.

"All right," she said.

There was a place for a plug by the single light socket on the wall. They used that, and she handled the machine while he talked to the cows as she did so, soothing them and calming down their uneasiness. The machine was efficient, and looked vaguely, ridiculously human as its little rubber-lined cylinders pumped rhythmically up and down. They watched it work, in silence, for a few minutes, and then he said, "What about the television? You've missed it."

"Bill went on alone. I told him I didn't feel up to it."

He stood, watching her for a minute silently, and then he asked her the important question, the one that he had asked himself when he first came in, "How did you know ——"

She looked at him squarely. "I saw you with the empty buckets, remember. And with your arthritis—and your pride ——"

He didn't know what to say. Four hours ago he had first seen her, and already she knew him. She knew the two words—arthritis and pride—that were the sign and symbol of himself, of his age. "Did Dorothy tell you about my arthritis?" he said.

"She didn't have to." The girl's voice was soft. "I watched you when you were trying to eat. You can't hide a thing like that, Mr. Marcum."

"No," he said, looking down at his great-veined, broad hands. "No, I guess not." He turned and started to leave. As he started to open the barn door, there was the sound of a car coming into the driveway. The station wagon. Why had William come back so soon?

She stopped him, saying, "We're not through with the milking yet." Her voice was gentle. "And I've got a piece to speak too."

"All right." He stopped and turned back to her. "But don't try to give me advice. I don't take it very well."

"I'm not expecting you to take it well," she said, her voice still soft, "but I know you better than you think. Bill talks about you. He talks about you a lot."

He stared at her a minute, and then smiled at her, wryly. "All right, young lady. Go ahead, say what you want to."

"O.K.," she said. "But let's move this vacuum cleaner to another cow."

When they had the thing fastened to Titania, Emily said, "All right, here's my piece: First, you do something about the arthritis."

"Do what about it?" She knew how to talk to him all right. No hedging around.

"Take cortisone. See a doctor. They do things for arthritis these days."

"And then?"

She brushed the hair away from her forehead, watching his eyes, smiling a little. "And then quit browbeating Bill."

"You're not being very diplomatic," he said.

"No, I'm not." She was still watching him, looking up at him, her hands in the pockets of her skirt. "Do you want me to be diplomatic?"

He looked down at her, amused at the way she knew how to handle him, pleased with her sense of the situation, of how far she could go with a man who would have seemed a cranky old fool to anyone else. He couldn't help grinning. "No," he said.

She smiled back. "Good. Then what about Bill?"

"Not Bill. William. And if I browbeat him, it's because he asks for it."

"Mr. Marcum," she said firmly, "it's Bill. To you, he's William. But to himself, to his mother and to me—and I'm somebody who loves him, too—his name is Bill. That's the whole point of what I want to say about him."

"I christened him William."

"You don't own your son all by yourself," she said. "Nobody does. He's named himself Bill."

"All right then. It doesn't make any difference. It's anything you say it is."

"It makes a lot of difference. You've got to learn to know your son all over again. To stop thinking of him as an adolescent."

"How do you know how I think of him?"

"How do I know? How do you treat him?"

"All right. Maybe I do treat him that way. But he asks for it. He thinks he knows how to farm, and he won't work for me."

"He wanted to work in the summers."

"Look," he said, letting it come out now, "I want a son. A son to farm with me—all year—a son to take over for me when I die. That's what I wanted when I sent William to college to learn agriculture. I wanted him to learn to become a good farmer; not a suburbanite with a power mower and a garden. Maybe he could have learned to be a better farmer than I. Maybe he could be taking my farm over right now." He stopped for breath, glancing at his hands before going on, more slowly now, "Maybe he ought to be. I'm old now. I'm tired." Then he quit talking and stared, again, at his hands.

She was quiet for a moment. When she spoke finally, her voice was surprisingly gentle. "Maybe, Mr. Marcum," she said, "maybe you've got more of a son like that than you thought."

He looked back at her face. "How do you mean?" he said.

"I mean that Bill wants to ask you if he can come here to live. He's not going to teach, except on Saturdays, for the next two years, while he works on his dissertation. He's going to do research on irrigation, and he wants you to let him use ten acres for that, if you'll let him work for you in return. He says he's eager to get his hands dirty again. That's one of the things he came here to talk to you about. He wants to know if you'll let him come back. Maybe for good."

He knew he was staring at her again. It had all come very fast, and he felt dazed at it. "But then why didn't he say something?" His voice sounded soft, strange to him.

"You haven't given him a chance yet. You started that fight about the television show."

"I started it? Maybe I was rude to you—I guess I was—but he had no call to jump into it."

"He didn't?" Her voice was level again. "When you talked that way to me? I'm his girl, Mr. Marcum. We're going to get married." She smiled faintly. "Don't you think he has some pride? Don't you think there's a chance he inherited some?" When he said nothing, but just stared at her, she went on, "I told you that you've got to learn to know him again. It was going to be hard enough, to begin with, for him to swallow some of that pride and ask you to take him back. You made it almost impossible."

"All right," he said, "all right," trying to make his voice rough, but unable to keep down the excitement, the pleasant, unexpected thrill that what she had told him had given him. The fourteen-acre piece behind the pasture, he could use that for his "research," whatever it was. And for a place to live, the old tenant house could be fixed up easily enough for one person. Or rather—he looked down at Emily—for two.

Titania bellowed abruptly. Emily looked startled, and then laughed. "We'd better cut the switch or you're going to have a sore cow." And she turned the milker off, disengaged it from Titania—who looked at her reproachfully as she did so—and emptied the bucket into the ten-gallon can. "This is the last one," she said.

"Good." He put the top on the can, which was almost full, straddled it and took hold of the handles.

"Hold on a minute," she said. "That's no way to treat that arthritis."

"You want me to leave the milk here?" He started to heave it off the ground, bracing his back for the strain.

"No." She stepped over and took one of the handles. "I'm a farm girl, remember? I've carried quite a few cans of milk before this."

"Well," he said, "you don't have to carry this one." And then, going to the barn door, he called out, "William, come here a minute!" and then looked back at her, smiling.

Her eyes were wide. "You're calling Bill?"

"Why not? If he's going to work for me, it's time he started."

It took William less than a minute to get out to the barn. He was wearing a white shirt, open at the neck. Fred looked at him, pleased. Pleased with his young, easy strength, his big, heavy farmer's hands, his broad, honest face, with the eyes, now a bit wide, uncomprehending, as he saw his father and Emily there in the barn together.

"What is it, dad?" William said.

"Give me a hand, will you, William?" He indicated the milk can. "We have to put this in the cooler."

As they were carrying the can out the barn door, he said, "How was the television show, William?" his voice soft.

He saw his son glance quickly at Emily, his face puzzled, and he saw Emily smile and nod her head, and then William looked at him and grinned, broadly, awkwardly, and said, "It was lousy, dad."

"Well, Bill," he said, as they walked toward the house, William and Emily now walking together, close, "maybe the show'll be better tomorrow." THE END

"I thought we came here for some exotic Hawaiian dishes. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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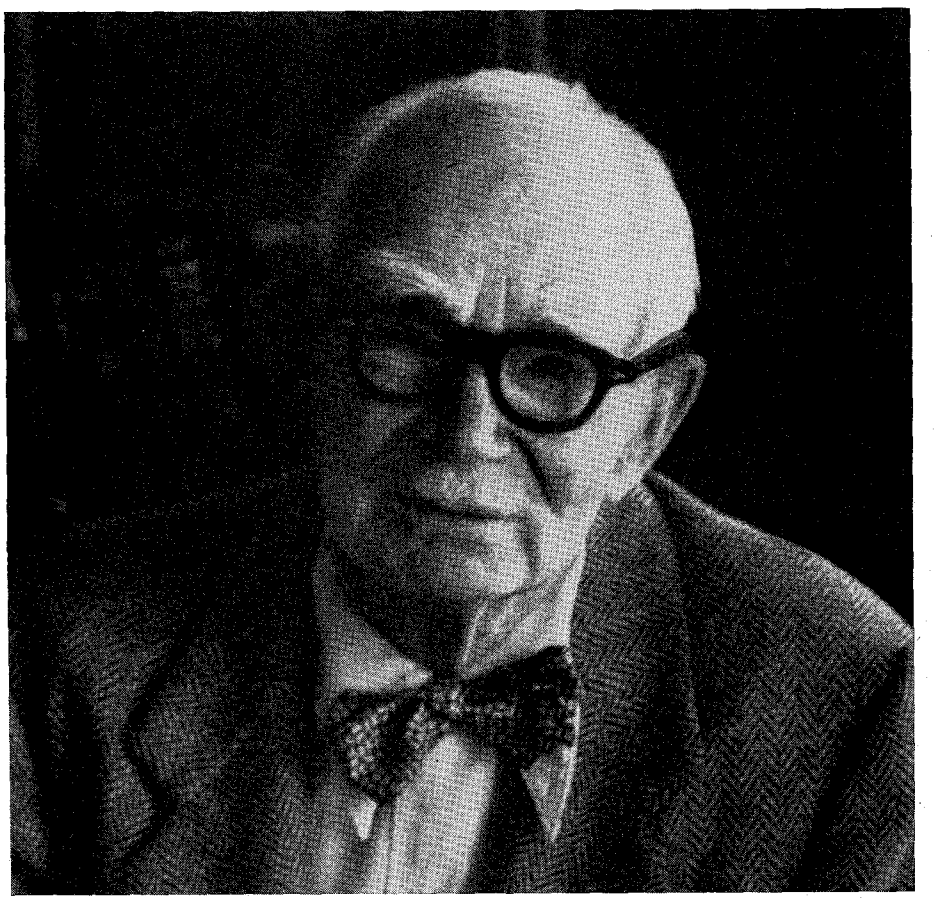

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That Ryan Woman

(Continued from Page 24)

All the same, it made her self-conscious about friendships with girls of her own age. They, too, would have boys around, and the boys did not want Nan. Though she carefully avoided giving occasion for a slight, even the hint of one was sufficient to make her brooding and resentful. Suddenly and inexplicably she would drop some girl she had known for years, and never even speak of her again. It gave her the reputation of being cold and insincere, but—as Dinny in his shrewd way observed to Mick—she tended to make friends of older women and even of sick people, though even with these she was jealous and exacting.

Dinny didn't like this, and naturally his mother did not like it at all, but Nan paid no attention to their views. She had become exceedingly obstinate in a way that did not suit either her age or her sex, and it made her seem curiously angular, almost masculine, as though it were the psychological aspect of her ugliness. She had no shyness and stalked in and out of a room, swinging her arms like a boy. Her conversation changed, too, and took on the tone of an older woman's. It was not dull, but it was too much on one key—"crabbed," to use a local word—and it did not make the sharp distinctions young people's conversation makes between passion and boredom. Dinny and Mick could be very bored indeed in each other's company, but suddenly some topic would set flame to their minds, and they would walk the streets for hours, arguing.

Her father was disappointed when Nan refused to go to college. When she did go to work, it was behind the counter of a dress shop—a curious job for a girl with no great interest in clothes.

Then one night something happened that electrified Mick. As usual, he and she had been arguing while Dinny was out of the room. Mick—though without formal education—was an exceedingly well-read man, and he had no patience with Nan's literary tastes, which were those of her aged and invalid acquaintances—popular novels and biographies that were the successes of a season. As usual, he made fun of her, and she grew angry.

"Ah, you never agree with anybody," she said, and went to look for the book they were talking of in the big bookcase.

Laughing, Mick got up and stood beside her, putting his arm about her shoulder as he would have done at any other time. She misunderstood the gesture, for she leaned back on his shoulder and turned her face up to be kissed. At that moment only did he realize that she had turned into a girl of startling beauty. He did not kiss her. Instead, he dropped his arm and looked at her incredulously while she gave him a reproachful grin and went on with what she had been saying.

For the rest of the evening he could not take his eyes from her. Now he could easily analyze the change for himself. He remembered that she had been ill with some type of fever and had come out of it white and thin. Then she had seemed to shoot up, and now he saw that during her illness her face had lengthened and, one by one, each of those awkward lumps of feature had dropped into place and proportion, till they formed a perfect structure that neither age nor illness could any longer quite destroy. It was not in the least like her mother's type of beauty. It was a translation of her father's masculinity, tight and strained and almost harsh. Already it had begun to affect her gait, because she no longer charged about a room, swinging her arms. And he wondered at the power of habit that causes us to live with people historically, with follies or virtues long disappeared from every eye but our own.

When Dinny followed him into the street, Mick began by being elaborately casual.

"Quite a change in Nan, isn't there?" he observed, flicking the ash from his cigarette.

"In who?" Dinny asked without interest. "Oh, Nan? Yes, that's since she was sick."

"Astonishing," added Mick, seeing that his casual tone would draw nothing from Dinny.

"Darn nuisance, as a matter of fact," Dinny said gravely.

"How so?"

"The house is overrun with fellows till you can't find a place to read."

Mick threw back his head and laughed heartily. Dinny was more affectionate than most brothers, and did not even object to a miracle or two if it made his sister happy, but he disapproved of revolutions in the home.

It proved a revolution for Mick as well as for him. For twelve months Mick had been going steady with a nice girl from Sunday's Well, and in due course would have married her. Mick was that sort—a creature of habit who controlled circumstances by simplifying them down to a routine—the same restaurant, the same table, the same waitress and the same dish. It enabled him to go on with his own thoughts. At the same time, whenever anything happened to disturb his routine, it was like a convulsion of Nature for him.

The transformation of his old admirer into a beauty was something of the sort. Gradually he dropped the nice girl from Sunday's Well and went more and more to the Ryans'.

"Your horse is now breaking into a brisk walk."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Dinny had exaggerated the number of Nan's friends and suitors, but the change was there, all right. Mr. Ryan enjoyed it as proof that he had always been right about Nan's attractions. Mrs. Ryan had no such pleasure. Naturally, she had cared more for the boys, but the boys had not brought home attractive young men who had to flirt with her, and now Nan took an almost perverse delight in keeping the young men and her mother apart. Beauty had brought out what ugliness had failed to do—a deep resentment of her mother which at times went too far even for Mick's taste. She made up for it by what he thought an undue consideration for her father.

She had ceased to wear the rough masculine tweeds she had always liked, and to Mick's eye it was not a change for the better. She had developed a passion for good clothes without a taste for them. But if he disapproved of her taste in dress he disapproved even more of her taste in men. He and she argued about them as they had so often argued about other things. "Smoothies" he called them to her face, with a supercilious sniff.

There was Joe Lyons, the solicitor, a handsome, dark-haired young man who combined a knowledge of the right wines with an intellectual Catholicism; and Matt Healy, the butter merchant, who had a boat and talked about whisky and "dames." The pair of them could argue for half an hour without stopping, about how much you could get out of a particular car, or how quickly you could do the trip to Dublin, or which was the best hotel there. Obviously, Lyons despised Healy as a chatterbox, and Healy despised Lyons as a stuffed shirt, while Mick despised both of them equally. Intelligent discussion was impossible with them, for they both thought Mick something of a character and, when he tried to argue about religion or politics, they listened with an amusement that only made him angry.

"Mick," said Lyons, the kindlier of the two, resting an arm on Mick's shoulder, "you'll get wiser yet. Mind, I didn't say 'more intelligent'; I said 'wiser.' There is a difference."

Mick couldn't help being angry. He was hard-working but unambitious; too intelligent to value the things commonplace people valued, but too thin-skinned not to resent their scorn at his failure to do so.

Nan herself had no objection to being courted by Mick. She was still under the influence of her childish passion and it satisfied her vanity to be able to indulge it. She was an excellent companion, and would go off for long walks with him over the hills to the river, and then stop him when he wanted to be extravagant in the manner of her other young men.

"I'm a whisky drinker, Mick, but you're not a whisky buyer," she would say. "I'll have beer." But when he tried to become more serious, she countered with a bluff practicality that shocked him.

"Ah, what's the good of talking like that, Mick?" she asked. "Sure, you haven't a cent, and the way you're going on, you're not likely to make one."

"Why, is it a matter of cents?" he asked quietly, though he was stung by the good-natured contempt in her tone.

"What else is it?" she retorted. "As long as I remember my family, it's never been anything but quarrels about money, and I don't want to be stuck with it."

"Well, if you marry Joe Lyons you'll never have to worry," he said, with a hint of a sneer.

"I didn't say I was going to marry him, but if I were, I wouldn't be put off by what you think of him," she replied hotly.

"Why should you?" said Mick, feeling like a small boy, but unable to stop himself. "A fellow who reads Thomas Aquinas and can do a hundred in his new car!"

"Ah, to listen to you, one would think it was a mortal sin to have a car," she said scoldingly. "Why can't you stop resenting people that have more than you?"

The worldly, middle-aged tone, particularly when linked with the Ryan push-and-go, could be exceedingly destructive. There was something else that troubled him as well, though he was not sure why. He had always liked to pose a little as a man of the world, and to talk frankly about sex, but Nan could sometimes shock him badly. There seemed to be depths of sensuality in her that were out of character and phase. He didn't know, he could not believe that she really intended it, but she could sometimes inflame him with some sudden violence or coarseness, as no ordinary girl could have done.

Then one evening when they were out together by the river he noticed a change in her. She had been spending a few days in Glengariff with Lyons, Healy and another girl, but she didn't want to talk of it, and he had the feeling that something about it had disappointed her. She was somehow different—brooding, affectionate, intense. She had pulled off her shoes and stockings and was sitting with her feet in the river, her hands joined between her knees.

"You know, Mick," she said, "you let Matt and Joe upset you too much. You should be able to pity them."

"Pity them?" he asked, laughing with surprise.

"If you weren't such a blooming agnostic, I'd say pray for them."

"Pray for bigger dividends for them?" he asked in the same tone.

"The dividends aren't much use to them," she said. "They're both bored. I like Joe Lyons because he has enough humility to know he's bored. Mind," she added in her enthusiastic way, "I like money, Mick

(Continued on Page 92)

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(*Continued from Page 90*) Courtney. I like expensive clothes and flashy dinners and wines I can't even pronounce the names of, but they don't take me in. A girl that was brought up the way I was needs more than that to take her in. You mean more to me than the whole lot of them, if only you'd go and do something."

"Do what?" he asked with interest.

"How do I know? I don't even care. I don't care even if you make a mess of it. It's not failure I'm afraid of. It's just getting stuck in the mud. Look at daddy. You mightn't think it, but he's a brilliant man, and he's stuck. Now he hopes the boys will find out whatever secret there is and do all the things he couldn't do."

"Yes," Mick said thoughtfully, answering himself rather than her. "I dare say I'm not ambitious. I know what you mean. But if it was the only thing that stood in your way, I dare say I could do something. It would have to be in Dublin, though. There's nothing here in my line."

"Dublin would do me fine," she said with satisfaction. "Mother and I would get on a great deal better at that distance."

Their engagement made a big change in Mick. He was, as I have said, a creature of habit—a man who lived by associations. He really knew the city in a way that few of us knew it, its interesting corners and queer characters, and the idea of having to change it for a place of no associations was more of a shock for him than it would have been for any of us. But though at certain times it left him with a lost feeling, at others it restored to him a boyish excitement and gaiety, as though the trip he was preparing for was some dangerous voyage, and when he lit up like that, he became more attractive, reckless and innocent. Nan had always been rather in love with him; now she really admired and adored him.

At the same time she did not discontinue her outings with her old beaux. In particular, she remained friendly with Joe Lyons, who was genuinely fond of her and believed that she wasn't serious about marrying Mick. He was, as she said, an exceedingly kind man, and was genuinely shocked at the thought that so beautiful a girl should even consider cooking and washing clothes on a clerk's income. He went to her father about it, and would even have gone to Mick himself, only that she forbade him. "But he can't do it, Nan," he protested; "he can't do that to you." This did not worry Mick in the least. He was a man who was almost devoid of jealousy. He was merely amused by her occasional lies and evasions, and even more by the fits of conscience that followed them.

"Mick," she would say feverishly, "when I said I was going to Confession last Saturday, that was a lie. I was out in Joe Lyons' car. He still won't believe but I'll marry him, and I would, if only he had a brain in his head. Mick, why can't you be attractive like that?"

Mrs. Ryan resented it on Mick's behalf, though even more she resented his complaisance. She was sufficiently feminine to know that she might have done it herself, and to feel that she would need correction if she did.

It was Nan's father who really irritated Mick. When Joe Lyons had lamented Nan's decision to him, he had also pointed out that if Nan married Mick she could not be "received" in the best houses—a fate that worried him more than it worried her. But Mr. Ryan was thunderstruck by the threat. He had never really approved of the marriage, but it had not crossed his mind that it might ever imply Nan's exclusion from society—whatever that was.

He began to bully Mick about the future. The prospect of the Dublin job did not satisfy him in the least. He wanted to know what Mick proposed to do then. There were examinations a young fellow could take which would insure his chances of promotion. Mick mustn't let the grass grow under his feet. Tom Ryan would arrange it all and coach him himself.

Mick had no intention of letting himself be coached by his future father-in-law, and the more Mr. Ryan pressed him, the firmer he became on the subject. At first, he was amused and polite; then he became sarcastic—a weakness of his when he was forced on the defensive. Mr. Ryan—who was as incapable as a child of understanding sarcasm—rubbed his bald head angrily and left the room in a flurry.

"I wish you wouldn't speak to daddy like that," Nan said in a hurt tone.

"I wish daddy would stop arranging my life for me," Mick said wearily.

"He only means it in kindness."

"I didn't think he meant it in any other spirit," said Mick, with a sniff. "I still wish he'd get it into his head that it's I who am marrying you."

"I wouldn't be too sure of that, Mick," she said angrily.

"Really, Nan," he said reproachfully. "Just because I don't like being pushed about by your old man."

"It's not only that," she said desperately. "It's just as well we've had this out because I'd have had to tell you later. I can't possibly marry you."

"But why?" he asked gently.

"Because I'm scared."

"Of marriage?"

"Of marriage as well."

"Of me, so?"

"Of marriage and you and myself," she said explosively.

"Afraid you may kick over the traces?" he asked with affectionate mockery.

"You think I wouldn't?" she retorted, her eyes narrowing and her face looking old and grim. "You don't understand me at all, Mick," she added. "You don't even know the sort of things I'm capable of. You're wrong for me."

Mick treated the scene lightly, as though it were merely another of their disagreements, but when he left the house he was both hurt and troubled. Clearly there was a side of her character which he did not understand, and he was a man who liked to understand things, if only so that he could forget them and go on with his own thoughts. He knew she was unhappy, and felt that it really had nothing to do with the subject of their quarrel. It was unhappiness that had driven her into his arms in the first place, and now it looked as though it were about to drive her out again.

He had assumed, rather too complacently, that she had turned to him because she had learned to see through people like Lyons and Healy, but now he realized that her unhappiness had nothing to do with them either. She was desperate about herself rather than them. She might, he thought, have been tempted too far. She was the sort of passionate girl who could very easily be lured into an indiscretion and would then react from it with loathing and self-disgust. The very thought that this might be the cause moved him to a passion of protective tenderness, and before he went to bed he wrote and posted an affectionate letter, apologizing for his mockery of her father and promising to consider her feelings more in the future.

In reply, he received a brief note which she delivered at his house while he was at work. She did not refer at all to his letter, but told him that she was marrying Lyons. It was a dry note, and to him it seemed full of secret malice. He left his own house and met Dinny on the way up to call on him. From Dinny's gloomy air, Mick saw that he knew all about it. They went for one of their usual walks, and only when they were sitting in a country public house did Mick speak of the breach. The scene lingered in his mind because of the country boys who came in and argued about the weather and racing.

Dinny was worried, and his worry made him rude, and through the rudeness Mick seemed to hear the voices of the Ryan family discussing the affair. They had never really cared for him as a husband for Nan, but had been prepared to accept him just because she seemed to like him so much better than any of the others. But there was no question in their minds that she did not care at all for Lyons and was marrying him only in some mood of desperation induced by Mick.

"I can't imagine what it was," Mick said thoughtfully. "Your father started bossing me and I was rude. I apologized for that."

"Oh, the old man bosses us all and we're all rude," said Dinny.

"Beyond that, I can't think of anything," said Mick.

"And Nan won't tell," said Dinny. "So whatever it is, the harm is done. You know how obstinate she is when she takes an idea into her head."

"You don't think I should see her and have it out?"

"I wouldn't," said Dinny. "It'll only hurt you worse than you're hurt already."

Mick realized that Dinny—whatever his reasons might be—was advising him to quit, and for once he was in a position to do so. With the usual irony of events, the job he had been seeking in Dublin only on Nan's account was now his, and he would have to leave at the end of the month.

This—which had seemed to him an enormous break with his past—turned out to be the very best cure for his troubled mind, for, though he missed old friends and familiar places more than most people, he had the sensitiveness of his type to the novelty of a larger and more exciting city, and he soon ended by wondering how he could ever have existed elsewhere. Within twelve months he had met a nice girl and married her.

So entirely did Cork scenes and characters fade from his mind that it came as a shock to him to meet Dinny one fine day in Grafton Street. Dinny was on his way to England, and Mick at once invited him home. But before they left town they celebrated their reunion in Mick's favorite pub off Grafton Street. Then he could ask the question that had sprung to his mind on catching sight of Dinny's face.

"How's Nan?"

"Oh, didn't you hear about her?" Dinny asked in some surprise. "She's gone into a convent, you know."

"Nan?" said Mick. "Into a convent?"

"It surprised me too," said Dinny. "I fancy it surprised the convent even more," he added dryly.

"For heaven's sake!" exclaimed Mick. "And the fellow she was engaged to? Lyons?"

"Oh, she dropped him inside a month," said Dinny with distaste. "I never thought she was serious about him anyway."

Mick went on with his drink, suddenly feeling embarrassed and strained. A few minutes later he asked, with the pretense of a smile, "You don't think if I'd hung on she might have changed her mind?"

"I dare say she might," Dinny replied sagaciously. "I'm not so sure it would have been the best thing for you, though," he added kindly. "The truth is I don't think Nan is the marrying kind."

"I dare say not," said Mick.

But he didn't believe it for an instant. He was quite sure that Nan was the marrying kind, and that nothing except the deep unhappiness that had first united and then divided them had kept her from marrying. But what that was about he still had no idea, and he saw that Dinny knew even less about her than he did.

The meeting had brought it all back, and at intervals during the next few years it came back again, disturbing him. It was not that he was unhappy in his own married life; on the contrary, all its little

"Well, I kinda hoped to get enough to pay off a thousand-dollar milk bill that's been worrying me."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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commonplaces were a deep joy to him. But sometimes in the morning when he had kissed his wife at the gate, he would go swinging down the avenue of the little estate toward the sea, thinking of the girl who had seemed to have none of his pleasure in simple things and whose decisions all seemed to have been dictated by some inner torment.

And then one day, years later, he found himself alone in Cork, tidying things up after the death of his father—his last relative there. Suddenly he found himself plunged back into the world of his childhood and youth, and he wandered like a ghost from street to street, pub to pub, old friend to old friend, resurrecting other ghosts in a mood that was half anguish, half delight. His absorption in the familiar made him peculiarly susceptible to the poetry of change. He visited the Ryans and found Mrs. Ryan as good-looking as ever, though she moaned sentimentally about the departure of the boys and the disappointment of Nan.

Then, when she saw him to the door, she folded her arms and leaned against the jamb. "Wisha, Mick, wouldn't you go and see her?" she said reproachfully.

"Nan?" said Mick. "You don't think she'd mind?"

"Wisha, for heaven's sake why would she mind?" Mrs. Ryan said with a shrug. "Sure, the girl must be dead for someone to talk to."

Mick, thinking of what Mrs. Ryan had said, made up his mind to see Nan. The convent was on one of the steep hills outside the city, with a wide view of the valley from its front lawn. He was expecting a change, but Nan's appearance in the terrible convent parlor startled him. The frame of white linen and black veil gave her strongly marked features the unnatural relief of a fifteenth-century German portrait. And at the first glance he became convinced of an idea that had formed slowly in his mind through the years.

"Isn't it terrible I can't kiss you, Mick?" were her first words. "Come out in the garden where we can talk," she added.

Chattering on, she rustled ahead of him onto the lawn, and he knew that she was as pleased to see him as he to see her. She led him to a garden seat behind a hedge that hid them from the convent and grabbed his hand.

"Are you converted yet, Mick?" she asked eagerly.

"Do I look it?" he asked with a pale smile.

"You don't," she replied with a doubtful grin. "I'd know that agnostic look anywhere. But you needn't think you'll escape me all the same."

"You're a fierce pray-er," he quoted and she burst into laughter at the memory.

"I am, too," she added boyishly. "I'm a terror for holding on."

"A wonder you couldn't have held on to me, so," he said mockingly.

"Ah, that's different," she said with sudden gravity. "I suppose 'twas the way God came first." Then she looked at him out of the corner of her eye. "Or do you think I'm only talking nonsense?"

"I do."

"I'm not really," she said. "Though sometimes I wonder myself how I got here," she added ruefully. "And it's not that I'm not happy here. You know that?"

"Oh, I know," he said with a nod.

"You've changed a lot if you do," she said.

"Haven't we both?" he asked.

He had not needed her to say that she was happy nor did he now need her to tell him why. He knew that the idea that had been forming in his mind in the last year or so was the true one, and that what had happened to her was **not** something unique and outside his own experience. It was something that happened to others in different ways. Because of some inadequacy in themselves—poverty or physical weakness in men, poverty or ugliness in women—those with the gift of creation built for themselves a rich interior world; and when the inadequacy disappeared and the real world was spread before them with all its wealth and beauty, they could not give their whole heart to it. Uncertain of their choice, they wavered between goal and goal, were lonely in crowds, dissatisfied in the middle of noise and laughter, unhappy even with those they loved best. The interior world called them back, and for some it was a case of having to return or die.

He tried to explain his ideas to her, feeling his own lack of persuasiveness and at the same time aware that she was watching him keenly and with amusement, as though she did not take him seriously. Perhaps she didn't, for none of us can really feel, let alone describe, the interior world of another. They sat for close on an hour, and Mick refused to stay for tea. He knew convent teas and had no desire to spoil the impression that their meeting had left on him.

"Pray for me," he said with a smile as they shook hands.

"Do you think I ever stopped?" she asked mockingly.

He strode quickly down the shady steps to the lodge gate in a strange mood of rejoicing, realizing that however the city might change, that old love affair went on unbroken in a world where disgust or despair could never touch it, and would continue so till both of them were dead.

... ...

Young Again

By Loyd Rosenfield

I spy you, lone gray strand
up there
Among my otherwise black
hair.
Are you an unrelenting
gauge
Of fast-approaching middle
age,
Or are you a phenomenon
That found a spot to grow
upon?
Whatever you may be, in
truth
You are no harbinger of
youth,
So, while I can, I'll play a
prank
On Father Time with one
sharp yank!

... ...

The Valley of Terror (Continued from Page 34)

"Marks of a fight," I ventured. "Probably with another of his kind."

"Wasn't any bear worried him," the Indian said. "This fella was chased."

"Wolves, perhaps?" A most unlikely conjecture, offered absently. My attention was upon the short, thin-bladed knife that Saul Prince had laid down.

I reached for the knife, my curiosity thoroughly roused. Plaited leather, black and ancient, covered the haft. The blade had been worn to a mere slip of steel. But its counterpart may be seen in any weapons room; it was the skean-dhu, the black dirk of the Scottish clansman.

"How did you come by this, Saul?" I inquired.

The Indian shrugged. "Had it from my brother. . . . Look, doc, I might as well say it. This bear was driven to you. They made us a gift of him."

"They?"

"Ah, you know who I mean." His voice dropped to an apprehensive mutter. "Them. The Old People."

In my work I have learned how real and how terrifying can be the chimeras with which primitive races becloud their lives. I know also how reluctant they are to refer bluntly to the object of their superstitious imaginings. When he spoke of the "Old People" my guide had in mind the Mukhalin, the hairy giants of Tzwahalis folklore. Inspector Carveth-Welsh had touched on them briefly, with his customary humor.

"When a young girl goes missing," he had told me in his office at division headquarters, "it's always the Mukhalin who've grabbed her. If a white prospector bushwhacks into the hinterland and doesn't come out, who d'you think has clobbered him and bagged his head? The Mukhalin, of course! Always the Mukhalin. But," the inspector had continued in his hearty way, "you aren't likely to run into any of that claptrap with Saul Prince. Saul has been in there. He took a party of sportsmen through the west pass just last year, as a matter of fact, and fetched 'em out with their heads in place."

Now, though, I realized that my guide's veneer of white culture was thinner than either Carveth-Welsh's pronouncement or my own observations had led me to believe. Staring at me with moisture glistening at his hairline, he was plainly a frightened man.

"Have you ever seen the Mukhalin, Saul?" I asked him.

"No."

"Have you met anyone, Indian or white, who has seen them?"

"Yeah."

"May I ask who?"

Saul replied in a voice all but inaudible, "My brother."

"And where is your brother now, Saul?"

"I don't know," he mumbled. "So help me heaven, I don't know. All I'm sure of is, we got to get out of here!"

With my guide in his present state of nerves, there seemed no virtue in pressing the matter. We finished stripping the enormous pelt from the fat-marbled carcass; then, taking his rifle with him, Saul returned to camp for his packboard while I prepared the bear's skull for transport. By midafternoon the hide was fleshed, rubbed with salt and secured between saplings to catch the drying wind that swirled down the valley.

Not until then did Saul Prince break his brooding silence.

"Doc," he told me, "I was awake all last night. I'm going to sleep for an hour. Then we're lighting out."

He unrolled his sleeping bag in our lean-to. He did not wriggle into the bag,

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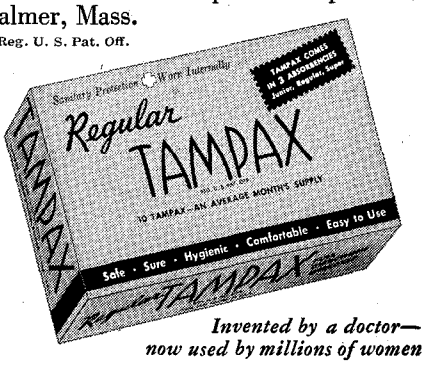

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but disposed himself on it with his rifle at his side and his hand on the rifle. When I next glanced at the Indian, he was deep asleep.

I watched him, smoking my pipe, more perturbed over the change in him than I cared to admit. He could, I supposed, force me from the valley at gunpoint. Even so, with the Mukhalin bear removed from the realm of fable, my expedition would have achieved a larger measure of success than I had dared anticipate during the months of planning and preparation. It was the virtual breakdown of my guide rather than the cutting short of my stay that worried me. In these past days spent surmounting terrain as difficult and dangerous as any in North America, I had come to regard him as a man of admirable strength and balance. Now, in a scant three hours, I had been forced to a radical revision of judgment.

Moving quietly, I dropped a leftover bannock in my pocket and picked up my rifle, a .30-'06 with telescope by Stith and stock by Bishop. It was possible that Saul might waken in a more rational frame of mind. If by a thorough scout of the valley I could persuade him that his fears were groundless, he might yet be won from his insistence on a departure that smacked of panic flight.

In two hours of travel, sometimes along graveled creek bars, again through open meadows dotted with timber clumps, I discovered no sign of habitation, whether present or past. I did find bear spoor near the valley's eastern limit where the trough narrowed between avalanche-scarred ridges, but from shape, size and claw indentures, I satisfied myself that the prints were those of the common black bear, *Euarctos americanus*.

A receding glacier thrust a gray ice tongue into the valley head from the east. I mounted toward the glacier, crossing the jumbled boulders of an avalanche fan and striking a lateral moraine of scree that offered a passage between ice and near-vertical rock pitch.

At this point, since I have never been a convinced believer in extrasensory perception, my account becomes difficult. I know only that, urged by an instinct of self-preservation no less primitive than Saul Prince's shadowy terrors, I hurled myself close against the wall of the defile. The rest was thunder that filled my ears and my brain, dust in a choking, blinding cloud, a great shock upon my head. Then an echoing silence laced with fiery flashes, and a confused, continuing dream. The dream had many faces. Then one face alone, a woman's, fierce and wild, and beautiful.

When I recovered consciousness—if the state in which I found myself can be so described—I was clear of the pass and well down the valley. My rifle was gone. I hobbled with the aid of a crotched limb. Blood had matted my beard and dried on a shirt reduced to fluttering rags. When I fumbled a hand to my head, it came away smeared with a sticky crimson at which I gaped stupidly. I limped on, and it was as if the rockfall that had sprained my left ankle and broken my head had also split my inner self.

An effect of concussion, no doubt. One self paced the other, unhampered by physical injury and blessed with an objectivity which it has not been my fortune to enjoy before or since. The other—the stumbling creature deep in shock—made its painful way down the valley, halting often to peer back as if in fear of pursuit, mouthing words at which the calm *alter ego* smiled indulgently.

"The Mukhalin." It was my own voice croaking in the mountain hush. "No dream, no dream."

Twilight was verging on darkness when that self staggered into a vaguely familiar meadow, buffeted by wind, scarcely feeling the sting of hard-driven snow. I saw the flicker of firelight at the edge of the timber, and the ghost bear's pelt swaying disembodied there. A lesser shape confronted me. I teetered by it, gawking down at it foolishly. Crossed sticks had been planted in the heather and a shirt draped over them, the whole translated into a diminutive parody of man by the white tam-o'-shanter that crowned it.

I had detached Saul Prince's headgear and was turning it owlishly in my hands, noting that it appeared to be woven of goat or dog hair, when Saul hurried out to me.

"What's this, Saul?" I remember asking the Indian in a rational manner. "This curious little effigy?"

"A scarebear," my guide told me. In the dusk, with snow whirling around us, my condition could not have been at once apparent to him. "I rigged him 'case a grizzly comes prowling."

I presume, then, that Saul caught me as I toppled. When I roused I was in my sleeping bag in the lean-to, my head crudely bandaged.

Saul crouched in the mouth of the shelter, his broad back toward me, his rifle across his knees. He heard me stir and turned a somber face, the firelight ruddy upon it.

"What happened, doc?"

"I'm by no means sure." I framed the words with an effort, for my throat was parched and a dull ache throbbed through my head. "I believe I was caught in a rockfall at the head of the valley."

"Who fixed you the crutch?"

"Why, I presume I did," I replied, although I had no faintest recollection of having done so.

The Indian shook his head. He got up heavily, removed our blackened tea pail from the fire, and filled a mug. The strong brew, scalding hot, was grateful in my dry mouth. Saul studied me while I sipped. Presently he reached for the crotched limb and lifted it so that it caught the light.

"You cut that with your knife?"

Blurred though my wits were, I found his point obvious. The branch was thick as my wrist. Even a sharp and heavy knife could not have severed it so cleanly, at a single stroke. I pondered the fact, drinking my tea, while my objective other self cast about for a logical explanation. But none materialized, and Saul tossed the limb into the fire.

"I'll tell you what cut it, doc," he said. "A rig heavier'n any machete you ever saw, with a straight blade grooved for the blood to run down and a sort of basket for a man to fit his hand into. It would take off a head the way it clipped that branch. A sword, I guess you'd call it."

"You've seen this—instrument?" my objective self asked him.

"Once." He gazed down at me, and he was calmer than when we skinned the bear, his dark face hard-set. "My brother was packing it when he come to me here, a year ago."

"Did he give it a name?" What the Indian had described, roughly but with accuracy, was that other Scottish weapon, the straight-bladed, basket-hilted claymore of the clans.

"He said the Mukhalin killed with them." Saul spoke the forbidden name almost casually as he turned from me to build up the fire. For a moment he stared hard into the blinding snow curtain beyond the timber. When he stood above me once more, an odd smile was on his face. "Do they come for us, doc, it'll take more than any scarebear with a Mukhalin hat on it to hold 'em off. You might as well know it. There's a pretty good chance we'll both be dead before morning."

"But they drove the bear to us!" My head was hot, and it was my confused and battered self protesting, the hulk that had lurched down the valley in fear-ridden flight. "The woman bathed my face in glacier water, she gave me the crutch. They let me go!"

"They've given us two warnings," Saul said. He laid his hand to my forehead, and his mouth tightened grimly. "You're burning up, doc. You'd die in an hour, did I try to pack you out." He tugged the eiderdown higher around my shoulders. "You said there was a woman with them?"

"In white doeskin," I told him. "She was red-haired and her eyes were blue. She was no dream."

"Did you see anyone else?" It was my guide who spoke reasonably now, as if to a hysterical child. "Think hard, doc. Try and remember. An Indian, maybe? Big man, big as me, scar on his cheek, couple of gold teeth in front?"

I shaped my lips to a "No." Through the silence I could hear the hiss and purr of blown snow among the drooping hemlock limbs.

"I've never told no one," Saul Prince said. "Not the police inspector, not even August's wife. But we got a long night ahead of us. It don't matter too much now if I tell you."

He resumed his crouch, brooding with the heavy rifle on his knees. His voice, when he next spoke, was low, almost abstracted:

"August—that's my younger brother. He was good to look at, doc, mighty good, even with those gold teeth and the knife scar on his face. He had a way with him, got what he wanted always. Three years back we went hop picking to Washington State. Both of us fell for the same girl. Mary Starr her name was then, a Haro Island kid down with her people. Me, I didn't have a chance. August married her quick, and he tired of her quicker.

"It wasn't a year later he got chasing another woman. August and this girl's husband, they tangled at a party, both of them mean drunk on rum and loganberry. It turned into a cutting fight. The other man got killed. August, he took to the hills. I helped him like I'd always done. Sneaked his gun and a grub pack to him where he was laying up outside the reserve. When the Mounties come, I lied to them, kept them batting around on the lower river for a week. They never did find August; they beat the whole Tzwahalis country for him and didn't find a trace. Three times they went in after him with dogs and trackers. The last trip they even fetched a Babine Indian from the interior, s'posed to be the best tracker they had. Well, doc, they found their Babine in a canyon—what was left of him. His head was gone. Wolves, they said."

My temples throbbed and the wind wailed above us. At the edge of the firelight, the ghost grizzly's monstrous pelt flapped and strained against its lashings while Saul Prince's quiet voice ran on:

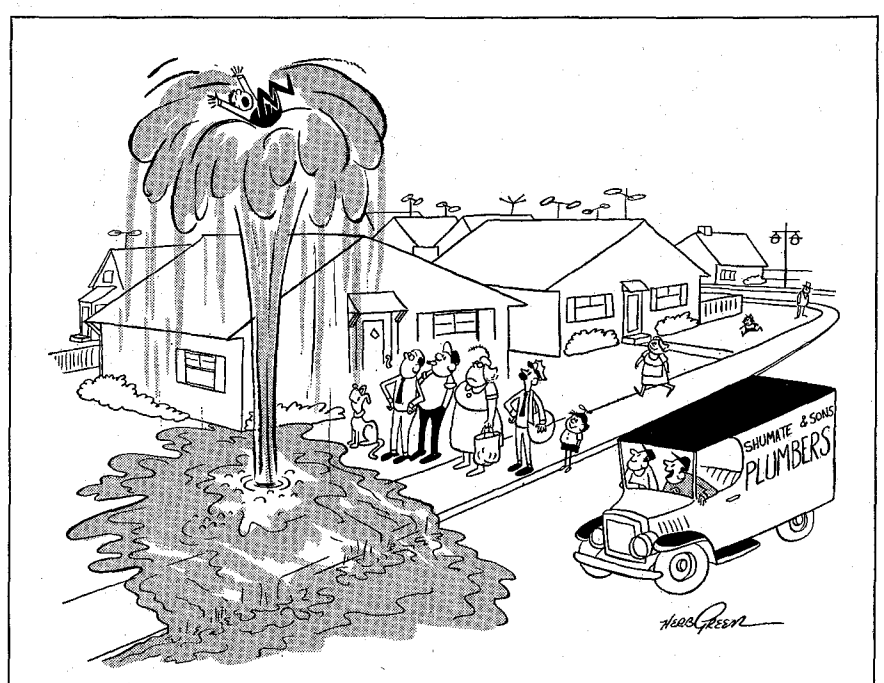
"But me, I felt, somehow, August was still alive. He was catty in the woods; I never saw a man so able to take care of himself. I didn't dare sashay in by my lone. Old Inspector Carveth-Welsh is real smart. He'd guess right away what was in my mind, and the Mounties would trail me. Last fall I got my chance with a party of sports who wanted a guide. I fetched them in. We run up a camp right here, right where we are now. But they wasn't hunters. They'd packed more liquor than grub, and they got drunk and they stayed drunk. The second night I rolled them into their sacks, all three out cold.

"'Long about midnight, I looked up, and it was like a ghost stood across the fire, grinning at me. Except it was no ghost, doc; it was my brother August. He was tricked out mighty queer, in a leather skirt with a goat-hair blanket slung across his shoulder. He wore that hat my scarebear's wearing now. The big sword was in his belt, and the little black knife stuck out of his legging."

In the flame glow, Saul Prince's eyes shone black and depthless. He had arranged his rolled sleeping bag behind my head. I leaned on it, alternately burning and freezing, Saul's voice reaching me as if across a widening distance:

"I said to him, 'Where the devil you been, August?' just as if we were kids on the reserve again. He flashed those gold teeth, and he said, 'Wit' de Old People, Saul.' He'd never done well in residential school, like me. He talked rough always, and sort of ignorant. 'I'm de top man among dem. Took all my rifle shells to do it, but by de holy, I'm boss now!' He showed his teeth again, and the look on his face turned me cold, because I knew where August had gone, and who he'd made himself chief of."

The wind wailed strange music, skirling overhead. I licked my dry lips, and Saul poured the (*Continued on Page 96*)



"This must be the place."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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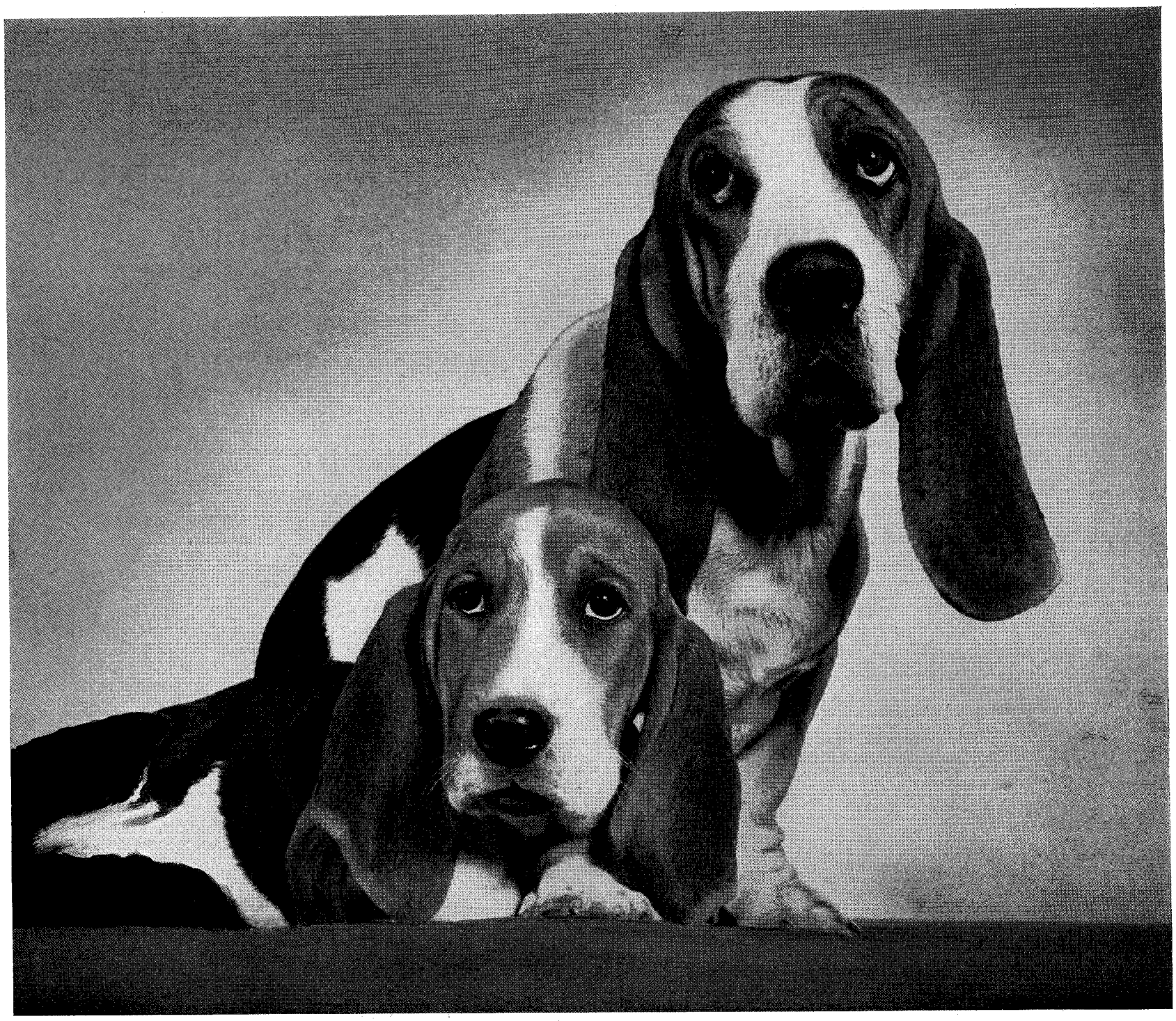

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(*Continued from Page 94*) last of the bitter black tea into my tin mug. He added aspirins from our first-aid kit; then squatted once more in the lean-to mouth.

He said softly, "I begged August to come back with me and give himself up. Told him it'd be manslaughter, not murder, and he'd be out of the pen in ten years, five with luck. I told him the band would hire him the best lawyer in British Columbia. But August just laughed at me.

"'I ain't goin' back,' he told me. 'Not ever. You come along wit' me, Saul boy. I'll get you a woman de pretties' you ever did see. I'll show you placers where you can sink your arm to de elbow in nuggets an' flydust.' He said, and his voice froze me clear to my bones, 'Why, hell now, we don' even need waste cartridges on dese white fellas. Let me whack off dere heads, Saul. We'll take de rifles, take de shells. We'll be chiefs togedder, kid. Guard each de odder's back, live it up like a couple kings!'

"'What about your wife?' I asked him. I was holding my gun like I am now. August never took his eyes off it for more than a second. He looked at it like it was food and him a man starving. 'What about Mary?' I said, and he laughed again, except it was more like a snarl. He told me, 'Hell wit' Mary! I got better'n her for myself, back yonder. So will you have, if you come wit' me!'

"Right then, doc, I heard the music. Like the wind blowing through a witch-broom tree, it sounded. Made me want to laugh, and cry, and fight. I could feel the hair start to crawl on my head, because even without August telling me, I knew it was Mukhalin music, and that the Mukhalin were out there, moving in on us.

"August heard it too. He glared at me with his face all fierce and wild, and he said, 'De rifles, Saul! One rifle, for de Lord's sake! My shells is gone, my gun is bust'; I can't bluff dem any more! Saul, I got to have a rifle!'"

The wind skirled its witch-broom music in the heart of the mountain storm. Saul Prince passed a hand through his hair in a vague, distracted gesture. Some part at least of the heaviness on his face was grief.

"Doc, there was a time I loved my brother. But I thought of Mary, back at tidewater, picking and scratching as best she could for her and her baby, too proud to let me help her and too good a Catholic for divorce. Right then I hated August, hated my brother enough to shoot him where he stood. He eased closer to me, with his hand sliding into that basket around the sword handle. I worked the bolt and threw a shell into the chamber.

"'Get out, August,' I told him. 'Don't never you show your face to me again. You're no brother of mine any more. Go back to your Mukhalin, damn you!'

"He looked at me, steady and sorrowful. Then he cast his Mukhalin hat down by the fire. 'If you ever come back, Saul,' he told me, 'put de hat on a scarebear for a sign. If I'm alive, I'll show up.'

"August turned and headed out slowly, still looking back at me. Doc, I don't know what I saw, past him in the meadow. Shadows that could have been men, big men. Wolves that might have been dogs, or dogs like wolves. One shadow that moved to and fro, to and fro, with a bundle in its arms and the hell-fire music screeching out of it fit to drive a man crazy. It set my dudes tossing and groaning, drunk though they was. Then the shadows were gone and the music moved away, farther and farther, till you couldn't tell was it music or wild geese yapping, or only the wind. I found the black knife next morning in the heather."

Saul Prince rocked up from his heels. An oddly gentle smile softened his face. "Something else I've got to tell you, doc. I had to find out about August, did he live or was he dead. On account of Mary and me, I had to. That's why I guided you in. I started for the east pass this morning. The Mukhalin dogs—the pack that ran the bear—near got me. I lost my nerve. But I'm going to stick with you. The best I can, I'll look out for you."

There was still one thing to be told. Even with delirium closing on me, that other objective self strained after it.

"What are they, Saul?" I whispered. "Who are the Mukhalin?"

For answer, under the shrieking and wailing on the wind, the demented skirling, I heard the precise click of the rifle bolt as Saul Prince slid a shell into the breech. The last sound to register on my ears that night was the pibroch, debased and demoniac. The last sight was Saul Prince, a brave man and a good one, planted between me and the dreadful night with his rifle cocked in his hands.

Sometime before daylight the fever left me. When I stirred, it was full morning. The blizzard had howled itself to death, and I looked out with rational eyes to a crisp white world. Saul Prince huddled by the ashes of our fire, chin on chest. I called to him, and he sighed and lifted his head.

"Saul," I said, "out yonder ——"

He answered me wearily, "I don't see nothing, doc."

Wordless, I pointed to the scarebear at the edge of the meadow, nearly buried now, the tam-o'-shanter grotesque under a topping of snow. The night had passed, the dazzling white of the meadow lay untrampled, but some shadow of nightmare lingered. I groped for my glasses, and focused them on the scarebear. A bleached skull under the tam-o'-shanter—not there the night before—leaped at me with its gold-toothed grin.

We broke camp that morning. My guide sledded me out of the valley on the ghost bear's hide. It is probable that wood mice still nest in the tatters of that lordly pelt where we abandoned it at the head of Tzwahalis canyon. At the end of a week which I dislike to recall, Saul Prince brought me to Upper Tzwahalis Lake where he had cached his canoe. A day later I was in Vancouver hospital.

Inspector Carveth-Welsh was kind enough to look in on me there. Of his visit I remember chiefly that before my narrative was well started, the inspector's laughter fetched two nurses and an orderly scurrying into the room. Carveth-Welsh then insisted on recounting a tale of a beaver which, at the instigation of two timber wolves, felled a tree in whose branches an Ojibway trapper had taken refuge.

Who, what are the Mukhalin? The question continued to haunt me. Did they truly exist or were they no more than figments of a mind bemused by cranial fracture? The archives of the province of British Columbia yielded no clue, although I spent a week delving into forgotten records before boarding an airliner for Boston. I have approached the enigma from every angle in the months since, and my correspondence has threatened to overflow my files. It is only this past week that I venture to feel I have at last stumbled on the fantastic answer.

I quote from the copy of a letter dated May 9, 1861, addressed to the then secretary of a mission society with headquarters in Edinburgh, whose present successor insists on anonymity for himself and his worthy group. The letter, written in a copperplate hand, bears the signature of a Reverend Ezekiel Ramsbothom, an Englishman and an Episcopalian.

"Word received this day by messenger from Tzwahalis Village," wrote the Reverend Mr. Ramsbothom, "puts me to the painful necessity of informing you that my fears for your society's toiler in this vineyard have, alas, been more than justified. As you doubtless are aware, the loss of his wife, following hard on the tragic demise by smallpox of his two infant daughters, has weighed grievously upon him.

"It is now, sir, my distressful duty to notify you that on the morning of May third, in company with certain of the wilder and more rascally spirits of both sexes from the Tzwahalis encampment and the Hudson's Bay Company factory adjoining, your representative quitted his mission. I was credibly informed that when last seen he was attired in the barbarous costume which he has affected since the loss of his wife, trappings inherited as I understand from a Highland Scots grandfather.

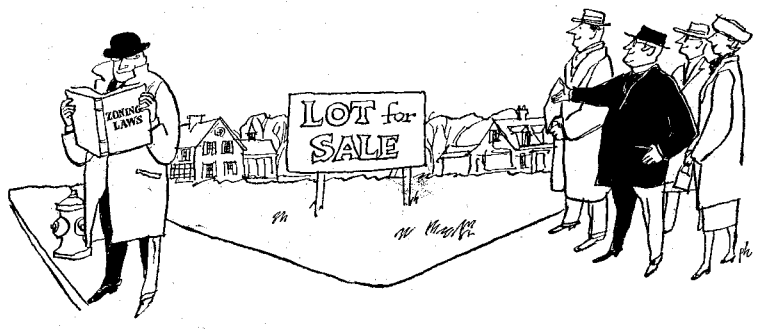
"He had installed himself in the stern of a war canoe of the larger sort, and was playing in a veritable frenzy upon his bagpipes. His crew, who had obtained rum, as these children of nature are all too easily able, howled an accompaniment to his music, if such it may be termed. On the riverbank, meanwhile, the remaining natives wrung their hands in grief, crying in the rude trade jargon of this coast, '*Mukhalin klatawa! Mukhalin Tyee nesika klatawa!*', which, interpreted, signifies, 'Maclean departs! Chief Maclean goes from us!'

"The colonel of Royal Engineers situate at New Westminster has promised an investigative expedition when the work upon the new road to the Cariboo gold fields will permit. But it is my sad conviction, sir—expressed with a most earnest prayer that the Lord may spare and deliver him—that the Reverend Angus Maclean will leave his bones to whiten in the wilderness."

I need only remark further that on receipt of this letter, I requested long leave from the museum, and on meeting with a refusal, have tendered my resignation. Saul Prince, now happily married to his brother's widow, has declined to accompany me to the forbidden valley of the Mukhalin. He has, in fact, warned me very strongly against returning. But return I must, as a man of science and because of other less tangible compulsions. I think almost constantly of the red-haired woman in white doeskin whom I saw or dreamed I saw. Her lovely face comes to me more plainly than the faces around me. My heart tells me she is real, that she exists remote from our so-called civilization, a blue-eyed princess of the wild Maclean.

This account, my dear Carveth-Welsh, is for you. If you have occasion to break the seal—that is, if I have failed to communicate with you one year from date—I beg you, do not search for me. I am a bachelor, as you know, and while my disappearance might cause some brief stir in ecological circles, I leave none to mourn me. In any case, living or dead, I shall be where no search could find me.

THE END



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Leaders of a fast-growing congregation were delighted when they found, in a choice residential section, a site large enough for a big new church and a children's recreation field. But city officials objected that a zoning law forbade the erection of a church in a residential neighborhood. The congregation took the issue to court.

"The present owner of that property pays city taxes, but the church is exempt," city attorneys said. "Therefore, the city would lose a taxpayer. Without taxes, we would have no community. And without a community there would be no churches. The city is entitled to zone its area to produce adequate revenue. Let the church find another site."

"If churches aren't conveniently located in residential areas," counsel for the congregation replied, "people won't go to church. The zoning law interferes with the religious development of the community and should be thrown out."

If you were the judge, would you rule in favor of revenue or religion?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The church won. The court said that the very fact that places of worship are exempt from taxation demonstrates that it is public policy to give religion preference over revenue. Places of worship cannot be excluded from residential areas, it added.

Based upon a 1956 New York decision.

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Bargain Bride (Continued from Page 37)

father died of the fever, leaving no wealth except these four mules and the wagon."

"I dinna call the wagon wealth," Colin said. "I wouldn't use it to frighten crows." But the mules were different. Sweat-stained and dust-drenched though they were, he recognized in their matched size and conformation and silvery color their singular appeal and probable worth. "McTavish was fond of mules." And so was he, but it was his habit to let McTavish's opinion forerun his own. "Get down," he said. "We'll water the mules and I'll give them a thoughtful look, but I may have nothing ye'd want in exchange."

The parson said in placid assumption, "Thank you for offering your hospitality for the night, and this is the young friend I mentioned, Nannette DuFresne. Her father's show caravan strayed too far into the hinterlands, misled by its success in San Francisco, and it has failed in these six months since he died, poor man."

Colin heard no more. A girl emerged from inside the wagon and perched herself beside the circuit rider on the yellow wagon seat. Colin's unwilling glance was held by a pair of dark eyes in a golden face framed in ripples of midnight hair. What she wore was even less to his taste—a gaudy green blouse clewed at her slim waist by the belt of her gaudy orange skirt. Depending from one peach-bloom ear was a huge golden earring with bangles attached whose impertinent tinkling matched her quick and mischievous smile.

"Get down, child," the parson said with kindly affection. "Get down and look around you. . . . She's never held a baby chick," he said to Colin, "nor seen a cow milked. Since her mother's death, when she was two, she's spent her whole life in this wagon."

"McTavish did not approve of women," Colin began, but no one was listening.

The preacher was descending in dignity over the right wheel of the wagon while the girl was over the left as quick as a chickaree. At sight of her tawny ankles, naked above her black slippers, Colin shot his glance straight up the nearest pine to the sky, beseeching McTavish, but Tam was instructing elsewhere.

As Nannette disappeared down the path to the chicken house, the parson said, "Her customs and habits are somewhat freer than McTavish would approve. She's lived with older people for most of her seventeen years, friendly and easy in their manners, and while the troupe was together she was in loving hands, but her father bequeathed her safekeeping to me, and now a problem has developed."

"With a woman," Colin said, "a man meets nothing else. They have slight souls at best, and none at all at this age. Barter with one is out of the question. They lack the minds to comprehend it."

At the same time, after their long haul, the mules had earned consideration, and uncoupling the lead team while the preacher unhitched the wheelers, Colin led the way to his watering trough and on into his barn. The preacher disappeared, to return with his two burros which had trudged from Clear Creek tied to the tailgate of the painted wagon. Colin spared them a feed of hay and a bait of oats, but he returned to the mules as soon as he could, checking their teeth, counting their ribs, sounding their velvet legs.

He listened with partial attention to the preacher: "I must leave for Clear Creek at sunup tomorrow and go straight on from there to a conclave in Sacramento, to be gone a month. Now the matter of Nannette arises. Her sweetness and beauty have awakened the beast in an evil man, Colin, an acrobat hired by the troupe shortly before it disbanded. Juan Perruggio is altogether crafty and determined; but without money whom can I hire to guard the girl? Then," the parson said, "through the Lord's grace I recalled this remote spot where she could be hidden or, if need be, defended by the young giant you've become. You will come to love her, Colin."

"Love a woman?" Colin said in stupefaction. "McTavish never spoke their names. What would he think of one snuggled down here? Nay, parson. Leave me the mules and you take the girl."

It was not the solution. The wagon was Nannette's home.

"Remembering McTavish's great dream of damming your creek to create a millpond to build a sawmill, I had thought we might arrange an exchange—the use of the mules in return for Nannette's month of refuge."

"Out of the question. What could I do in a month? But it might be," Colin said cautiously, "that in exchange for the full summer's use of the beasts, I could abide having her here for the four weeks, provided she'd stay out of sight and sleep in the wagon."

"I've persuaded her to accept the plan I've outlined. Beyond that," the parson said, "you must talk to Nannette, and by this time she'll have supper ready."

Colin doubted it, knowing the intricacy of his housekeeping, but when he opened the door to the kitchen of his two-room cabin the odor of spices he'd never possessed smote him with perfume. Furthermore, the large room's four windows had been washed and the spotted brown table tops were miraculously spotless and paler.

Nannette was at the range, encompassed in a starched apron.

"I collected the eggs," she said, "but one hen had twelve of them under her and she pecked my hand when I took them away."

"Took them away?" Colin cried. "Ye've disturbed a setting hen."

Nannette turned to him and he thought he read surprised laughter in her deep blue glance, but it was gone when she said soberly, "I gave them back, she wanted them so badly. Now please sit down. Supper's ready."

"It is not my habit," Colin said, "to answer a female's summons," but there were creamed new onions and beet greens from his garden, and cinnamon biscuits and haggis laid out before him. "Ah, well," Colin said, "this one time. Just the same," he continued, "it must be understood in any agreement which might be reached that this is my hoose and the wagon is yours."

Nannette lifted her eyes to him, their depths like the shadows of dusk in a canyon.

"I've never heard anyone speak as you do," she said. "You say hoose for house. Talk some more." And again, it seemed to him, there was uncivil laughter afloat in her glance, but her nearness was even more disturbing, and he would have hurried his meal to escape it, except that each bite he took urged him to take another, and there was still the matter of his use of the mules to be settled.

"I cannot agree to what parson proposes," he began. The glance met his in dismay, flickering on to pause wistfully here and there in the cabin, but when it returned to him it was serene.

"This place is dirty," she said. "There are almost no pans to cook with, the stove is caked with soot, and pack rats live in the attic. The leak in the roof has stained the bedroom ceiling. The front door sticks and the back door's broken. There was no kindling to start the fire, the place is almost unfurnished, there's mold in the rootcellar, ants in the cupboards, frogs in the well ——"

"Wait!" Colin cried. "Wait, now! Two months—say, two months' use of the beasts."

"One month at the outside. That was the understanding."

"Six weeks. In six weeks I can determine ——"

Parson Meacham intervened in his calm and resonant voice, "Only until I return, but it isn't our wish to torture you, lad. We will drive on. I've underestimated the usefulness of the mules in this remote section, and no doubt your good neighbor around the hill, Hoogendorfer, who has talked of a sawmill too ——"

"Nay." Colin started to his feet as Nannette whisked to the stove. Lifting the lid from a kettle, she felt about with a spoon and ladled a dimpled apple dumpling from the steam, sending a fragrance to the pit of Colin's resistance. "Ye would not bring me the anguish of dealing with Hoogendorfer—help yourself to the cream, parson, and pass it—when he has two sons and I have only McTavish, who's gone. On the other hand, one month's use of the mules, with apple dumplings guaranteed if they can be made in my absence ——"

The parson was at the door as he finished. "I'll get my marriage Bible," he said.

"Marriage?" Colin whispered.

Meacham swept him with an astonished glance. "Think of Nannette's good name. Think of your own. But you must not take it for license," he said sternly. "We are combining to save a young girl from an unprincipled man. While I am in Sacramento I'll explain the emergency and my action, and ask for guidance, but the Lord, Himself, will condone an annulment if ——"

Colin bolted for the door and through it. "McTavish," he cried to the stars, "where are ye now?"

In the barn he stroked the mules in sorrow until a measure of calm returned to him and he climbed to the haymow to submerge the day's nightmare in the night's sleep. But presently it occurred to him that another watering wouldn't hurt the mules if they were to move on at sunup.

"Ah, beasties," he said, "ye'll never know how much I loved ye."

He was stricken with a loneliness which the touch of their velvet hides increased until he doubted he could endure it. It led him, toward two in the morning, to review the parson's proposition of annulment, and by dawn he had worked out a proposition of his own.

Entering the cabin, where breakfast was already cooking, he said to Nannette on a long, full breath, "I will ask ye to marry me if ye'll promise to behave like it never happened after it's done."

"That's been my understanding from the first," she said. "I'm not in need of a man to love, if that's what you're implying. There are many ways in which you would have to improve before any woman would have you." She gave his cheek a quick and silken stroke. "For one thing, you'd have to shave that beard of yours."

Colin recoiled. "Ye have no principles at all. I will not open my mind to what McTavish is thinking, looking down at me now."

"He thinks you're blushing." Nannette's eyes filled again with impudent mirth, but the preacher was standing before them, Bible in hand. The reverence and dignity of his manner summoned Colin to pious attention, and during the pause in his palsy he was married.

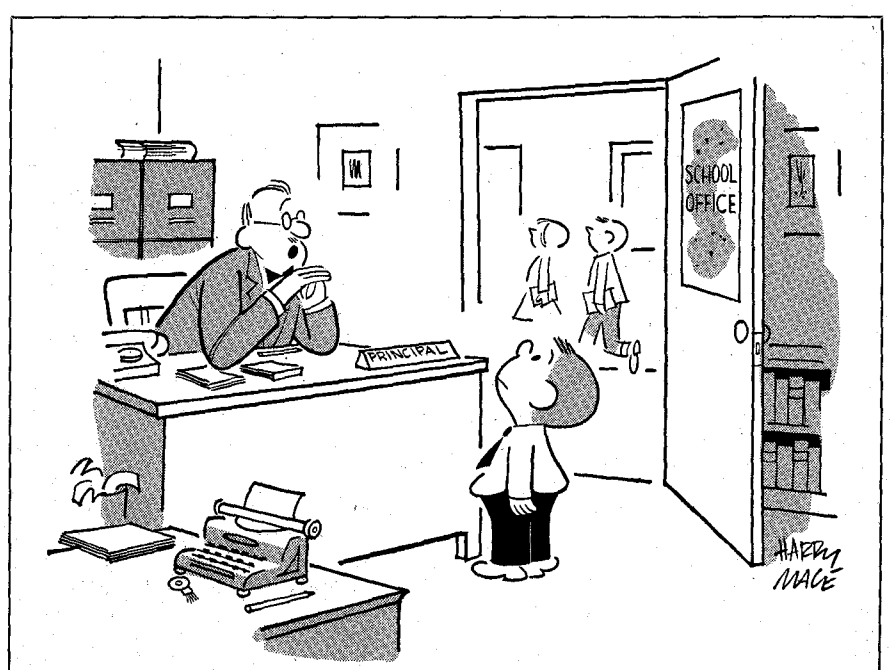
Nannette looked up from the ring the parson had supplied and said in a calm and gentle voice, "Now McTavish thinks you're a husband."

"Back away!" Colin cried. "I dinna hold with kissing, nor with seeing ye at all until parson returns!"

He took no pleasure from breakfast, nor from standing beside his wife on the doorstep while Meacham delivered a final benediction before disappearing below the bench, riding one of his burros and leading the other. "Now," Colin said at once, "in event of danger, ye have the right to summon me. Otherwise there is no need for us to meet at all."

"I made up your lunch," Nannette said. "It's on the kitchen table." When he emerged with it, she was in the painted wagon.

Her obedience made him uneasy, but when he got to the barn the mules' amiable friendliness diverted him. He gave them another feed of oats, and while they were eating he loaded his stoneboat with pulleys and rope, his ax, his crosscut saw, his two pry bars and various other items he needed to clear trees and stumps from either side of his upper creek, where he meant to widen and deepen and dam it for a millpond. And when they were hitched to the flat wooden boat the mules wafted up the slope while mourning doves



"It's very generous of you, Russell, but I don't believe your resignation would help our crowded school situation."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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cooed, robins warbled and Colin's two horses looked up in curiosity, but without comment, as he went by the upper meadow where they were feeding.

They whinnied for oats when he returned that night, but the silent mules were stepping as quick and as high as they had that morning, in spite of having worked most of the tuck out of Colin. He was fagged and gaunted by suppertime, but he knew he'd made a good bargain, and when he had tended the mules he looked forward to the solitude of his cabin, where he could rest for a time to gather strength to get supper. As he stepped from the barn, however, he caught a feather of fragrance from food cooking. He knew at once that Nannette's docility of the morning had been deceptive, and, revived by anger, he hurried up the path to the cabin. He crossed the porch and gave the door his usual tremendous jerk to overcome the sag and swell.

The room was empty. His stove was cold. The breakfast dishes were on the table where they'd been left that morning. In his wearied state it took him several minutes and another venture outside to determine the source of the delectable odors. They were drifting to him from the painted wagon, which stood upwind of him.

The used car that is bought for a song nowadays is pretty sure to be a rock-and-roll number.

SHANNON FIFE

He retreated and sat a while in the gathering dusk. While he was resting, it came to him that Nannette was doubtless waiting to hear whether the mules had worked well that day. It seemed only kindness to tell her, so he washed himself from head to navel, changed his shirt for comfort's sake and strode to the painted wagon. The door at the back, four wooden steps from the ground, was standing open. He stopped at the foot of the steps.

"I dinna wish to interrupt," he called, "but what is it I smell that ye're cooking?" It wasn't what he had come to say, and he paused, embarrassed.

Nannette appeared in the doorway above him. "I really don't know," she said, "unless it's the bread I baked or the sour-cream pie. Or perhaps it's the trout I netted in your creek. I have them frying."

"I dinna care for fried trout," he said stiffly, "unless they've been rolled in flour and crispened, but ye might just lay one across a plate and pass it down here for my inspection."

"Will you taste the potato cakes too?" she said. "And the bread, but I have no butter."

"No butter?" There was a pound of it hanging in the well from his last churning. "I'll just step across and fetch ye a dab."

"There are vegetables going to waste in your garden, too; but no," she said, "they weren't specified in the bargain. Neither was the use of your big table to lay out the dough for the apple strudel I was thinking of baking tomorrow." She came down the steps and placed a plate heaped with food in Colin's hands. "But at that," she went on, "cobwebs might drop from the ceiling or dust might float down from the logs. As I said, the place is dirty."

Colin had never eaten apple strudel, but after two pieces of sour-cream pie he thought she might make another of those. "Ye could set it inside the house through the break in the back door."

"And have squirrels running in to eat it as soon as I left?"

"I'll not have any woman living with me in my house," Colin said stubbornly. "I dinna want a wife."

It was dusk, and she stood shadowed by the tall trees behind the wagon. She didn't answer, so Colin took the problem with him as he left to milk the cow, and he was asleep that night before he had solved it.

In the morning, when he woke in the bed he had shared with McTavish, his mind was clearer, and he studied the rain stain on the ceiling. It had come from a sag in the roof, which he could repair in a day while fixing the back door as well. He had meant to get at it, and now he would, to lure Nannette to cook his meals after she'd tidied the place. The problem was how to retreat with dignity from his first ultimatum that she stay away altogether. He thought of a barter.

"Ye will have need of food before long. Ye cannot have brought much in the wagon." He stood at the foot of her steps, eating fried ham and hot bread for breakfast. "In exchange for the use of the cabin between when I leave in the mornings and when I return at night, ye could draw on my supplies for your meals while ye're fixing mine. McTavish would not want any woman to starve."

He waited for the impudent gleam which often peeped from her glance when he was speaking, but her eyes were grave and her manner was thoughtful this morning.

"Parson told me about McTavish," she said. "Would you have gone picking whortleberries without a gun where you knew a grizzly might be?"

"McTavish was a powerful man!" Colin cried in quick defense. "He had no need of a gun!"

"Nor of a woman, either, after the one he wanted jilted him because of his stubbornness and conceit. But he wouldn't admit his mistakes, and he brought you up to repeat them. I won't starve," she said calmly. "I have ample flour and lard, and I can use water to make biscuits. There are trout in the creek, and a month isn't long. You and McTavish keep the cabin, and Colin McCullough too." She took the empty plate from his hand and disappeared into the wagon.

"The girl did not jilt McTavish!" Colin shouted in at her. "He did not want her anyway!"

The day went awry from there on. The strain and sweat the mules asked from him diminished his pleasure in them by midmorning. And in his anger earlier he had forgotten to bring a lunch, requiring him to lie full length, stomach down, at noon, to ease the hunger cramp in his belly. It was too much for his pride to go down to the cabin for food. Instead he fed on the thought of McTavish and the fierceness of his independence; from it he took strength to finish the day and to eat his own cooking at supper.

There was no fragrance from the painted wagon to entice him that night. He foraged himself the leftover cinnamon biscuits from two nights ago, together with slabs of his haggis, and cold milk from the well before he went about his choring. It was dark when he'd finished. The wagon's windows were no longer lighted, leaving him unaccountably dissatisfied in spite of solitude, wakeful in spite of weariness and discouraged by his filthy cabin.

He removed the front door. Laying it on his kitchen table, he reduced its swelling with a drawshave before he reset the bolts and hinges and oiled the latch and rehung the door. After that, he pegged shakes in neat repair of the lower half of the back door.

He looked up at the roof which wanted mending, but by this time his

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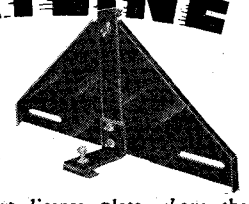

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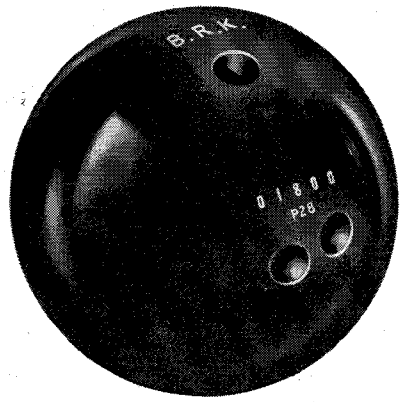

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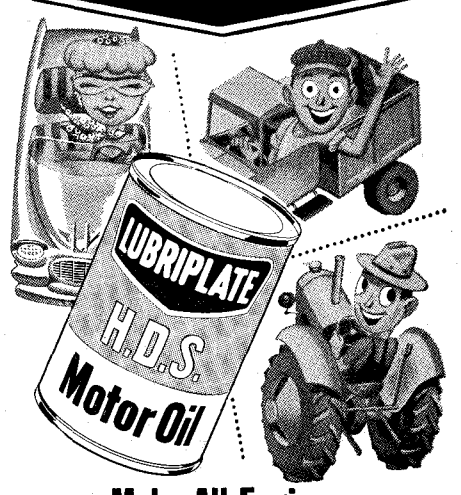

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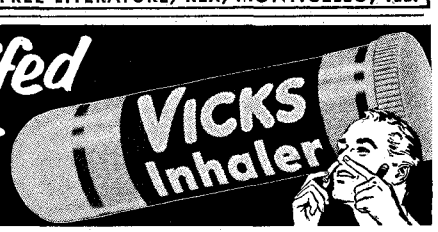

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legs and arms were shaking. He went to bed, aware that his blankets needed washing, his quilts needed patching, his iron bedstead could stand a scrub, and he, himself —— He jumped out of bed and took a bath, and went back to the blankets, shivering.

He woke to an angel standing beside him. In the pale light he saw that she wore a white garment with ruffles at chin and wrists and a hemline which swept the floor. He wasn't wholly awake, nor wanted to be, but he sat up in bed in his long underwear.

"Ye've come from McTavish," he said, and in grateful relief from his lonely perplexities, he opened his arms, closed them about her and swept her into his lap.

She felt uncommonly human. It came to him dimly that angels were made of warmer stuff than he had been led to suppose, and the texture of flesh through the long white gown was even softer and silkier than a mule's. Her breath on his lips, furthermore, was fragrant.

"Wake up," she whispered. "Wake up."

"I am awake," he said, "and ye're giving me a happiness I never knew mortal man was allowed."

"Colin, please. Please." She kissed him, a fervent salute from immortal to mortal, but the longer it lasted the more mortal it became, until he woke with a shock to find himself kissing his wife. He levered her to her feet and snatched for his pants, dragging them under the quilts, where he struggled into them.

"I heard a bear near the wagon," she said. "I climbed out over the seat and came for you. He's still out there."

Colin was out of bed, struggling into his shirt, and he didn't believe a word she said.

"Ye have taken advantage of a man half asleep, and I'll speak to ye in the morning. Meantime I'll escort ye out to the wagon, where I'll thank ye to stay."

"I won't go." They faced each other in the moonlight, and from ruffles to floor her white garment was quivering. "I have the right to your protection."

He couldn't argue that. He took another angry look at her and strode into the larger room, which he crossed with determination while she pleaded, "You aren't going out there without a gun?"

He paused to instruct her, "If it was a bear, either ye wouldn't be here to tell me or he won't be there when I arrive." He laid his shoulder to the front door to force it, as was his habit. It swung wide, flinging him stumbling across the porch and down the front steps, where something leaped on his back and bore him to the ground.

He flung it off, but before he could rise it was on him again, scrabbling and clawing. It came to him abruptly that he was fighting a man, the acrobat, Juan Perruggio. He gathered his strength and flung him off, struggling to his knees, where he caught a glimpse of a dark, intense face grinning down at him in the moonlight.

Perruggio dived, a graceful leap that Colin admired with numb surprise before he was grappling again, wondering that with his size he remained underneath. But he recalled with anxiety that he had overworked and undereaten. And Perruggio was crafty, knocking him down each time before he could gain full footing.

McTavish, he thought, *where are ye now?* But instead of McTavish, he saw Nannette flutter past in her white nightgown.

"Get away from here!" he shouted. "Get to the cabin and lock yourself in!"

He was borne to the ground again while his big hands groped to close on the agile acrobat, who left him no doubt that he fought for his life. Perruggio's knee had a keen focus on his groin or his stomach while his clawing hands kept raking Colin's face, but he didn't have the weight to pin him down, and in spite of pain and weariness, Colin began to rise like a giant beneath him.

Perruggio rolled away—and was on him again, a knife in his right hand gleaming above Colin's straining eyes. But beyond Perruggio, Nannette was hovering, the riving froe in her hands. Its wicked blade started down toward Perruggio.

"Dinna do it!" Colin screamed. "Ye'll kill the man!"

Perruggio turned to look up. In that moment Colin caught his right wrist and gave a mighty heave. There was the sick sound of bone breaking, and with a cry of anguish the acrobat rolled away, darted to his feet, fled through the trees and disappeared.

Colin sat up. He moved his head from side to side, aware of stings and hurts, but the deepest wound was to his pride—that a woman had come to his rescue. It was a shame to him and to McTavish. He got to his feet while below the bench he heard the rapid beat of a horse's hoofs, diminishing toward the valley.

Nannette still held the riving froe. Colin took it from her.

"Get to the cabin," he said. He flung the froe as far as he could and, following her, lighted a lamp. "Ye have shamed me eternally," he said. "Why did ye interfere in man's business?"

She was as white as her nightgown. Her dark glance roved his face, where he could feel blood flowing, but she had nothing to say. She went to the wooden sink and pumped water into the basin and returned with a cloth. He took them from her.

"Get to bed," he said. "I'll tend to my damage." This awful rage, accumulating throughout the day, swelled by her kiss and climaxed by her action, trembled through him. "The bed is in there." He pointed, but she walked to the outside door and through it. "Come back here!" he shouted. "Ye're out of your mind!"

"He won't come looking for me again," she said clearly. "I know him." She went down the steps toward the painted wagon.

Dawn came while he was washing his wounds, which the mirror showed him to be ugly, but not deep. He was still trembling, a fact he couldn't understand except that the past day throughout had strained his muscles, but this quaking seemed to lie deeper—of him and in him and yet beyond him. He was wrestling with it when the rising sun filled his kitchen with light and showed him Nannette standing in the doorway. She was wearing a sober gray dress and a small gray hat, which changed her from girl to woman.

"I'm leaving now," she said. "I had meant to tell you today that Mr. Hoogendorfer came past yesterday. He's butchered a sheep, and he wants to know if you want the heart and liver and stomach."

"Where are you going, done up like that?"

"Nobody's perfect."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I asked him if there would be work for me at his place until parson returns, and he said there might be, especially when I explained to him that you and I had been married."

"Ye told him that?" Colin cried. "I have not been your husband, but ye're a married woman, and dinna forget it. Ye have taught me to yearn for your cooking, and now ye're thinking to walk away, but I still have the mules and ye'll never leave them."

She gave them to him. "That cancels the bargain," she said. "If you'll hitch them to the painted wagon and drive me to Hoogendorfer's, you can ride the near wheeler to bring them back."

"I will not do it."

"I didn't expect you would. I'll walk."

"Ten miles, in those garments?"

"I would walk twenty," she cried, "thirty, to leave you alone with McTavish! There's no place in your heart for a woman!"

"Wait," Colin said. "Wait, now." What had McTavish done for him during this time of trial? He had led him to stride out to what might have been his death, in the pride of his strength and independence. "It might be," he said, "we could strike a bargain. In return for the mules, say, I'll give ye the piece of my land where the wagon's resting; for as long as ye live, I mean to say."

"Thank you, no."

Colin wetted his bruised lips. "Ye could sleep in the cabin."

"With McTavish?"

"With me," Colin said, while that awful trembling came upon him again.

Nannette moved her hands in agitation. "It wasn't a marriage. Just at first I hoped —— In your manner toward parson you seemed kind. You work hard. You are honest. And there was something about you I liked, but no. Love isn't a matter of barter. If you've grown up afraid of it, how can you ever ——" She was looking at his bruised face. "I'm sorry about the froe," she whispered. "I thought you might be killed."

"It was a mistake, but ye've apologized. Now, in this matter of love," he said cautiously, "with the right guidance, with careful instruction, such as a kiss to introduce me to it —— I dinna mean," he said hastily, "that I expect to get the way of it in the first lesson, but if, in return for my effort and patience ——"

That gleam appeared from the depths of her eyes. In some vague area of Colin's thoughts he mistrusted it had always been there. Now she hid it from him quickly, lowering her glance.

"It would take time, but if you'd not mind being told now and again that it was I who saved your life, and not McTavish —— But no. It would take at least until Parson Meacham returns, and by that time you'd be tired of kissing. There'd have to be another wedding, too, and I'd like a back porch added to the cabin, and curtains at the windows, and cushions in the chairs. And you'd have to shave off that beard. You see?" She dismissed the whole thing with a gesture and started for the door.

Colin was there before her. "That's a very high-handed attitude," he said, "but in return for a kiss to indicate ye're about to start my learning, I might turn the proposition in my mind." It would mean mutual ownership of all she had—four mules and a painted wagon—in exchange for mutual possession of everything belonging to him.

It came to him in that same vague area of his mind that this barter wasn't so crafty as some he'd maneuvered, but in that moment Nannette lifted her lips to his.

"Well, now," he said, "we'll just try that again. I believe I have made a prime bargain." THE END

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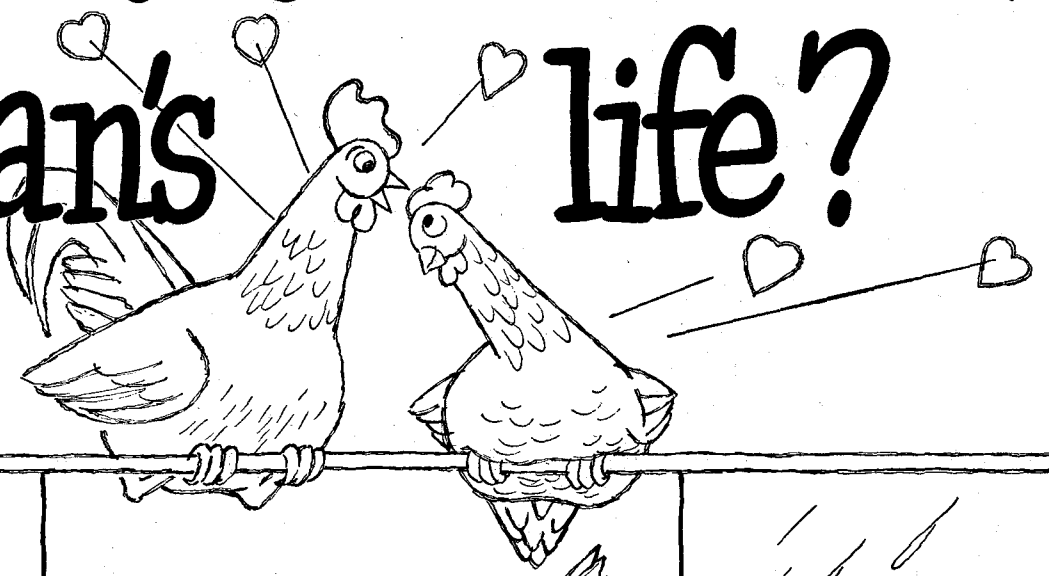
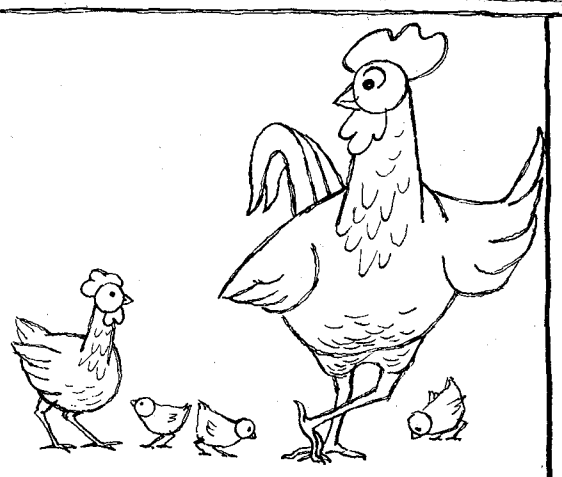
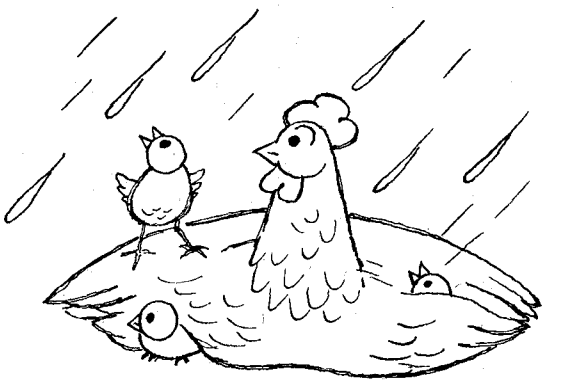
What are the FIRST things in a man's life?



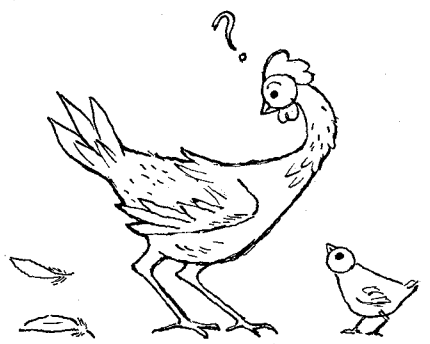


1. With most men, their families come first...

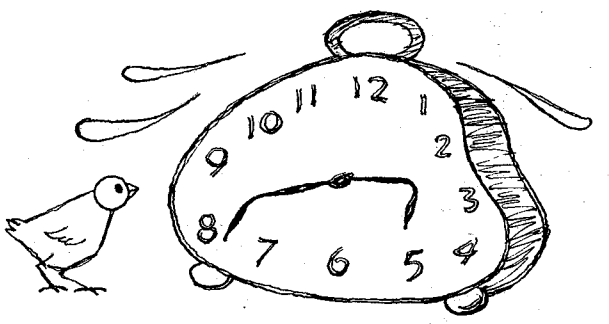
2. And families need food —which takes a lot of scratching every day!



3. Families need a roof—not all days are sunny, not all nights are warm.



4. And they need enough clothing to keep the family proud—



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Daring Operation for "Shaking Palsy"

(Continued from Page 33)

does these things quickly. He negotiates stairs easily and is able to go out of the house by himself. We think he's a wonder."

To the professor, one of the most wonderful changes concerned his television viewing. "Used to be that I had to watch everything," he said. "Now I'm so strong that when the commercial comes on, I can get up and go for a walk."

One of the most noteworthy patients was a forty-two-year-old salesman who had been afflicted with intense trembling in both arms and legs for five years.

"The tremor in this patient was unbearably violent," the hospital records noted. "Because of this tremor and the rigidity, especially on the left side, the patient was unable to walk or even stand by himself."

Half an hour after the twenty drops of pure alcohol were injected into the deep brain center, the salesman proceeded to climb out of the operating chair and walk back to his room.

"His relief was among the more dramatic in this series of cases," it was reported.

Some 500 patients have now undergone this or similar operations at St. Barnabas and other hospitals in this country, Europe and South America, including such institutions as the Massachusetts General Hospital, in Boston; the Cleveland Clinic and Western Reserve University, in Cleveland; the Harris Methodist Memorial Hospital, in Fort Worth; Mercy Hospital and Sharp Memorial Hospital, in San Diego; and the University of California Hospital, in San Francisco. Some of these patients—about a quarter of them—received no appreciable benefit. A few were made worse by the procedure, and several died. For a sizable majority, however, the results have been highly gratifying. And to surgeons who have witnessed the procedure, the results have been not merely gratifying but also somewhat astonishing. As recently as six years ago, there seemed to be overwhelming evidence to show that surgical treatment of Parkinsonism was hopeless, and five years ago one authority concluded, "In the surgical treatment of this disease, we have gone about as far as we can go."

To break this bottleneck, it took the pioneering of a group of daring, imaginative, skillful brain surgeons, most of them in the United States and France; the painstaking work of a Philadelphia research team; and a sudden hemorrhage of a brain blood vessel, one of the luckiest accidents in the history of medicine.

First described by an English physician, Dr. James Parkinson, in 1817, Parkinsonism has been one of the most baffling of all brain ailments. In the United States today, experts estimate there are at least 500,000 victims, and the number may run as high as 1,000,000. In some of these patients there is no evident cause of the strange rigidity and trembling. In others, the cause appears to be damage to vital nerve junctions at the base of the brain—peanut-sized structures called the basal ganglia. Sometimes these ganglia are wrecked by hardening of certain brain arteries. Most commonly, however, Parkinsonism appears to follow an attack of encephalitis—and perhaps follow it by ten or twenty years or more. In most present-day victims the disease is believed by some authorities to be the insidious, long-delayed result of the encephalitis epidemic which complicated the 1918 outbreak of influenza.

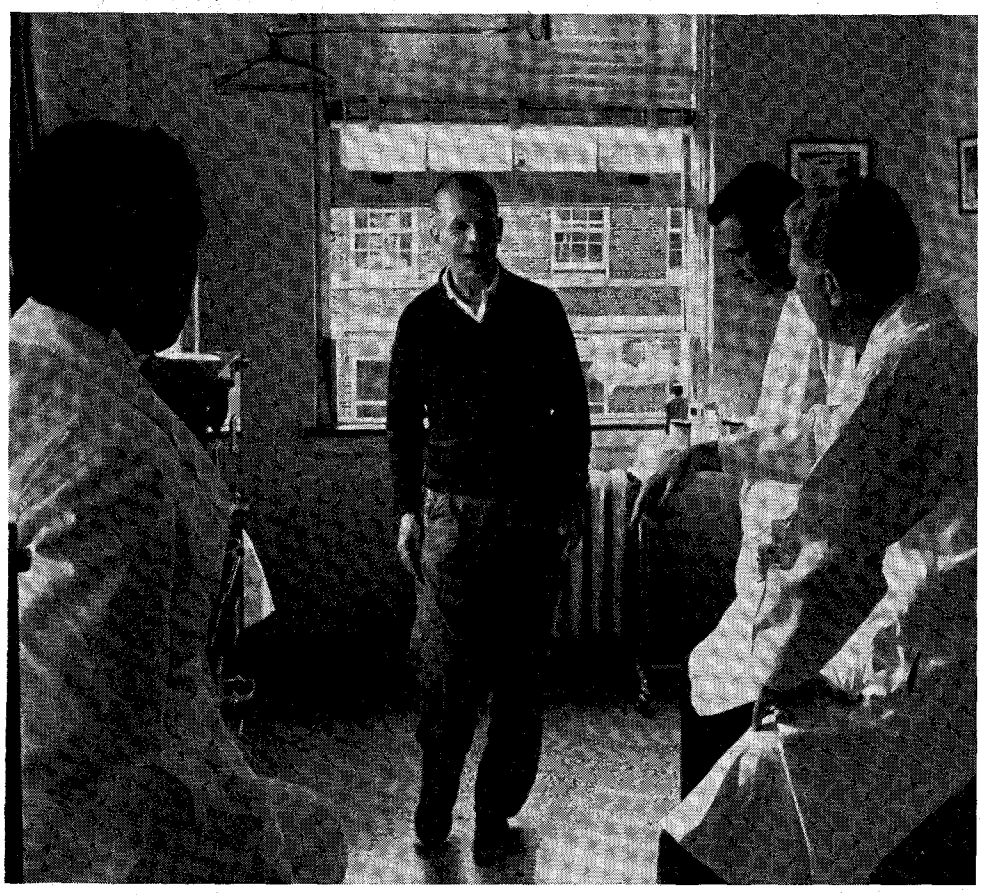
For many years physicians treated these patients with muscle massage, heat, light exercise, reassurance, and the cautious use of potent drugs extracted from plants of the belladonna, or deadly nightshade, family. These drugs were helpful, but only for about half the victims and usually for only a few months or years. In 1947, a new and totally different drug—a synthetic chemical known as Artane—was introduced by American investigators (Saturday Evening Post, August 5, 1950), and was quickly hailed as marking a tremendous advance, giving dramatic relief to many more patients for longer periods of time.

Unfortunately, there were some patients who could get only temporary benefit even from Artane, and who—after a few years—began to suffer from stiffness and shaking again. And there were others who could get no significant help from Artane or any other medical treatment.

Even while medical men were improving their weapons against Parkinsonism, their surgical colleagues—beginning at least as early as 1890—were attempting to find some kind of brain operation which might control the disease. At first, their trials were generally disastrous, and many of their patients died from shock or postsurgical infection. With the introduction of modern anesthetics, the sulfa drugs, the antibiotics and routine blood transfusions, however, their procedures became safer and the surgeons began feeling optimistic. The optimism was short-lived.

During the late 1930's and the early 1940's, the surgeons aimed their knives primarily at the brain area known as the pyramidal tract. This seemed logical, since the pyramidal tract is the main-line channel which feeds nerve impulses from the gray matter, or cortex, of the brain down to the spinal cord and then to the arms and legs—to the limbs which, in Parkinsonism, are shaken and stiffened.

THESE VICTIMS OF PARKINSON'S DISEASE NOW LEAD NEARLY NORMAL LIVES



A 48-year-old man who had been incapacitated for 16 years shows dramatic recovery in a checkup at St. Barnabas Hospital, New York, where he underwent the surgery called "chemopallidectomy" three years ago to correct uncontrollable shaking.

Samuel Brounstein, 36, was unable to feed or dress himself for 15 discouraging years. Now, after the operation, he is able to perform the chores on his father's poultry and egg farm in Connecticut. He was operated on in 1955, left the hospital two weeks later.

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Regardless of such apparent logic, the attack failed. No matter whether the surgeons cut at the top of the pyramidal tract, or the middle, or the bottom, they could usually stop the trembling and rigidity only by replacing these symptoms with moderate or complete paralysis.

"In most cases," one surgeon said, "the patient was forced to pay a high price for his relief. Although he no longer suffered from shaking or stiffness, he could not move at all."

The only procedure which offered any measure of hope was a daring, radical technique developed experimentally by Dr. Russell Meyers, professor of neurosurgery at State University of Iowa. In a small series of patients, he opened the brain and probed deep inside until he had found and then cut not the pyramidal tract, but the nearby basal ganglia, the brain centers now known to be involved somehow in Parkinsonism. In a significant number of his patients, the operation relieved the shaking and rigidity without producing paralysis. But the Iowa surgeon himself agreed the procedure was hardly suitable for general use, for the death rate from the operation itself was staggeringly high, close to 20 per cent in one series.

Meyers' research was nonetheless of major importance. He had found the target area. Now it remained for surgeons to find some way to hit that target without unduly harming other brain areas.

The first step was taken by a team at Philadelphia's Temple University Medical Center, headed by a world-famous neurologist, Vienna-born Dr. Ernest Adolf Spiegel, and one of his brilliant American students, Dr. Henry Wycis, a brain surgeon. Their work did not originate to develop a better treatment for Parkinsonism; it was intended to improve the so-called lobotomy operation, introduced for the control of mental disease and severe, intractable pain. In the lobotomy procedure, surgeons made an opening in either the side of the head or the forehead, inserted a long instrument, and then severed the fibers connecting the frontal lobes of the brain to the rest of the brain.

"This is a crude procedure," Spiegel told Wycis one day in 1947. "It is like cutting into the brain blindly with a table knife. We could do it better."

They started by constructing an instrument now known as a stereo-encephalotome. Adapted from a device long used in animal research, it looked like a foot-high version of an oil-well derrick, a four-legged contraption which could be attached to a patient's skull. It was essentially a remarkably accurate aiming device. It could be used with a probe, a needle, a special knife or a cauterizing electrode. It made it possible for a surgeon to pass one of his instruments through a small hole in the skull at just the right angle for just the right distance to hit any desired point in the patient's brain.

William Beinbrink, 59, of Long Island, lost 40 pounds because the violent shaking of his right side made it difficult to eat. Now 100% free of tremors, he has regained his weight, returned to full-time work as a salesman and taken up fishing again.

At the same time, working with dozens of carefully preserved human brains, Spiegel and Wycis began making a new kind of brain atlas. Based on a few landmarks which are easily detectable in X-ray photographs of the brain, the atlas enabled the doctors to find the exact location of any brain center, visible or not, by simple mathematical calculations.

"The atlas was to serve as a road map for us," they said. "It was to let us work deep in the brain, but with great precision which we double-checked by X ray during actual operation."

After months of preliminary trials, they commenced, in April, 1947, to treat their first patients suffering from severe mental disease, using their new procedure as a substitute for a lobotomy. Six months later they began treating patients afflicted with uncontrollable pain. In nearly all these patients the doctors destroyed the key areas not by cutting, but by a quick and almost painless electrocautery.

Their results, they reported, were at least as satisfactory as those obtained with the "crude" lobotomy procedure. Although their technique might be slower and more complicated, it seemed smoother and safer, and their patients suffered fewer undesirable side effects.

Then, in the summer of 1952, Doctor Wycis was called to see a forty-one-year-old housewife who had been sent to Philadelphia by her family doctor in a small Pennsylvania mill town. She was clearly a victim of Parkinsonism. For ten years she had suffered from violent tremors of both arms. In the past two years the trembling had begun to affect her legs. She was unable to do any of her housework or care for her two children. Her speech was virtually inaudible.

"Our doctor at home says there's nothing more he can do," her husband said. "We're absolutely desperate. Can you help us?"

"Maybe we can," Wycis answered. "We've been using a new operation here. We haven't tried it yet for Parkinsonism, but we've been thinking about it. There's a chance that it might work. If you and your wife are willing to take the risk ——"

"We can't go on this way," the husband said. "We'll try anything."

The fateful operation was performed on July 10, 1952. Using the stereo-encephalotome, the doctors inserted an electrode deep into the brain until it reached the basal-ganglia area, the area already known to be implicated in the disease. The electric current was turned on for a few seconds to destroy the target area. Then the doctors looked for the results.

"Immediately after operation," their report stated, "there was practically no tremor in the right hand and leg, except for a slight tremor of the right thumb. There was no paralysis or numbness. The patient could move her right arm and leg normally."

This first operation, which dramatically relieved the symptoms on the right side of the body, had been performed on the left side of the patient's brain. Later, she returned for an operation on the right side of the brain to control the shaking in her left arm and leg.

In the next few months Spiegel and Wycis performed a similar but one-stage operation on two other patients and were able to present a tentative conclusion: "The procedure is definitely able to reduce the tremor without impairing voluntary movements or sensation. The long-range effects, however, remain to be studied." By last summer they had treated a total of twenty-two victims of Parkinsonism, with results described generally as "excellent" in one third, "fair" in one third, and (*Continued on Page 106*)

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It was not through accident that the outstanding companies listed on these pages achieved fame and fortune. Without exception, they have all followed the basic principles listed on the left.

Principle No. 7 explains why these successful firms have spent so many years advertising their wares in The Saturday Evening Post.

Over the years, the *important* millions — the heart of America — continue to think of the Post as the first place to look for all the new and better products and services.

And, over the years, more brand names have been built in the pages of The Saturday Evening Post than in any other magazine.

The Saturday Evening POST **–gets to the heart of America**

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(*Continued from Page 103*) "unimproved" in the others. There had been one surgical death.

It was clear to most experts that the pioneering of the Temple University group represented a major advance in the study of many brain diseases. Nearly a dozen other research groups were using the stereo-encephalotome to investigate a variety of illnesses. The Temple workers were applying their procedure not merely against mental disease, pain and Parkinsonism but also to control the bizarre movements in conditions somewhat like St. Vitus's dance, to relieve certain types of epilepsy and to study and treat brain tumors. By last summer they had applied their device in about 225 operations on 175 different patients.

Oddly, three months after Spiegel and Wycis were starting to treat Parkinsonism victims in Philadelphia, a young New York brain surgeon came upon a totally different procedure by accident. The New Yorker was Dr. Irving Cooper, then thirty years old, who had just come to New York University and the Bellevue Medical Center after three years in the Navy Medical Corps and a three-year fellowship at the Mayo Clinic. His patient was a middle-aged man, a victim of far-advanced Parkinsonism, who was totally incapacitated by violent shaking, rigidity and severe muscle spasms which kept his head twisted to one side.

"We can't do any more for him," his physician told Cooper. "Is there anything you fellows can do?"

The surgeon agreed he could operate. There were several procedures, he noted, which could probably stop the tremor and the rigidity. But with all of them, he warned, there was a high risk of leaving the patient permanently paralyzed.

"Paralysis is better than what he's got now. I think you ought to try."

With the approval of the patient and his family, Cooper agreed to attempt one of the older operations. On an October morning in 1952, he began by making an opening in the skull at the left side of the head and then carefully started to probe into the deeper brain tissues.

It was slow work. There were many adhesions which first had to be removed. The surgeon had barely commenced to cut away these dense adhesions when suddenly a red flood poured over the operative field.

"Clamp, quick!" he ordered. "That artery's cut!"

Within a minute, he had found the torn artery, grasped it temporarily in a clamp and halted the deadly hemorrhage. Then he sealed off the artery with silver clips and began to close the incision.

"You're not going on with the operation?" his assistant asked.

"It's better to wait," the surgeon said. By the next morning, he realized, the patient might be either dead or paralyzed.

It was apparently one of the unfortunate accidents that can occur in almost any kind of surgical operation, but this time the outcome was totally unexpected. On the following morning, when Cooper arrived at the hospital, he discovered that his patient was neither dead nor paralyzed.

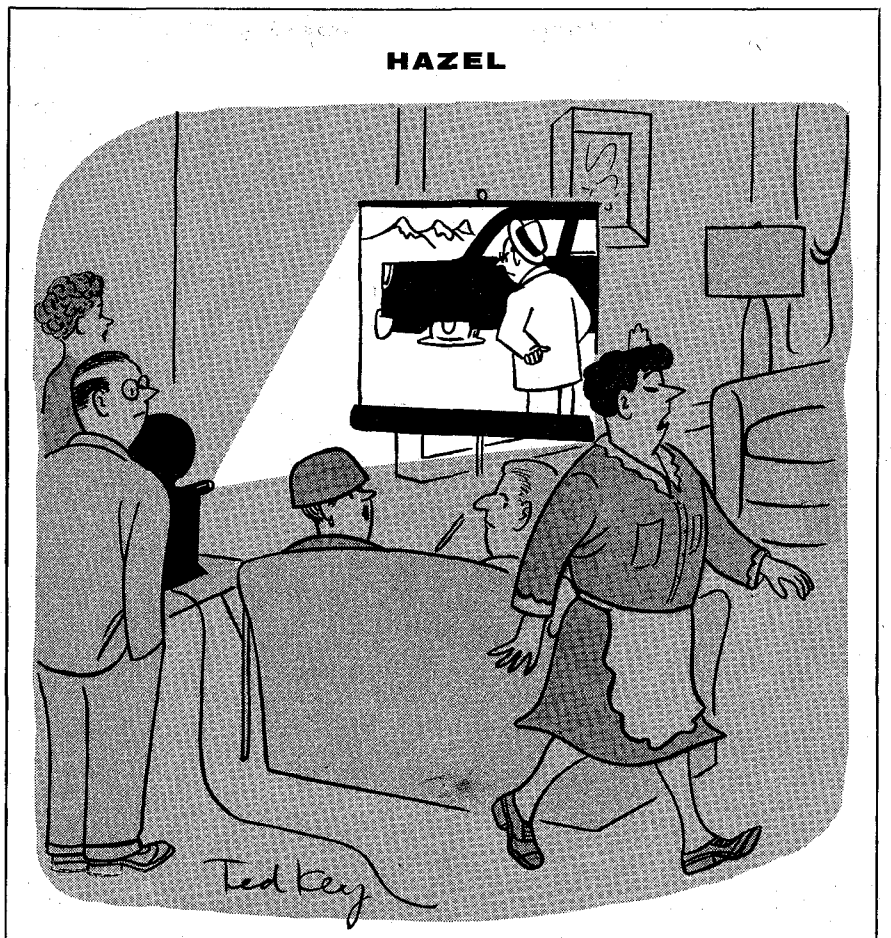
"Also," the surgical resident reported to him, "it looks like his shaking and his rigidity are both disappearing."

With his own eyes, the surgeon discovered that the patient was not merely alive and unparalyzed but the tremor in his right arm and right leg—on the side opposite the site of operation—was astonishingly diminished. Day by day, the patient improved still more, and finally was allowed to leave the hospital, grateful to the doctors for what they had done for him.

It took days of study before the doctors could determine exactly what it was that they had done to the patient. Only after careful examination of the patient's X-ray photographs, taken before and after the operation, did they prove which artery had been torn and then permanently closed off. It was a small vessel known as the anterior choroidal artery, an artery which supplies blood particularly to a deep brain center called the "pale globe," or globus pallidus.

It was then that the young surgeon began to do some figuring. The globus pallidus is one of the basal ganglia, or nerve junctions, supposedly involved in Parkinsonism. By accidentally cutting off its blood supply, he had presumably destroyed at least a portion of it.

Now, could he operate on other Parkinsonism victims, deliberately close off the anterior choroidal artery and relieve their stiffness and trembling?



"As we took leave of beautiful Yellowstone."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

After three months of research on experimental animals, he felt he was ready to attempt the operation on his first official patient, a young man unable to walk, sit, talk or feed himself, and so depressed that he was described as highly suicidal. The patient underwent two operations, one on the right side of his brain and one on the left.

"One week after this second operation," it was noted, "the patient could get briskly out of a chair, walk rapidly, speak clearly and write the surgeon a full-page letter by his own hand. . . . Speech has become intelligible."

In the next three years, working primarily at New York University Hospital and St. Barnabas Hospital in New York, Cooper performed the artery-blocking operation on more than fifty patients. Nearly all of them were helpless before they underwent the surgery. Afterward, in most, but not all cases, the improvement was gratifying. One man, "so rigid that he remained like a statue," was able to walk, take care of all his needs and even play a guitar. A woman who had suffered from severe Parkinsonism for seven years was reported later to be "independent in all activities of daily living, doing her housework and cooking, using a typewriter and playing the piano, and even playing golf."

One of the most striking patients was a thirty-eight-year-old machinist who had been completely disabled, stiff as a board, unable to hold a glass of water. "Within two weeks after the operation," the doctors said, "he was able to rise and walk without assistance. Within a year he could dress himself, feed himself, play handball and ride a bicycle."

By last spring, the procedure had been confirmed by more than twenty-five other surgeons in this country, South America and Europe. It was apparently able to reduce the tremor in roughly 65 per cent of the patients, and to control the rigidity in 75 per cent.

But there were obvious drawbacks. The new method was far from being completely safe. The mortality rate for the operation itself was close to 10 per cent, and it seemed to be entirely too dangerous for patients over the age of fifty-five. Some surgeons felt it was too risky and unreliable.

"One of our main problems," Cooper said, "was selecting the patients who could be most benefited by surgery."

To get over this hurdle, he decided to put possible patients through a preliminary dry run. Using a very simple guiding device, he inserted a long needle into the target area—the globus pallidus—and then carefully injected a few drops of a local anesthetic. When the needle had hit the right place, this anesthetic would temporarily deaden the brain center and, within two to five minutes, stop the tremor and rigidity in the opposite side of the body.

If this occurred, he noted, then it appeared obvious that the tremor and rigidity might be permanently controlled in that patient by permanently destroying the brain center with the artery-blocking procedure.

But then, he wondered, why use the difficult and dangerous artery-blocking maneuver at all? If the needle were already in place, and if the local anesthetic worked temporarily, why not leave the needle where it was and inject a second chemical—a chemical which would permanently destroy the target area?

The cell-killing chemical he selected was absolute, 100 per cent alcohol, given in quantities of ten, fifteen or even twenty drops.

This was not the first trial of alcohol. Earlier, Spiegel and Wycis had injected alcohol for Parkinsonism, but they administered only one drop of 50 per cent alcohol in one patient, noted no beneficial results, abandoned this procedure, and turned instead to their electrolytic method.

In addition, Cooper learned later, Drs. Hirotaro Narabayashi and Terua Okuma, of the University of Tokyo Medical School, had treated dozens of Parkinsonism patients by injecting a local anesthetic into the globus pallidus, but did not follow this with alcohol or any other cell-killing compound. The Japanese workers reported "immediate dramatic improvement," but the improvement usually disappeared within a few weeks.

When Cooper's technique was first tested, in the autumn of 1954, the results were also disappointing. In the first two patients, the tremor and the stiffness promptly vanished, but soon returned.

"We had to learn to give larger doses of alcohol and to repeat the injection several times over two or three days while the needle was left in place," the surgeon said.

With these and similar improvements, the new method began to look better. By Christmas of 1954, Cooper reported enduring relief of symptoms in three out of five patients. A year later, with his resident, Dr. Nicolas Poloukhine, of St. Barnabas, he presented the outcome of seventy cases with still better results.

"The operation, if performed meticulously in cases which have been properly selected, can produce good results in seventy per cent of Parkinsonism patients," they wrote in the Journal of the American Geriatrics Society. "It has been performed in patients as old as seventy-five without incident."

In the seventy cases, there had been two postoperative deaths and two cases of paralysis.

Last spring, at the convention of the American College of Physicians in Los Angeles, Cooper could report on 145 Parkinsonism patients, with "marked lasting alleviation of tremor and rigidity in seventy per cent of these patients." The mortality rate remained at slightly less than 3 per cent, and the rate of paralysis at about 2 per cent. When the patients were properly chosen, studied with meticulous care and then treated with the appropriate technique, most of them could look forward to "useful alleviation" of many of their symptoms. Housewives could go back to caring for their homes and families, and men could return to their jobs—even to jobs as barbers, butchers, machinists, toolmakers and musicians.

In addition, it was learned, many investigators were trying various modifications of the procedure, using a variety of different cell-killing chemicals and electrical devices, to make the operation even safer and more effective. Only further studies, conducted by many surgeons on large numbers of patients, could indicate exactly which technique would finally prove most useful. But the results to date were at least encouraging.

"For the patient, there is now something to offer in place of a heretofore hopeless outlook," Cooper wrote a few months ago. "All in all, there appears to be reason for judicious optimism."

THE END

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Inviting! Exciting!

NEW "KRISPY" FLAVOR

Baked the new Sunshine way

Give a rare flair to Welsh Rarebit with Krispy Saltines! Baked the new Sunshine way, they're fresher, flakier, better than ever. Serve and see why new "Krispy" flavor out-tastes 'em all!

RAREBIT FOR 4

Heat two 8-oz. packages process cheddar cheese and ½ cup tomato paste in top of double boiler. Blend when melted. Serve over Krispy Saltines. Lip-smacking good!

The Saltine of 1000-and-1 uses from the Thousand Window Bakeries of Sunshine Biscuits, Inc.

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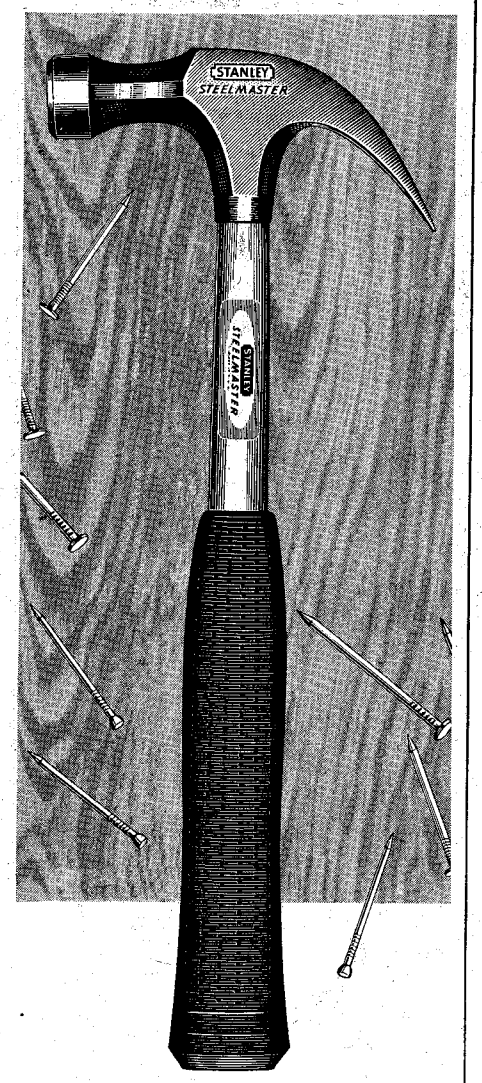
STANLEY
STEELMASTER



The Finest Hammer Ever Made

Here is a new Stanley hammer that extends the partnership of hand, arm, eye and tool right smack to the head of the nail at every blow. It's good to heft, to swing, to hit with. It was made to work better and last longer. It has more in it than any hammer ever made.

- ***A NEW FACE*** . . . induction tempered rim minimizes chipping
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- ***A NEW HANDLE*** . . . chrome alloy steel — will not break
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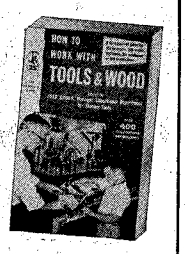
  PLUS . . . the *perfect balance* of every Stanley hammer

Stanley ***STEELMASTER*** is now available in your choice of 5 models at your hardware store. Insist on ***STEELMASTER*** ***$4.69*** and ***$4.95***.

HANDYMEN! Send 25¢ for this new "know-how and show-how" Pocket Book—"How To Work With Tools and Wood." Write Stanley Tools, Division of The Stanley Works, 711 Elm Street, New Britain, Conn.



STANLEY

The Tool Box of the World

Keeping Posted

Leslie Ford and her husband, Dr. Ford K. Brown.

The Serial That Wasn't Expected

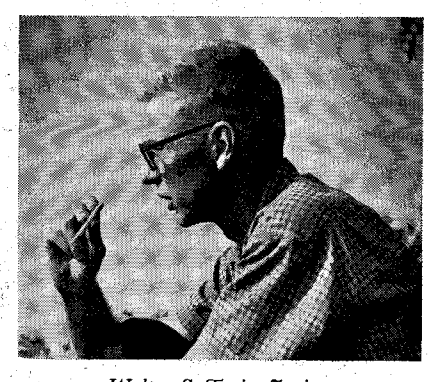
One day author Leslie Ford went to Baltimore to research an article about garden clubs, her mind being quite innocent of one of those mystery plots which she so admirably unfolds for the Post. So she called upon a man interested in garden projects, James M. Hepbron, and discovered that he was commissioner of the Baltimore Police Department. Well! Any reader-devotee of Zenith Brown ("Leslie" has been introduced here before as the wife of Dr. Ford K. Brown, of Annapolis) can guess what happens to a garden story when this lady finds herself communing with police officials. A serial of a mysterious and policely nature opens on page 19.

To employ a flash back, Commissioner Hepbron introduced Zenith to his personnel officer, Thomas L. Miller, who is much concerned about recruiting a special quality of girls, preferably college graduates, for policewomen. Miller presently turned the author over to a young lady whose father is a prominent lay member of a local church—and she took Mrs. Brown cruising in her police car. Once, at a traffic light, it was amusing to have the girl wave to some pleasant-looking civilians in a handsome car nearby, and explain, "Some of our plain-clothes people."

Later, Mrs. Brown met the girl's colleagues in Baltimore's Pine Street women's police station. "In some towns," Mrs. Brown comments, "policewomen are pretty rugged folks. In Baltimore I was so impressed by their breeding, gentility and intelligence, by their fitness to do invaluable social-service work at a level where often only the police can influence a case." So from these exemplary young women evolved a new Leslie Ford heroine.

Doctor and Mrs. Brown live in fair countryland beyond Annapolis; there the lady, when asked recently if anything new was going on out her way, commented, "My holly trees are bright with berries, but I'm just a dull person." Now, that's no way to talk about Leslie Ford. She afterthoughted, "Oh, I just started a new serial." Which is more like it.

Life Among the Authors



Walter S. Tevis, Junior.

Walter S. Tevis, Junior, states, "I never lived on a farm, but my wife's father has 200 acres in Kentucky and from him we bum eggs. Once I saw him milk a cow and was so fascinated that then and there I gestated my first Post story (page 30)." Tevis, formerly a teacher at the University of Kentucky and now tackling research problems, is "thoroughly married" to a lady named Jamie, an alliance whose thoroughness is enhanced by a small boy named William.

Author Arthur Mayse, of Victoria, British Columbia, says that reports keep filtering out from the Indians of Canada's Coast Range wilderness about sinister, eight-feet-tall, white giants that mysteriously inhabit that region. These fearsome monsters (called Susquatch) wrestle bears and cougars when in a jovial mood, and they do frightful things to ordinary human beings, sometimes making them disappear for keeps.

"I've never seen a Susquatch myself," says Mayse, "and don't especially want to." Well, how about those similarly disturbing Mukhalin characters that inhabit page 34? "Oh, they, with a nod to the Susquatch, are my own invention."

When Norma Mansfield and her family, who dwell in Seattle, made their first visit last spring to their ancient wilderness vacation cabin in the Oregon woods, they found that during the winter a huge tree had crashed down on their abode and that a hole in the roof definitely wanted mending. Exercise in understanding writers: do you detect how Norma made that leaky cabin ferment into the charming reading on page 37?

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"So You'd Like to Win a Contest!"

When Mrs. Nita Parks wants a new washing machine or a new car she enters a contest—and often wins. One of the country's top winners of contests reveals the secrets of her success.

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